

The
Anglo-Saxon.

Part III.



London :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW;

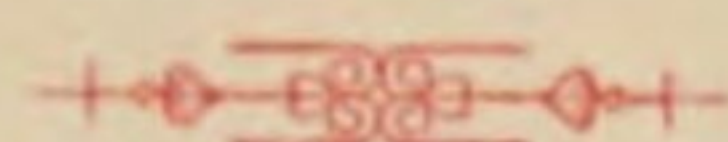
AND T. BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET.

mdcccclx.

LONDON:

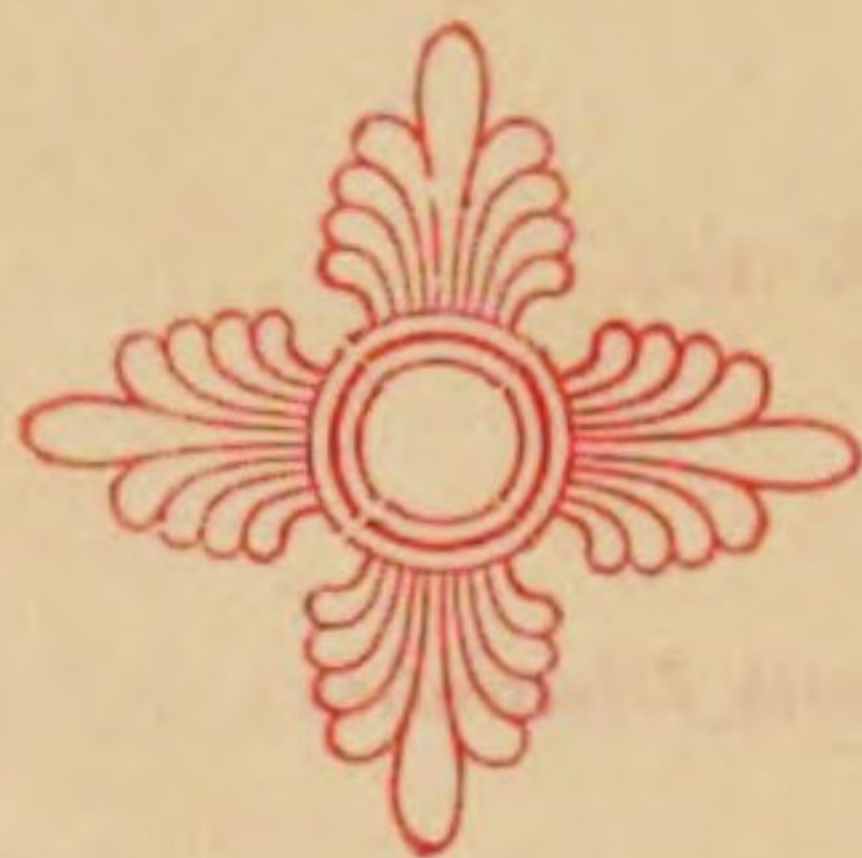
PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

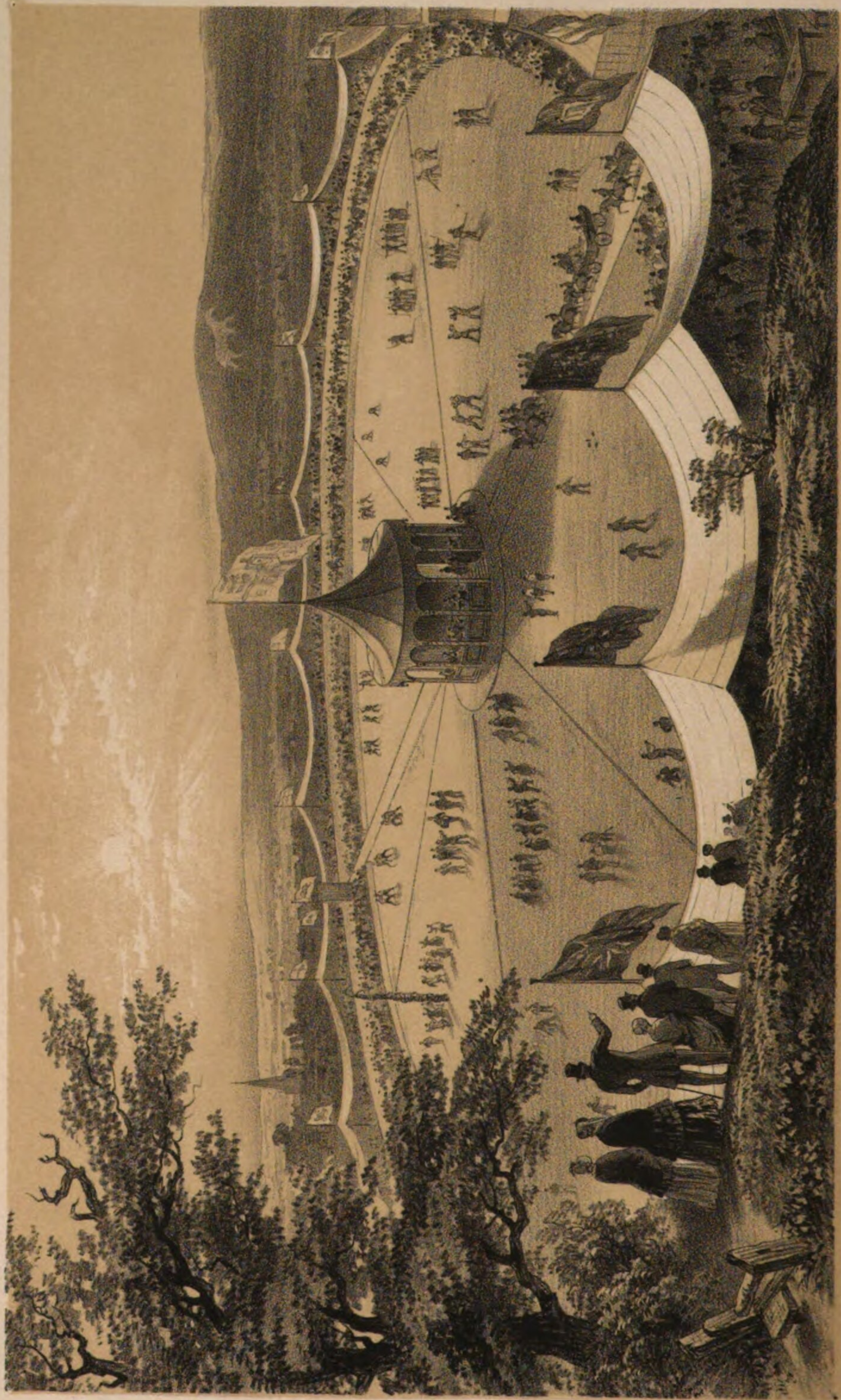
TABLE of CONTENTS.



	PAGE
THE ALFRED JUBILEE (<i>with Illustration</i>)	5
THE DAY OF A THOUSAND YEARS (<i>Music</i>)	21
OUR SAXON SIRE	26
HOME	29
THE MAN ABOUT TOWN	43
CHRISTIANS OF ENGLAND	45
INCARCERATION	47
THE DOUGHTY MAN (<i>Music</i>)	91
MONEY	98
THE GREAT ALFRED (<i>with Illustration</i>)	99
CHOLERA	121
SOHO	124
FOREIGN LUCUBRATIONS AND HOME REFLECTIONS	125
FONS PARNASSI	159
STILLING THE STORM	161
THE NURSERY	163
REGENERATION	167

	PAGE
MINSTRELSY	177
ADVENT	179
PEACE-MAKING	181
RICH AND POOR	185
THE BREAKWATER	191
THE FORERUNNER	193
REVIEWING	195
CORRESPONDENCE, A RESPONSE FROM YANKEELAND, &c. .	200





Day & Son, Ltd. to the Queen.

The Alfred Jubilee.



"O, I would divide myself and go to buffets, for meeting with a flock of delicious milk with so honourable an owner."—*Chaucer*.



WELL: We have done our duty: let us avow it before the world—an English world that will repent too late—we have done our patriotic part, nobly, energetically, but—in vain! Alfred the Great on his thousandth birth-year is likely to be commemorated throughout this his ancient realm, and among this his world-wide family, only by us, and here,—in our indignant prose and verse. Judge, ye rulers of the Anglo-Saxon race, how fair an occasion has been suffered to slip by; for union, for country's love, for an admiring retrospect towards the foundation of our greatness, and a thankful present sense of its solid superstructure! When again in the History of England shall a point of time be fixed so brilliant, so honourable in the eyes of the Universe, so wise as a momentary rest in our nation's swift career, so seasonable for all laudable purposes of class-amalgamation, as this the Thousandth Year of our Alfred! It can never happen again: even as so great an opportunity never has occurred before.

Who was Alfred? what was he famous for? what is he to us? Did he do anything except play on a Welch harp in the Danish camp, and burn buns in a neatherd's cottage?

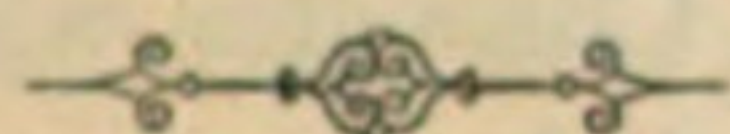
Our poet, a little further on, (poets are an irascible race, and we must humour their infirmities,) tells us plenty about him, in a



The Alfred Jubilee.



“O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action!”—HOTSPUR.



WELL: We have done our duty: let us avow it before the world—an English world that will repent too late—we have done our patriotic part, nobly, energetically, but—in vain! Alfred the Great on his thousandth birth-year is likely to be commemorated throughout this his ancient realm, and among this his world-wide family, only by us, and here,—in our indignant prose and verse. Judge, ye rulers of the Anglo-Saxon race, how fair an occasion has been suffered to slip by; for union, for country's love, for an admiring retrospect towards the foundation of our greatness, and a thankful present sense of its solid superstructure! When again in the History of England shall a point of time be fixed so brilliant, so honourable in the eyes of the Universe, so wise as a momentary rest in our nation's swift career, so seasonable for all home purposes of class-amalgamation, as this the Thousandth Year of our Alfred? It can never happen again: even as so great an opportunity never has occurred before.

Who was Alfred? what was he famous for? what is he to us? Did he do anything except play on a Welch harp in the Danish camp, and burn buns in a neatherd's cottage?

Our poet, a little further on, (poets are an irascible race, and we must humour their infirmities,) tells us plenty about him, in a

great fume and some two hundred unreadable lines : we will add, in more likely prose, that, if you search the annals of mankind you will not find a more perfect character in history. Beside several Jewish parallels, wherein, and even up to Abraham, Noah, and Adam, our poet seems somewhat redundant, we really find ourselves able to make up an Alfred only of a great variety of the best human materials. Our recipe is:—Take Cyrus, Justinian, Scipio, and Socrates ; add prospectively to these Washington, Wellington, and Franklin : pound in a mortar and mix : take, then, compound essence of piety from Fenelon and Pascal, a few drops of personal purity from Edward the Confessor, and a bunch of the domestic virtues from Windsor Castle in this our Jubilee Year ; put all into the retort of adversity, heat in the furnace of affliction and bodily pain, and so sublime the whole ; which, mixed well with the oil of gladness and prosperity, will be found to produce a Character whereof England alone may boast in her one true Hero, Alfred.

Let us add a few historical testimonies to all this, lest we be supposed to be romancing. Old Spelman and Robert of Gloucester have lavished on him such endearing appellations as “ the shepherd
“ of his people,” “ the darling of the English,” “ the truth-teller,”
“ the wysest mon that was on Engeland.” Granger says, “ Alfred
“ had in his character a happy mixture of every great and good
“ quality that could dignify or adorn a prince. Having rescued
“ his country from slavery, he enacted excellent laws, built a fleet,
“ restored learning, and laid the foundation of the English con-
“ stitution.” Hugh James Rose sums up his character by asserting
that “ all things considered, England may challenge mankind to
“ produce, among the kings of the earth, an equal to her immortal
“ Alfred.” Keightley prefers him to Marcus Aurelius ; and Mira-
beau and Herder give him the superiority over Charlemagne ;
while Voltaire declares, “ Je ne sçais s’il y a jamais eu sur la terre
“ un homme plus digne des respects de la postérité qu’Alfred le
“ Grand.” To these be added the elaborate testimony of Hume.
“ The merit of this prince, both in private and in public life, may
“ with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or
“ citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to
“ us : he seems indeed to be the model of that perfect character,

“ which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers
“ have been fond of delineating rather as a fiction of their imagina-
“ tion than in hopes of seeing it really existing: so happily were
“ all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they balanced,
“ and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its
“ proper boundaries. He knew how to reconcile the most enter-
“ prising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate
“ perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice
“ with the gentlest lenity; the greatest vigour in commanding,
“ with the most perfect affability of deportment; the highest
“ capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents
“ for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally
“ the objects of our admiration; excepting only, that the former
“ being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly
“ to challenge our applause. Nature, also, as if desirous that so
“ bright a formation of her skill should be set in the fairest light,
“ had bestowed on him every bodily accomplishment, vigour of
“ limbs, dignity of shape and air, with a pleasing, engaging, and
“ open countenance.” And his latest historian, Dr. Giles (p. 368),
winds up with this just panygeric:—

“ He reigned thirty years and six months, during which the
“ extent of his paternal kingdom became threefold what it had
“ been before he came to the throne; the military, legislative, and
“ judicial affairs of the country were improved, under his adminis-
“ tration, to a degree which cast all former kings into the shade;
“ and the navy of England, that most certain mode of defending
“ it from foreign aggression, was entirely the offspring of his
“ creative genius. Besides all this, it may be unhesitatingly as-
“ serted, that Alfred was the first poet, the first historian, and the
“ first philosopher, which England for several hundred years pro-
“ duced: his inventions in all the mechanical arts were of the
“ greatest use to his countrymen; he found the cities in ruins, and
“ he left them newly built of hewn stone; he found his subjects
“ ignorant, and he left them a studious and rising people; he
“ taught them both morality and religion; and when at last, worn
“ out in their service, at the early age of fifty-two, he descended to
“ the grave, he bequeathed them that best inheritance a king can

“ give, the bright memory of himself, which has continued to guide
“ them during the thousand years that since his birth are now on
“ the point of expiring ; and which for another thousand years, if
“ the name of England shall last so long, will connect with it the
“ name of Alfred.”

Now, it was to commemorate this paragon of kings and men for the *first* time since his birth (though that was, this very year, one thousand years ago), that we bestirred ourselves gallantly to rouse England to some National recognition of her Alfred. But in truth we have found the British Lion a creature not easily excited. Whether it be that our average character is too real and bustling to give much heed to anniversaries and idealities, or whether it is that in this cotton age of the world the public are merely pounds-shillings-and-pence-men, we will not undertake to decide : probably, both are true reasons wherefore Anglo-Saxons are ordinarily less susceptible than Celts : industry, care, and go-a-headedness are not poetical features, however useful. Nevertheless, we do maintain that even the utilitarian might consistently have helped with all his head,—and heart too if he has one,—in the Alfred Jubilee of 1849.

What we intended to have brought about was in design good, grand, expansive, and intelligent. It was no mere child's play of games and sports,—though this was part of our plan ; how else to interest the peasant class amongst us ? No mere feeding at a city feast,—though this also was part ; what more obvious way of bringing Englishmen together ? No mere glorification of our English King Alfred,—though this was much, as helping our nationality, and encouraging our patriotism ; but rather the celebration of a Man and a King in whom America has equal part with us, and thus the union of all parties and classes in both hemispheres of Anglo-Saxondom ! No mere wish to help the charities of Wantage or the Literary Fund,—though this too was something ; but also, and more, to give the best orators of our time on both sides of the Atlantic an occasion to speak out before our Queen their sentiments of international kindliness. Our plan, as originally set forth, (until public apathy reduced its Titan lineaments to Lilliputian proportions,) embraced open and imperial rewards, not merely to wrestling, racing, cricketing, archery, tournaments,

quarter-staff, and the like; but also to the orator, the poet, the historian, the bard. We thought to recall the glories of every reign from Alfred to George the Third in a characteristic procession, with impersonations of all the principal characters in British history; at the same time that we hoped to reward the cottager's lace-pillow, and to gladden the face of honest labour by a poor man's feast. If the idea had been properly taken up, the Alfred Jubilee should have been a Family Gathering of the Anglo-Saxon Race, a bright event in our annals, a commemoration, all over the Mother-realm, of those great nations who unite in calling Alfred their Founder, not so much of what happened a thousand years ago, as of the mercies we are reaping now after those thousand years are over; it should have been an Ebenezer set up by England,—a memorial pillar, "Thus far the Lord hath helped us;" it should have quickened the stagnation so heavy upon our social exclusiveness, our dull patriotism, our cold, hard, money-making, stockmongering habits; it should have been a Jubilee week, after our abundant harvest, to be celebrated alike in the temple of religion and in the cricket-field, by the mouth of the preacher as well as by that of the ballad singer: in every way, by every class, the united Anglo-Saxons of all climates and countries should have held this year a patriotic carnival!

Perhaps, for our distant brethren, there was not due notice given for this comprehensive scheme fitly to have taken effect. Our American letters sadly complain of us on this ground; but, time past we cannot help; we might, indeed, have been earlier, but—were not; at the same time, our earnest operations commenced in June, and the middle of October was fairish notice. Yet, hearken—and that to your shame, many magnates of our own land! to the earnestness wherewith one of the most distinguished men of America writes his disappointment; these are genuine words, not invention: unluckily his letter did not reach him when it ought to have done, through some postal accident. He says:—"I regret more deeply
" than I can express, that you have fixed the National Jubilee at so
" early a date. We cannot suddenly be waked up to so grand a
" thought. More time given us, and the Western World should
" have rocked with your magnificent idea. Nothing has occurred
" in the history of the Anglo-Saxon Race comparable with this

“ proposed gathering out of a hundred millions of kinsmen around
“ the cradle of the Adam of *our* Race.” Again:—“ What a pity it
“ is that the call for this stupendous gathering reaches us on this
“ side the water but a little while before the Family Feast is
“ being spread at Wantage four thousand miles away. A no-
“ tice of six months would have enabled us to form an Alfred
“ Club, and send a delegation of great men to meet our Anglo-
“ Saxon brethren, and address in her mother-tongue your noble
“ Queen. But this is impossible. The men we want are now on
“ the mountains of the North, or along the shores of the Western
“ lakes. They will not return for a month, and then there cannot
“ be time to take a steamer for the festival. How deeply I regret
“ it! I cannot imagine a position at all likely to occur in the
“ present era of the world’s history, in which I should be so proud
“ to stand, as the one you indicate in your letter;” [that of public
orator for the occasion, on the part of America;] “ with my heart
“ full of so great a subject, I believe I could utter words that
“ would make the heart of Victoria yearn in kindliness towards her
“ kinsmen of the New World, and render peace in our time secure.
“ I have no fear of a war, much less of a fraternal war between
“ America and Britain; but there are in this Jubilee the means of
“ rendering such a war absolutely impossible.”

Only one more extract from this zealous letter, and we shall have done enough to shew in what light our call was welcomed over the water. The writer may, for aught we can tell, at the moment we are penning these words, be nearing the shores of England on a special mission from his President to our Queen with reference to this Jubilee. Hear him, and note his earnestness:—
“ It is next to impossible for me to attend: but if I can see our
“ President during September, and move his feelings far enough to
“ get a letter from him to the Queen, of which I shall be the
“ bearer,—or an address from him to the Anglo-Saxons to be read
“ by me at the Jubilee,—or anything else that will sanction, or
“ even excuse, my appearance on so grand an occasion, I will come,
“ if it be God’s will.”

These extracts are too interesting, too admirable, for us to have neglected their insertion in their own words: and, among the many

letters we have received from home and abroad, the enthusiasm of individuals is great and real. On the part of the public press, no less than eleven London papers, and an uncounted host of their provincial brethren, spontaneously and zealously took up the great idea, and urged its prosecution in most able and eloquent articles. New made friends,—unknown to us by name,—were volunteering all manner of good services; and we doubt not the untitled patriots of our Race would have flocked by hundreds to do honour to their Primeval King. Why then failed the Jubilee? O Great Men,—your consciences inform you; and look to the poet,—he will tell you all about it anon: he has his licence; we care not to say too much in true-looking prose. A few private gentlemen, with every effort and nothing spared, could not rouse the leaders: we had hoped for a National Jubilee, and could not secure so much as a chairman or a patron among the noble or illustrious of the land; true, we might have done without them, and were strongly inclined to it; but, devoid of high patronage, there could have resulted nothing but “*une affaire manquée*,” and it would not have done to have degraded our lofty intellectual idea into the base realities of a bad dinner at Freemasons’ Hall. Checked by the cholera in London,—but far more truly checkmated by the apathy or opposition of the Magnates, nothing remained but to enter our protest, and to leave Alfred alone with his glory.

Before we wind up, which shall be done, swan fashion, in melodious measures, (to steal thereby immeasurable licence,) suffer a word or two explanatory of our illustrative plate. The scene is in the neighbourhood of Wantage; whose church-tower is discernible in the prospect, as also Alfred’s White Horse upon the distant hills. The celebration is at its height, so far as the games are concerned: the circle of pavilions (each surmounted by a flag of one of England’s colonies or offsets, and gaily decorated with green boughs,) together with the two amphitheatres beneath (between the canvass and the railed space) would accommodate thirty thousand people; the Royal pavilion is the centre; games of all kinds, with masques, races, and a procession, are all going on together. Outside of the vast enclosure, with the carriages and so forth, the humbler classes are regaled with oxen, roasted whole, tuns of ale, and their own sports

and merry-making. As we are not Arcadia, a few companies of policemen and dragoons, aided by the common sense of ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen, would avail for order and decency; and as we are not Utopia, a very small amount of entrance money, added to some reasonable donations and subscriptions from the rich and great, would suffice for all we have thus realised ideally,—prizes, beeves, decorations, everything. Is it not a grand occasion lost? Yes,—Great Western Railway, how fair a speculation here has rotted on the stalk! Yes, humble Wantage, and unambitious Berkshire, what amount have you not escaped of hard cash, besides honour! O Statesmen, whose routine of dignified red-tape-ism is falling a little behind the stirring spirit of the age; O Magnates, who wish, as a piece of policy, to make friends of the Middle Classes; O Philanthropy, Patriotism, Young Englandism, and all the rest of it,—what a chance have you by negligence let slip!

We have hinted that the Middle Classes gloried in the thought. Many, too much occupied or too poor to join, still cheered us on by hearty commendations. Several offered in their vocation gratuitous services: two of whom shall especially be mentioned. The newly appointed Harpist to the Prince of Wales most appropriately volunteered his Ancient British harp on the occasion: how well we might have realised the Royal Minstrel in Hinguar's camp! how touchingly have felt the influence of those old chaunts and songs traditionally our's from the Saxon era! Again: Mr. Taylor, the medallist, prepared the dies for a medal at his own cost; and a beautiful medal too. The obverse bears the portrait of Alfred, far less ideal than that of Vertue, and the bust at University College; for it has been accumulatively gathered from coins, which, however rude, furnish one by one every characteristic lineament here pourtrayed: the letters of the name are from the Alfred jewel in the Ashmolean Museum. The reverse commemorates the illustrious progeny of the Father of England and her children. In the precious metals, this medal is of course a matter of purchase; in imitation silver, it would have been distributed gratuitously to every Jubilant. There is also a second reverse, especially to promote international peace with America. But even this widely advertised and unusual largess roused not

many. "The stars in their courses fought against us:" and what with country stupor and town cholera, the thing was destined to commemoration only in these pages: unless, indeed, as we have reason to believe, local good feeling at Wantage still may avail to secure a celebration of some sort.

Our poet, a very handy but somewhat mischievous museman, has his own way of telling the sad story of failure prosed about above. Let us hear him; with much compassion for his craft, and that gentlemanly sort of feeling about versification which regards truth as, no doubt, the sacrifice to poetical licence.

ALFRED THE GREAT upon his thousandth year!—
 Who would not give him honour far and near?
 Where is the mind of Anglo-Saxon mould
 Unstirr'd by those brave memories of old,
 When the seed-acorn of our English oak
 First from the soil with stubborn sinews broke,
 Put forth its towering leader, and, ere long,
 Grew like a giant, lusty, straight, and strong;
 Up to the zenith flung its leafy crown
 Down—to the centre struck its taproot—down,
 Clung to the very ribs of mother-earth
 Her sturdy son, her never-dying birth,
 And now, more vigorous for a thousand years,
 Has overgrown a brace of hemispheres!

O royal Alfred, look on me thy son,
 Thy faithful Abdiel, if thine only one!
 In thee the Saxon David I behold,
 Meek as the lamb and as the lion bold,
 Tinged with some fault as may become a man
 But doing yet the best a mortal can,
 In weal and woe the bright exemplar still
 To kings who compass good and combat ill.
 Fear'd by thy foes, as by thy friends admired,
 And changing foes to friends with love inspired,
 Great in adversity, but greater far
 In the full blaze of fortune's favouring star,
 All things to all men was thy bright career,
 A man for saints to love, and fiends to fear!

For, well I wot thy greatness of old time,
Well do I note that greatness still sublime :
From thee, as root, old England's glory grew,
Thee the first-fruit, and trunk, and acorn too.
Father and founder of this ruling race,
Kings in all climes, and priests in every place,—
Lawgiver, statesman, teaching now as then,
For ever living in the hearts of men,
Thee may thy children title, as they can,
The pattern prince, the model Englishman !

Through thee, fair order rested on the land,
Mercy and Justice walking hand in hand ;
Each village church is thine, with all its good ;
Each hamlet stands where at thy word it stood :
Merchants, who waft your venture on the breeze,
He gave you first the freedom of the seas ;
Sailors, ten centuries our British boast,
He sent you first afloat on every coast ;
Yeomen, who guard your homes and their increase,
He arm'd your prowess, and decreed your peace ;
Soldiers, whose valour rings from pole to pole,
Your glory dates from Alfred's royal soul !

And where was Oxford with her beacon light
Before this meteor blazed upon the night ?
Before his mind, illumining the world,
Flash'd o'er the nations like a flag unfurl'd,
And princely gifts, as well as student-toil
Fed learning's golden lamp with midnight oil !

Remember, London ! once so desolate,
Through him, thine Ezra, thou art grown so great ;
Sing, ye dark places of the land made fair,
For Nehemiah breath'd in Alfred there !

And see, how Science at his fostering voice
With sister Art could at their task rejoice :
Never since Alfred was a king of men
Has honour gilt the pencil or the pen

With half the richness of that generous age
When he stood by the student or the sage,
Never has King, or Queen, or Royal Prince,
To his true nobles been an Alfred since !

Aye ; and to these, the Lawgiver, the King,
The statesman, chieftain, patron, everything,
Under whose laws we live, whose light yet shines,
Whose character with England's intertwines,
Add the calm virtues of a Christian mind,
The glorious will and power to bless mankind,
The guileless heart scarce-mix'd with worldly leaven,
The meekness of a sainted child of heaven,
And tell me, Earth our Mother, where and when
Hadst thou another such a man of men ?

Yea ! for his greatness, faintly seen from far,
Is as the glimmering greatness of a star
Which common ignorance, with vacant stare,
Sees as a petty spangle shining there !
Yea,—for his glory, like the noonday sun,
So little praised by that it shines upon,
Has lightened church and state in every way
And men think nothing of the common day !
To us he was, as to the Hebrew stock
Stood father Abraham, both root and rock,
To us the Noah of our shipwreck'd helm,
The Adam of this Anglo-Saxon realm !

Well ; to do honour to our country's Praise
Loved and remembered after many days,
Grateful, amidst all Europe's woes and fears,
To count our mercies of a thousand years,
Glad of the chance for brothers to embrace
And bind in one our Anglo-Saxon race,
Outspake we well ;—" Old England's first and best,
" The master spirit on our soil imprest,
" To him, a king, the paragon of earth
" Ten centuries ago, this year gave birth !
" Come then to London, gather at Guildhall,
" Let Gog and Magog guard the festival,

“ There with each honour, music, speech and toast,
 “ Let us, as brethren, bless our Nation’s boast ;
 “ Come also to old Wantage, where it lies
 “ Lapp’d in fair Berkshire, under sunny skies,
 “ There feed the poor, and add the rustic game,
 “ In letters, fifty feet, cut Alfred’s name
 “ Near his great horse upon the chalky hills,—
 “ The country claims it, and our Monarch wills !
 “ Haste we to do him honour, one and all,—
 “ Prince, peers, and people, heed this patriot call !”

Forth flew our burning words,—and *burnt* they got !
 With one consent the Great responded not :
 In vain the courtier note so circumspect
 Was left by liveried lacquey quite correct,
 In vain the magnates heard the stirring word,
 For, if they heard at all, they never stirr’d !
 Waste-paper baskets are of use, no doubt,
 And Joseph Ady sends such notes about,
 And how unpleasant to be pestered thus,—
 And what presumption so to trouble *us* !

Oh ! lords and statesmen ! Alfred was a test,
 Not how to serve some party purpose best,
 Nothing for patronage or praise was there,
 No trumpet-charity, no fancy-fair ;
 To these, at fashion’s silly beck and call,
 Dukes lead the way, and dunces follow all,
 And haply Scotchmen bare their brawny legs
 To race and ramp in scanty philabegs,
 Or Manchester has goods to sell—who’ll buy ?
 And so blood-royal comes to taste and try !

No ! but the patriot mind, the generous heart,
 The noble will to do a Noble’s part,
 These all were lacking ; and the precious day,
 Ripe for this grand occasion, dies away,
 Without one prince, one prelate, or one peer
 To bless King Alfred on his thousandth year !

Shall I divulge ? ye well may tremble, some
To whom these dull indignant verses come,
Lest I betray the cold unkind reply,
Or utter scorn wherewith you pass'd it by,
Lest I inform mankind, and shew them then
What sort of patriots are these mouthing men !
I hide your names : Oh, hide your heads for shame,
Peers, princes, prelates, things of common fame,
Here was your chance new honours to acquire
By rallying round Old England's Saxon sire,
Or did ye then in secret Norman pride
Fling English Alfred scornfully aside ?

Thus, as the first refusal was refused,
And all those extras held themselves excused,
Turned we to nobler men of humbler rank,
And found their answers cordial, quick, and frank ;
For England's heart is where it ought to be
A middle portion, beating fast and free ;
Not in the lofty brow is seen her worth,
Not in the grovelling feet that cling to earth,
But in that generous, true, right-minded mass
The Nation's hope, our noble middle class !

So, on we went, with help and hearty cheer,
'Till the fell pestilence came ghastly near,
And all proprieties combined to say
London, at least, could have no festal day,
With fear and care on every face one meets,
And visitation brooding in the streets.
With honour, then, as we had led the van,
With honour we retreated, man by man,
Not caring to conceal how scant a band,
And yet how noble, made this gallant stand,
Not fearing to reveal, for England's fame,
How much her magnates cared for Alfred's name.

Last scene of all, poor Wantage does its best
As one with worldly wealth not overblest.
A hearty dinner of old English cheer
With honest welcome, toasts, and beef and beer ;

Enough for Wantage, but not quite the thing
 When Anglo-Saxons celebrate their King,
 Speeches, and songs, and just a little talk
 Of cleaning out old Alfred's horse of chalk ;
 And so, the grand idea, that fill'd the mind
 Of Alfred's name uniting half mankind,
 In small reality goes dimly down
 To feed the farmers of a county town !



We are heartily glad of this last vigorous and honourable effort which, we are informed, is still to be made in a few days by poor little Wantage; for we have found amongst our poet's papers, on the back of a letter, the following disgracefully alliterative and in every way discreditable lines: we suppose he must have dashed them down in a pet, after repeated discouragements. However, one comfort is, they are not true.

Bæotian Berkshire would not budge a bit,
 Wantage was wanting both in worth and wit :
 What was old Alfred now-a-days to them ?
 A townsman in a dusty diadem,—
 All very fine a thousand years ago,
 But hereabouts a little stale, or so :
Honour ?—what honour to have whelp'd a king ?
 A statesman too, or some such stupid thing ?
The praise of Wantage ? Wantage has its praise
 And no mistake too, upon market days ;
 We has already all as we requires,
 Corn, cattle, clodhoppers, and clumsy squires !

We really are ashamed of our poet, and must stop him: his Pegasus gallops a great deal too fast; in the wildness of his wrath he overlooks verities. Let us be just, and more than just, be charitable too. For justice commands us to proclaim, that some few great and noble heartily went with us; as, where is there any good thing projected on the world, and such true men as A—— and J—— M——, A—— D—— and W——, of

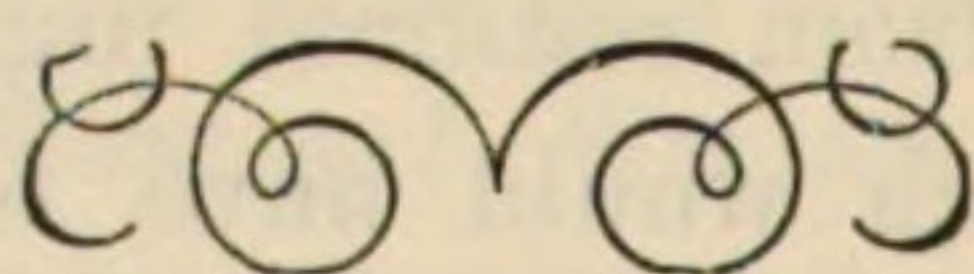
O——, are not partakers in its praise? Let us be fair too with reference to Berkshire: we will offend no delicacy by publishing names, even for their own honour, but did not sundry great tetrarchs of the county-squirearchy stand out with noble zeal, O thou scandal-loving poet, and do their liberal best to raise the popular gale? Yea, and there were many more beside. Will not the Harpist yet hymn divinely at Wantage on his old Welch harp, as Alfred himself might have done? Will not an American orator yet fling forth his winged words with noble patriotism in praise of *our* common king and founder? Will not even now a zealous gathering in ripe October initiate some monumental record at Wantage,—at the least, an Alfred wing to the Parochial School, or an Alfred ward to the County Hospital? Yes; even now, not vainly have we stirred these waters: and, in a future number, *The Anglo-Saxon* shall yet have to record that “The Day of a Thousand Years” was worthily kept at Wantage by a band of patriots. At the same time, Sir Indignant Bard, we cannot but agree with you in the suggestion that “*Exceptio probat regulam* ;” that the adhesion of such a goodly phalanx as some whom we might have ventured honourably to designate by name, only made defaulters and deserters less excusable; that an occasion which should have given Wantage mundane fame,—have earned for honest Berkshire plums of glory in its pudding of peace,—have tended to exhibit to the world England and her institutions in a phase more picturesquely patriotic than on St. Special’s Day, that 10th of April,—and have redeemed our character from national ingratitude by the splendid page in our history which would have told of Alfred’s National Commemoration,—we do agree with our bard that this so grand occasion has been scandalously suffered to be lost.

It seems now to our musing that, (to give place to repentance,) even yet, a remedy is possible. In a former page (Part. III., p. 90), of this our modern “Anglo-Saxon,” one of our band has sketched out a most wise proposal for instituting “The Royal Civil Order of “Alfred the King;” an order of merit for peace-services. We need not here repeat one word of that scheme, so feasible, so timely, and so ably-digested: let those who feel an interest in the thought look back upon and well consider it. Here, however, let us, by a

sentence, press the application: for the honour of Alfred in his thousandth year; for the glory of England in her heaven-blest tranquillity; for the due reward of peaceful merit (as, to magistrates, surgeons, clergymen, authors, inventors, and other benefactors of their kind), less inconsistently than by the grudged red ribbon of war; for the unity of Anglo-Saxon Britain, America, and Englishmen everywhere; for the amalgamation of shattered parties; the concentration into brotherhood of all good men and true, however nicknamed as to politics or religion; for the encouragement of good actions; and for the special praise of Victoria our Queen,—

May it please HER MAJESTY that there be this year instituted

The Royal Civil Order of Alfred the King.



The Jubilee Song.

Maestoso.

f *ff*

This block contains the piano introduction. It features a treble staff with a whole rest for the first three measures, and a grand staff (treble and bass) with a rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first measure of the piano part is marked *f* (forte), and the second measure is marked *ff* (fortissimo).

To - day is the day of a thou - sand years!

This block contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are "To - day is the day of a thou - sand years!". The piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment to the vocal melody.

Bless it, O brothers, with heart - thrilling cheers!

mezz.

This block contains the second line of the song. The vocal line is on a treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are "Bless it, O brothers, with heart - thrilling cheers!". The piano part continues the accompaniment. The tempo marking *mezz.* (mezzo) is present.

The Jubilee Song.

Al - fred for e - ver! to - day was He born, Day -

The first system of the musical score for 'The Jubilee Song'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are 'Al - fred for e - ver! to - day was He born, Day -'.

- - star of Eng - land to he - rald her morn.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '- - star of Eng - land to he - rald her morn.' The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

That, ev'-ry-where breaking and brightening soon,

mezz.

8ves.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'That, ev'-ry-where breaking and brightening soon,'. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (*mezz.*) dynamic marking and an instruction for eight measures (*8ves.*).

The Jubilee Song.

Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon, And

cres.

8ves il basso.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a series of eighth-note chords. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon, And' are written below the top staff. The word 'cres.' is written below the piano staff, and '8ves il basso.' is written below the bottom staff.

fills us with blessings in Church and in State ; Children of Alfred, the

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'fills us with blessings in Church and in State ; Children of Alfred, the' are written below the top staff.

CHORUS.

Good and the Great,— Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day !

f

This system contains the chorus of the song, consisting of two staves. The top staff begins with the word 'CHORUS.' above it. The melody is simple and features a long note on the word 'Day'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The lyrics 'Good and the Great,— Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day !' are written below the top staff. The dynamic marking 'f' is written below the piano staff.

The Jubilee Song.

Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day! Hail to his Ju-bi-lee

The first system of the musical score for 'The Jubilee Song'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics 'Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day! Hail to his Ju-bi-lee' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, a treble and a bass clef, with a key signature of two flats. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the vocal line contains the lyrics 'Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day!' and the second measure contains 'Hail to his Ju-bi-lee'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

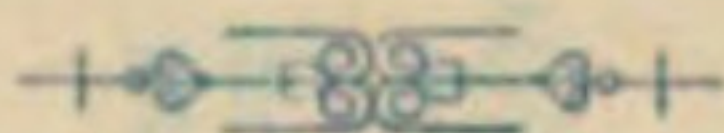
Day! The Day of a thou - sand years!

rall. *f*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Day! The Day of a thou - sand years!'. The piano accompaniment features a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment includes a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a few notes at the end. The piano accompaniment continues with a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment includes a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

The Day of a Thousand Years!



To-day is the day of a thousand years!
Bless it, O brothers, with heart-thrilling cheers!
Alfred for ever!—to-day was He born,
Daystar of England to herald her morn,
That, everywhere breaking and brightening soon,
Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon,
And fills us with blessing in Church and in State,
Children of Alfred, the Good and the Great!

Chorus,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,
The Day of a thousand years!

Anglo-Saxons!—in love are we met,
To honour a Name we can never forget!
Father, and Founder, and King of a race
That reigns and rejoices in every place,—
Root of a tree that o'ershadows the earth,
First of a Family blest from his birth,
Blest in this stem of their strength and their state,
Alfred the Wise, and the Good, and the Great!

Chorus,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,
The Day of a thousand years!

Children of Alfred, from every clime,
Your glory shall live to the deathday of Time!
And then in bliss shall ever expand
O'er measureless realms of the Heavenly Land!
For you, like him, serve GOD and your Race,
And gratefully look on the birthday of Grace,—
Then honour to Alfred! with heart-stirring cheers!
To-day is the Day of a thousand years!

Chorus,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,
The Day of a thousand years!

T.



Our Saxon Sire.

A thousand years—the past is but a dream—
A tide of waters that have ebbed away;
The vanished glory of a morning beam;
A leaf—that once was green upon the spray,
Ere Autumn came and sear'd it to decay!
Time rolls along with dull, remorseless pace,
And human things are gathered to his sway;
Some few have left a token and a trace—
To mark they breathed awhile, and point their burial place!

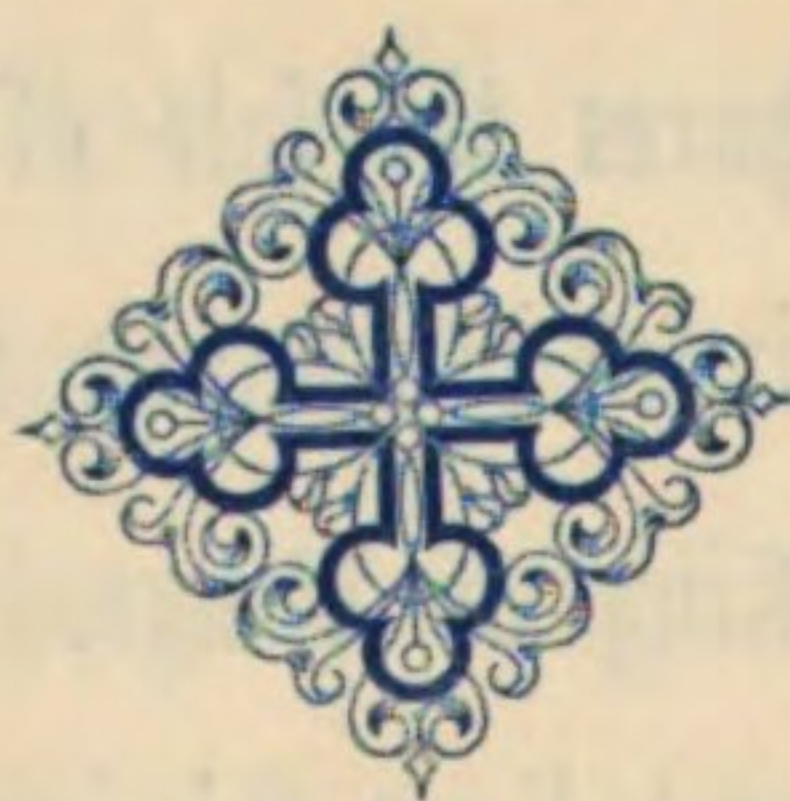
Like this, Great Alfred, lived to reign of old;
And such the glory of a noble name,
Ages have passed—his tale is still untold;
Still is he hight, a beacon unto fame,
Pointing to kings,—go ye and do the same!
Yes, that his glory lives to dazzle yet,
These myriad sons one earnest truth proclaim;
When shall the SAXON cancel Alfred's debt—
Shall Albion's ingrate sons their SAXON Sire forget?

Born in those days, when Blindness was on earth,
And Superstition reared her altars round ;
We pierced the night which clouded o'er his birth—
Dispelled the mist, and light in darkness found,
Bidding its rays go forth, and clear the ground ;
We made a way, and left the passage bright,
Which, ere he came, but too obscurely wound ;
For this, men's mem'ries guard him in their sight,
Nor let his name be lost, or glory wane to night.

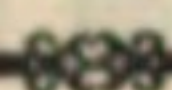
To him, to all, there was a mortal span—
The earth-born giant dwindles to the dust ;
The mighty hero shares the fate of man—
Decay—corruption—dross and earthly rust,—
So wills the King of Kings, omnipotent and just !
The body droops—yet lives th' immortal soul,—
This animates, this consecrates the bust
Men carve for those, whose genius knows no goal,—
Its wings are all uncarved—it soars without control !

E'en now, when as by stroke of mystic wand,
The pride of nations darkens to decay,
Like lofty mansions that are built on sand—
The sport of winds—the tempest's easy prey—
Poor baseless domes—frail tenements of clay!
Thy realms, Great Alfred, founded on a Rock,
In simple grandeur hold their peaceful sway:
High praise to Thee! thy stalwart sons may mock
The surging storms of strife—the earthquake's mortal shock!

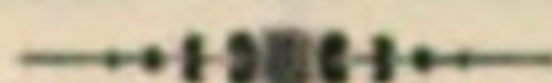
J. G. W.



Home.



" Home ! happy word, dear England's ancient boast,
Thou strongest castle on her sea-girt coast,
Thou full fair name for comfort, love, and rest,
Haven of refuge found, and peace possesst."—*Author's Mind.*



HOME ! the best of English words ; the dear sound for the dearer sense ; the tender, heart-stirring, Anglo-Saxon " Home ;" wholesome holy thought and thing ; and yet, how frequently embittered and unhallowed !

Home ! the nest of infancy, the playground of boyhood,—youth's bower of love, garden of peace, and grove of meditation,—manhood's well-tilled field of usefulness and duty,—age's rest and refuge ; and yet, how often a dislocated scene of strife, a perilous film of shattered beauty crusted on the edge of a volcano. Yea ; it is a full, and deep, and powerful theme—with its lovings and hatings, pleasures and pains, duties and neglects, sweets and sour, good and evil ; inexhaustible as that mother of waters, the Missouri ; incondensable as a panorama of the world !

If, in a few short sentences we touch this mighty topic, one of universal import to Englishmen of every party, class, and nation, let no one blame us for omission, or accuse a general parable of any personal applications. We could not say in volumes the much there is to say : home-duties, well-fulfilled, involve the prosperity of wide-spreading nations, no less than the salvation of individual immortals, and negligence herein, to say no worse, occasions, in one view, the bitterness of private misery, so frequent and so sad ; and obtains, in another, its climax, public misfortune and universal ruin ; look at continental Europe rocking into chaos, society breaking up like a foundering ship, and every man, woman, and child, proudly insubordinate, fighting against home-discipline and God's government !

It would be invidious to do more than glance with a humble and a pitying eye at the sins of our neighbours. If with them, Home is no anchorage, but the mere shifting quicksand of "*chez lui* ;" if marriage is lax, authority despicable, and duty disregarded ; results are sure. The Moral Governor is just, and His laws impartially work out the fitting punishment. Wherever God's

vicegerents are dishonoured, in the home or in the nation, in the peasant's hovel, where the father should be head, no less than on the imperial throne or presidential chair; wherever the whole duty of man, "Obedience," is made a byeword, and the whole privilege of man, "Usefulness," is frozen into Self, and the whole honour of man, "Duty," is denied, and the whole happiness of man, "Affection," is derided as a silly thing,—there, Woe! Woe! for man's work of sin has earned the wage of wretchedness.

But, turn away, Englishman, look to thine own estate and judge it warily; fall not into vain imaginations, as if thou too,—thou in England, or America, or elsewhere,—art not full of the same sin, hast not earned the same recompense. Let us, for good's sake, unto wise and earnest purposes, drop a thought or two on each man's home, which may perchance (however small the seed), grow up here and there, and become a plant of good, a little tree of life, a scion of the cedars of Lebanon which the Lord hath planted. Let us touch upon a few home hints, not as elaborating a treatise, but suggesting half-a-dozen practical ameliorations; little heeding the manner, if the matter be productive of good; and not shrinking from an unusual sharpness of style, if by so doing we can "prick with a needle" the heads of one or two of Home's worst ills.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We are all too well aware that in expositions of religion, or in explanations of science, our learned commentators can be very deep and verbose where the meaning is quite evident, and are only curt and shallow in matters which really require elucidation. The real difficulty is rarely made the point of attack; or, if it is, the explication is involved in so thick a mesh of words, that the poor unsatisfied acolyte goes home more mystified than ever. So also in matters of home happiness. Who tells truth in any staid tract upon family duties, and declares that silly wranglings, household worries, parental reserve, and filial alienation, are more truly the reefs upon which home love is wrecked, than any vaster crimes, faults, follies, or misfortunes, more easily allegeable? Who will venture to accuse the exemplary husband, or the virtuous wife, of possibly being yet possessed by such uncongenial dispositions, as to counterbalance all their stock of propriety and goodness? Who will Quixotically assert, that the dissipated queen of fashion, no less than the tipsy mechanic, may have been almost excusably driven into evil courses by the mutual incompatibilities of husband and wife? that a gallant acknowledgment of all feminine perfections must, even in print, have its reasonable limits, and no more degenerate into a blind idolatry of mere womanhood, than respect for lords of the creation should rise into hero-worship? and that the Socialist and the Owenite, though miserably wrong in their con-

clusions of denouncing marriage, dividing children as a common stock, and biving up mankind in communities for mutual unpurchased help, like bees or beavers, are yet much too near the truth in their premises,—to wit, the disappointing lack of happiness in the average of wedded life, the too common neglect of parental duties, and the normal state of discomfort which the curse of menial service brings upon most men's homes.

Now this is a subject of immense importance to all of our great race, who are pre-eminently home-livers and home-lovers. Home is the dear spot, the core of the heart, to every one of England's wide-spread family. Let us then strike at two or three of its evils, and sear them if we can with a healing severity: and if, among the hundred-thousand couples who, by means of the ubiquity and immortality of a book, from first to last shall read these lines, ten wives shall have been made more amiable, twenty husbands less bitter, one flock of babes more cherished in their home, or a few domestics be reminded of a Higher Master,—who shall say that this number of the *ANGLO-SAXON* is but one more of the many useless volumes perpetually disgorged by the printing-press?

There are plenty of tracts upon marriage: whole shelves, if any bibliomaniac could be found to collect such theoretical lumber, might be made to groan with matrimonial treatises, from a vast number of doctors, and proctors, granddames, wives, spinsters, bachelors, lovers, and divines; and yet scarcely one hits the blot of domestic discord with skill and truth. *Comfort* is the guardian spirit of home; and, happily for us, of many thousands: but its opposite is the worm of Jonah's gourd. Petty vexations rot it at the stalk. Mere trifles kill it. From the lowest to the highest, the chief supporter of the pot-house as of the gambling-club, the main antagonist of good, sourer of temper, and eradicator of all home joys in every sphere of life, the surest hardener of hearts and destroyer of souls is a little evil almost overlooked—domestic worry. That fearful tragedy in high life, wherein a Parisian Duke and Duchess were murderer and victim, is but the full-ripe fruit of the journeyman's quarrel with his teasing Mrs.; and the elopement of a Peer's daughter is due to the same petty centrifugal causes, as those which make misery in alleys, and banish home comfort by scolding and vexing. There may be no one great evil in particular standing out rock-like in the channel; neither irreligion, nor adultery, nor extravagance, nor loss of real attachment: but the continuous succession of annoyances dropped from man's (or woman's) tongue, this it is which, little by little, makes up the shifting sandbank whereon home happiness is wrecked. Many wives there are, and husbands too, goodsooth, who imagine themselves saints and martyrs because they have stormed or fretted away the affections of their partners. Many, who seem to fancy that, if they sin not in the matter of the seventh commandment, no constant course of bickering, no ceaseless intended aggravations, no

feminine tongue, or masculine temper, is sufficient to excuse alienation of heart in the victims of perpetual discomfort. They are mistaken : life is made up of trifles ; and nothing so truly excuses the drunken mechanic, or the dissipated peer, nothing so extenuates even a wife's desertion of her home, as the wasp's nest left behind in the other's disposition.

Gentle-women and Gentle-men of every class in life, true, loving Christian lords of the creation, and sweet ladies of those lords ; the amiable, the dutiful, and quiet in cotter's hovel or in palace hall,—this word is not for you ; but, as it may (from the mere fact of its unconventional plainness) sow a hint for the better in many an aristocratic mansion as in many a mechanic's garret,—let the winds carry it where they will.

For home, rightly ordered, is the little heaven upon earth, the pure and peaceful antepast of things not seen as yet. Quiet is its atmosphere, and love its sun ; the soil of its tillage is duty, and the rich crop, affections and good works. Home is one of God's best blessings ; and many hearts there be to say—thank Heaven for so dear a taste of happiness !

But, turn we now away from such tender contemplations, to whisper one little word in particular to husbands. The wives have much to try them, more than you have ; and if they are counselled unto patience, how much more is it expected of your sterner and more stubborn nature. Who can put the case better than St. Paul ? “ Husbands, love your “ wives, and be not bitter against them.” Be not bitter. How much is here implied as to possible provocations—as to the less reasoning and the more sensitive mind of woman—as to the hardness, haste, and impatient energy of man, contrasted with her delicate susceptibilities, her variableness and indecision ? Be not bitter. You may, indeed, be tempted to it ; but turn away and be kind. Be not bitter ; for man's tongue, even more than woman's, can speak daggers, can utter evil things which cling upon the memory for years, bruising the heart and killing its affections. O Man ! it is cruel, it is cowardly. Be not bitter.

Management is much. Dear wives, without thinking less of your virtues, think a little also of your graces. There is “ a way to win him,”—too much forgotten when once won ; and who can marvel, then, if you have not found out “ the way to keep him ?” Try the old tack. Did you ever scold, or grumble, or fret, or diligently tease, as a lover ? Give honest old marriage only as fair a chance as young betrothal had ; make the home comfortable, humour your helpmate, understand him, make the best of everything, and take our word for it, your “ brute of a husband ” will turn out no such monster after all.

And you, husbands, remember those kind attentions of past times ; repair the waste places ; refresh the good old feelings ; live over again in hearty yearning all the happy days lang syne ; forgive, be forgiven, make every-

thing up; help, and love, and confide in each other; so will you both be happy.

And now, one word about jealousy. In nineteen cases out of twenty it is simply a mean, selfish, and irrational suspicion, evidencing much more guilt and folly in the accuser than in the accused. It is born of vanity and evil reverie, and grows to be the very opposite of that heavenly virtue, charity, which, "thinking no evil, believeth all things, hopeth all things." The mere inclination to this canker of domestic peace argues a vicious state of mind, just as boils betray a morbid state of body. Silly ones, for sake even of the vanity that pampers you, have the wisdom to conceal your foul suspicions. Depend upon it, your foolish and uncharitable vexing goes a good way towards causing what you dread; depend upon it, a sensible sincerity of manner and rational kindness of heart will win again the straying love that you have scared away by irritable bickerings; and the beauteous feminine adornment of a meek and quiet spirit in the wife, or a frank kindliness in the husband, will have power to charm again the estranged mind which your utter unamiability (even to suspicions base as this) has warped, wronged, and disenchanted.

For all things else—bear and forbear in the many crosses and worries of life; make light of all troubles which are not sins—at the worst they are soon over; try to forget their very presence. Many a very afflicted body have we seen, and admired to note how little he knew he was wretched; while many a blest and prospered man enjoys nothing from apparent unconsciousness of his great good luck. How many couples, with everything to cheer and comfort them, will grumble away life in discontent; and how many, less well matched and emptier of this world's good, by force of mere cheerfulness win the peaceful prize the others are perpetually losing.

Add to the above this hint also. Beware of too deep intimacy with friend or relation. The milk of marriage is often soured by what our wise and rude forefathers called "an old gooseberry." "My wife's mother," and "my husband's brother," are at the root of far too much domestic misery. Be intimate only with each other, however cordial and friendly with anybody beside; but, for deep intimacy, have each of you only one friend—the other.

PARENT AND CHILD.

Fathers and Mothers,—do your duties well, and you will seldom have to say that your children are undutiful. It is true, there are many seeming exceptions, and there sometimes is a real one, to this good general rule of retribution. Now and then the best of parents has to lament a profligate child: now and then the worst father is shamed by some paragon of filial duty.

Notwithstanding such exceptions, the rule holds good; duties cause duties, love generates love, wisdom disseminates wisdom, authority creates obedience and honour. And in those many hybrid cases,—a parent may be religious, and yet very unwise; he may be a strict disciplinarian, and fail entirely of reverence and affection; he may hire tutors, pay bills, and give plenty of good advice, “by precept and example too,” and still be miserably lacking of parental duties.

For example: it is not a duty,—but its opposite,—to send children away from home as soon as possible; to delegate education, and the implanting of first principles to others than God’s ordinance—the parent. Break nursery links; wean your child from father and mother, and sister and brother; let him go where learning and religion are made tasks of fear; where admonition comes from strange harsh tongues, and where the world’s worst vices are mimicked by little men; and, notwithstanding the bills you pay quarterly, the “high character” of school and schoolmasters, and the expectant advantages to be surreptitiously acquired by acquaintanceship (possibly) with future lords and statesmen,—you at least have neglected your duties, and, whatever becomes of your son, you reap the reward of his alienation: he may turn out well or ill, according to the lottery of chances in the mixt world whereinto you have thrown him; but if well, he owes it all to himself; if ill, he may charge you with the temptation. Be assured for the mere child no school is a right or a wise thing, if it exceed the dayschool; an absence from home of more than a few hours in the day is wrong and harmful for the young mind; and even thus, let the parent go alongside with the teacher; let the lesson be learnt, and the doctrine be improved, at home; let not the babe from its infant school, still less the boy from the national school, run home and find father and mother caring for none of these things; and in higher grades, let the lawyer, the physician, and the divine, in the midst of their numberless philanthropic avocations, consider daily their own little ones. Personal religion, personal wisdom, personal example, these are in the forefront; and scarcely in the second place, a continual and increasing sympathy with these young minds, an evident interest in all that interests them, candid answers to curiosity, just consideration, tender caring for such delicate plants; let your mouth unite Mentor and Momus; let “philosophy in sport be made science in earnest;” a child is won to the great by the little; if you play with him in playtime, he will pray with you in prayertime; if you condescend to his toys and his childishness, he will astonish you by reaching-up in zeal to all your teachings and your manliness. As between parent and child reserve is a killing frost; distance, generated by absence, a ruinous blight; lack of sympathy, a hiding of the sunshine from young plants, a with-holding of the rain from every swelling seed of good. Young and old don’t mix well together, men say. Who’s fault is this? The old have been young, and have only to look back and gather up

old feelings; whereas youth knows nothing yet of age,—excepting that it coldly keeps aloof, and seems unloveable. There is no greater mistake in a home than empty dignity, self-involved and incommunicative knowledge, the treating a child as a mere toy sometimes, and at others, when he would be grave and sensible, holding him off at arm's length, as unworthy of your wiser counsels. Sympathy is the word; a beautiful union of minds, whereby the father's spirit is as a guardian angel to the son's spirit; an intimate and confidential feeling, which only can take root in earliest days, and cannot co-exist with nursery banishment. A sympathy which, once well-rooted in the several soils, will grow and grow, until the parent lives over again in the child, and the child is advantaged by his father's wisdom. It will grow from cradlelove to manly friendship; and, beside mutual happiness and affection, will save a son from more perils, and a father from more cares, than any other scheme of education ever yet propounded.

Such a thesis as "Parent and Child" suggests an infinity of commonplace moralities, wherewith we will not tempt the patience of mankind. Let this little word suffice: Christian parents, cultivate the affections as well as the intellects of your children; sympathise with them in all things, grave and gay, and take all care that they be not weaned from home until the heart is anchored there, and the mind is established in sound principles. Connections, competitions, fair occasions for youth to earn distinction, and for early manhood to win his living, all these are excellent in their season; only do not seek them too soon. You will gain nothing, and lose much. There can be no more pitiable object than an alienated child; and, when these occur in masses, nothing more nationally dangerous. Domestic affection is the cement which holds together all society: and if English schools or American boarding-houses cause it to be "daubed with untempered mortar," the practical evil overweighs the theoretic good. The true rule is, for infancy and childhood, hometeaching; for all beyond—that little world the school, and that great school the world, with hearts left at home, and thoughts ever living there.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

Is it possible that in these "heady high-minded" times we can address any respectable householder who is happily unconscious of the "greatest plague in life?" Is it probable that any one of the myriad homes of Anglo-Saxondom has escaped, in these bad days, the troubles due to reciprocal errors in Master and Servant?

We do not wish to stigmatise a class; for, some few there are "faithful found as Abdiel," and good and true among the million: but still we may ask

almost despairingly, Where are all the "perfect treasures" gone to? the comforts in a house? the humble friends, the true and upright servants, which (before the poison of a false political economy had corrupted our social constitution), we can remember as creatures of a bygone age, and whereof, here one and there one, some few specimens remain to shame the modern generation? When all the good old stock dies off, will there be *none* left to remind masters and mistresses that domestics can have virtues? Will they all, quite all, be dressy, proud, unprincipled, unsteady? Will there be found not one who will consult a master's interest; not one who will bear to be spoken to; not one "with goodwill doing service in singleness of heart, as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart?" Must it still and always be "eye-service," domestic treachery, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness?" Let us hope, against hope, that things will take a turn and mend: that in servants we need not perpetually be kept on our guard, as against the foes in a man's own household, the thief, the slanderer, the wanton wasteful fighter against social order and conscientious economies, the desecrating spot upon the altar of Home, the blight of our private peace, and the mildew on our most sacred charities.

This language is strong, and some with less experience, or pleasanter than ours, may think too strong; but let them hear us out. Truth-telling is a wholesome thing, and our unconventional home-hints may do good yet, and not the less perhaps for being forcibly and fiercely uttered. We speak the experience of thousands, and would it were otherwise.

Modern servants are very much the creatures of the Registry Office and our unrighteous Law of Libel. The one provides a rapid succession of places at a shilling a piece; and the other makes it dangerous to give a true character, unless that character happens to be thoroughly angelic. Continual change of servants and situations is the direct interest of the registry-keeper: and the law attorney fattens in our county courts at the expense of any person who dares to tell the truth about discarded servants; the consequence of all being that the dearest friends foist upon each other an exchange of plagues without the shadow of a hint that they will destroy the peace of the family; and, that the few respectable servants who are on a Registry are continually being tempted to an easier, or a gayer, or a more lucrative place, without the least suspicion that their kind friend takes all such disinterested trouble to get another fee. Steady place-keeping servants would ruin Mrs. Registrar.

But enough of all this, and more than enough. Yet is the thing important: the well-being of the commonwealth depends upon its individual homes, and servants have great influence therein. Come we along to the practical moral. If, as masters, we dare not openly declare our conviction that such a butler is a thief, such a cook a dirty virago, or such a housemaid a pest to any Christian household,—let us one and all at least hold our tongues and

say nothing. Can any law compel us to recommend and praise a person? and will not the eloquence of silence be enough? For a second point: let no unfortunate mistress who does not wish to go through a three years course of bad, unsteady, and unprofitable servants, venture within the meshes of a Registry Office; the oftener she is forced into a change, the oftener a coveted half-crown is paid to the unsettling go-between. Is it not quite evident how perniciously such establishments must work for the mutual good of master and servant? how probably discontent is excited, and treacherous dealing practised by the officekeeper against both clients and patrons? If public opinion would but put down these Registries, the superabundant facilities of change would be at an end; servants would remain in their places, and masters be less happy to get rid of them.

We are speaking to the world. We know how much brother Jonathan endures from his amiable helps; and how Cape Town, Sydney, and Hobart's Town, lament their demoralized menials. If it is any comfort to them, things are pretty much the same at home in the mother country. Everywhere servants, —our female servants in particular, will be found very distinctly to stand in need of St. Paul's good counsel. Harken to it:—"Exhort servants to be *obedient* unto their own masters, and to *please them well* in all things; *not answering again*; *not purloining*, but *showing all good fidelity*; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." If the notes were left out, the characters of most of our women-servants would be scriptural.

But masters and mistresses have also something against them in these matters; though far less than the others. Considerate kindness, reasonable patience, the practical knowledge that "your Master also is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with Him," these things are well to be thought and acted on. And yet (to the confusion of all our good intentions) who has not found kindnesses presumed upon, patience abused, and religion turned into a laughing-stock by some of these domestic foes?—Get rid of all such as soon as possible, and don't let them sour your milk of human love for others.

There are also pride, sloth, meanness, harshness, and a few other obvious faults that it well becomes us all to put away: if masters and mistresses misuse the advantages of their position, and degrade themselves by evil conduct of anykind, they at least have no reason to complain if bad example is contagious. Like master, like man;—and yet (such is the perversity of menials) how often is not the worst man best served!

The root of the whole evil—(and when statistics show us that our women-servants in this land exceed a million in number, that evil cannot be a small one)—the root of it all is, that *we take our servants from too low a class of society*. Yonder fine lady's-maid, far more dressy and affected than her mistress, what is she at home? daughter of a Dorsetshire day-labourer at seven shillings a-week, in whose wretched hovel her silks and satins shine somewhat

incongruously. Your paragon of waste, the cook, who makes nothing of throwing away the cold joint because she prefers a hot one with the gravy in it, was a parish orphan, brought up in starving penury and is destined hereafter to die on water-gruel in the Union poorhouse. The nurse, intimate associate of your tender progeny—don't be too curious to discover how *she* lives when out of place. Your own man, who gives you warning because he misses his carriage exercise, was brought up a pot-boy in his father's beer-shop; and the confidential housekeeper, the favoured intimate who reigns paramount everywhere, whose influence can dislocate friendships, divide families, and make or unmake fortunes—this queenly magnate in some great man's home was once servant of all work in a low lodging-house. Who can wonder at the consequence of such changes and chances in life acting upon ill-taught and ill-trained minds? Who need feel any sort of astonishment, that in such a barren soil as this, the alternations of adversity and prosperity generate nothing but briars and hemlock? The luxuries and comforts of a regular establishment are worse than thrown away upon such persons. Far from cherishing any thoughts of gratitude to God or man, kindness only heats them to presumption, and liberality provokes them to extravagance. They have a marvellous facility of rising with their circumstances; a remarkable philosophy while sunk and out of place. But their pride will starve rather than endure to be spoken to; their vanity will abjure the very necessities of life to retain the satin scarf and the tasselled parasol.

Now, utopian though some may at first sight think it, we have here a great practical reform to propose. It may be rather a more difficult and delicate thing, (easier, as Providence is recognised,) but we should try to derive our higher servants from a better class. How many a family of well-trained Christian women, orphaned by misfortune or beggared by fraud, and now starving precariously upon elegant needlework, or dropping from mere want into consumption, or half yielding to the tempter in matters of honour and happiness for lack of food and loss of station—how many such a gentlewoman would not be glad to be the Countess's tirewoman, the young heir's nurse, the respected head of an establishment of luxury—nay, to take any lower and more menial place, humbly and gratefully, and so to gain an honest living in circumstances of comfortable plenty, out of the reach of sin! How much better would it be thus to recruit the ranks of our higher domestics from the honourable indigence of decayed good breeding and good conduct, than from the insolent class of prosperous vulgarity, bad morals, and base associations.

In the olden time, when precedence was a science, and heraldry took strict account of its honours, we find this gradation: the duchess has her train borne up by a baroness, the marchioness by a knight's lady, the baroness by a gentlewoman, and so forth. We think that there are at least 9000 eligible,

easy, and pleasant situations about our nobility and gentry, which would give livelihood and comforts to as many distressed gentlewomen, and not only aid so largely this much-enduring, much-neglected class, but would thereby raise the tone of our domestic morals and manners. The writer of these sentences will give three illustrations from his personal knowledge.

He knows a certain village, not more fortunate in this respect than many others, from which the blacksmith's shop has supplied a baroness (in her own right) with a lady's-maid; the alehouse has given a governess to a gentleman's family; and the common Tom and Jerry shop has sent forth divers daughters (some of them notoriously on the town) and one among them the mischievous confidential companion of a rich old lady. We do not deny a certain degree of merit in those who have thus raised themselves to affluence; but sure we are that the peeress, the squire, and the maiden aunt, are as little aware as possible of the native condition of these favourite domestics; sure we are that three poor gentlewomen ought to be in places such as these. The veteran-lieutenant's orphan, one of a bankrupt merchant's seven comely daughters, or the poor curate's younger sister, would thus find a home, competence, and an honest sphere of duty. Society, in these hard times, should wisely bring about a change like this. There is no degradation in service—the highest serve; nothing unfeminine in domestic labours; nothing derogatory in menial offices, so long as God's providence is kept in view, and the heart is cheered by duty. Then, such better places filled by better people, let the cotter's daughter serve the little tradesman; and the village-grocer's daughter think herself fortunate to do the work in a substantial yeoman's homestead; and the yeoman's daughter go out housemaid at the squire's; and the ruined speculator's orphan be glad to wait upon young ladies; and the poor gentlewoman nurse the little scions of a noble house; and the decayed lady of rank be found sisterly companion to a peeress. Instead of all this wholesome gradation, the very dregs of society, stirred up and scumming the surface, fill our highest homes with arrogant and ill-conducted females, tricked in expensive millinery, who repudiate their parents, despise the humiliations of their natural sphere, and carry to the very steps of the throne their ignorance, immorality, and self-sufficient pertness.

But, while we inveigh thus righteously against the delinquencies of modern servants, we ought to add to our philippic a few of their extenuating circumstances. If, as children of comparative penury, they are raised on a sudden to affluence and comfort, let us remember (as they do), that they hold so much of this world's good by a very precarious tenure; and let us be aware that nothing is more calculated to make people reckless and selfish than this sort of uncertainty. If domestic servitude could be regulated by the laws of apprenticeship, or if the bargain were of a year certain on either side, no doubt such fixity of tenure would operate to unite master and servant; there would

be more circumspection in engagement, and less disaffection in servitude ; but as it is, the minute's warning, or at best the month's on either side (this too determinable at any hour for a little cash), makes members of one household hang too loosely together. Again : the temptations to purloining are infinite ; and the too frequently hinted suspicion often makes a thief. Home is a place where nothing should be locked up ; unreservedness in everything should be, and usually is, the broad frank banner of an Englishman's castle. Who then can wonder if the needy cottager, thrown among such wealth, covets and appropriates now and then some of those broadcast nicnacs, books, clothes, luxuries, ornaments, or what not, prodigally and unprotectedly scattered all around, especially if any foolish word is spoken at the outset, inferring want of confidence. If, on the former topic of precariousness, we felt inclined to solicit the Legislature to be more stringent, so as to have something in the nature of " signed articles " in a like fashion to those of sailors, on this topic we could wish the law made less severe. Not that the offence is small, or venial, or unfrequent ; but because an unwholesome severity makes the law practically inoperative. As things are, peculation in a dwelling-house is made a matter, so far as its punishment is concerned, equal in importance with the highest crimes ; and no wonder that masters and mistresses, however victimised, decline to prosecute, when they know that the poor, tempted, uneducated culprit who steals a lace collar, or a brooch, is liable to long years of transportation in a penal colony for her felonious vanity. If the more rational recompense were a heavy fine, or a penitentiary imprisonment, and if (let us add) attorneys in open court were not allowed to libelise, by imputation, the prosecuting parties,—then might the law have a chance of being properly worked, and the certainty of punishment would check the crime.

Once more, love of dress is a great evil : not merely for its extravagance, its incongruity, and its action on the mind ; but for the grosser fact, that it attracts, and is intended to attract, the worst of characters to follow and admire. Consequences are notorious and inevitable. But, while we condemn the folly, leading to the ruinous sin, let us consider how frequently our poor female servants are driven into it. It is a fact, that there are many mistresses who stipulate with their maidens that they shall spend the greater part of their wages in dress : it is a fact, that there are pseudo-ladies silly enough to feel a sort of pride in being waited upon, not only by gentlemen out of livery and gaudily apparelled footmen in their plush, but also by seeming-ladies, only to be distinguished from their mistress by a more exaggerated finery, or a less momentary fashion. Who can wonder at results ? Who can even blame poor untaught womanhood for yielding to an influence so strong externally, so subtle within ? Would there could be sumptuary laws once more ! But the only remedy for all these things is to be found in the public good sense ; and the best way to draw its attention thitherward, is boldly to expose such evils.

And now for one word, not only of indulgence, but also of justice, to some among the million whom our pen may, by generalising, have written down too darkly. There *is* a good gleaner still: there *are*, yet extant, many excellent well principled and by no means unprofitable servants. Haste we to do them tardy justice, to remind them that they serve *two* masters: one, on earth, and if they meet here kindness and due consideration, well,—it is well: One, in Heaven, and whatever they miss of here, with Him will they meet the recompense of a reward. Go on, go on, in your useful, conscientious career: well-done, good and faithful servants.

And, there are some, the poor white slaves, in many a harsher freeman's home, whom we would pity, and will plead for. No class has more toil, less pay, more pains and less pleasures than that overworked, underfed victim of tyranny and scolding, the young servant of all work. Up the earliest, and to bed the latest, never a quiet moment to herself by Sunday or by Weekday, doing everybody's bidding, and often made the butt of some cruel mistress's ill-treatment, no wonder that the poor neglected child sinks to the degraded condition of a mere slave.

And this monosyllable, America, reminds us of the great black spot upon your star-spangled banner. Goodsooth, we wish to touch this topic kindly and wisely; for it was but yesterday that we were deeper in that sin than you are; and we ought also humbly to remember that you derive so bad a heritage from us. In the difficult cure of this old sore of the world, we have been too hot, too hasty; we cauterised it with gunpowder, and salved it with gold ointment like quacks; hence our failure hitherto. Instead of beleaguering the coast of Africa with our sickly crews, and ruining our fairest colony by specie and abolition, we ought to have done, what we give you full credit now to be doing. We ought to have prepared the African mind for liberty; to have colonised them freely on their own shores; to have made so radical a change in the condition of Ham's children, a matter more of generations than of weeks. Instead of blockading a continent, and racing after clipping barks across the wide Atlantic, we commend you for the great idea of letting Africa blockade itself; of providing cities of refuge, like Liberia; of stopping the evil in the beginning, if possible,—but, if not, in the end,—not midway. Well-meaning England has but aggravated all the horrors of the middle passage. America tries to stop the trade on land: and failing this, to ransom the slave on landing. This is wiser than throwing shells into vessels chuckfull of human misery, and wasting British treasure and her bravest sons in compulsory philanthropy.

But to return: though this digression is but little irrelevant to such a heading as Master and Servant. America knows, better than we can tell her, the extreme dangers which are brewing up in consequence of that strange anomaly,—slavery redundant in the home of Freedom. Let her encourage everything which tends towards a rational, unhurried, well-trained abolition.

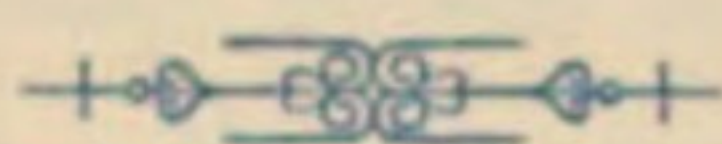
Meanwhile, the law of kindness is wiser than the lash and shackles. Try it, as many of you do, calumniated planters in the South,—try it universally; let the slave-driver be extinct, and the slave-owner as well as the slave will be all the better for his absence. In due time, try wages, for the more valuable sorts of labour; and let the slave win self-respect by self-emancipation. Above all, lay aside the senseless prejudice, which loathes a shade upon the skin, and will scorn talent and despise beauty, though the man of colour be wise as swarthy king Solomon, or the quadroon in her flushed loveliness be more brilliant than the Queen of Sheba.

It remains to add one word upon that almost hopeless phase of the Master and Servant question, which we are too well aware of as existing in Australia. Without doubt it must be a terrible domestic evil when to the infirmities and faults of common household servants are added the conscience of a criminal and the education of a convict. There, the only thing for it seems to be to endeavour, by confidence and kindness, and wise management, to instil into your convict-servants the wholesome truth, that the past is all forgotten if the present be but fair: that for this world, as for the next, “Now” is the day of salvation; that a *locus penitentie*, a chance for entire restitution, is given to all who will; and you will be surprised to find what influence Hope and reasonable consideration will do for the amelioration of your transport housemaids and your criminal men servants.

We once knew an elderly clergyman, both courageous and religious, who was stopped by a footpad. After the usual surrender of watch and purse, the clergyman added what is not quite so usual, a few words of kindness! The poor highwayman dropped on his knees, insisted on restitution, and implored forgiveness; want, dire want, a sick wife, and starving children, had driven the man to this: he was a coachman out of place,—discharged with a character for drunkenness. As Providence willed it, a coachman was exactly what our friend required. He gave the poor fellow a chance; found his penitence sincere by the proof of good conduct; and to the day of his death, our worthy old rector, the Rev. Dr. P——, (the last of the cauliflower wigs,) was driven—even to his long home—by a faithful, good-hearted, quasi-convict coachman. Try you, then, of Hobart’s Town and Sydney, this good counsel. Go and do likewise. It is quite possible that you may be as comfortably and as honestly served by reformed criminals, as we are at home by those “who think that they need no repentance.” Pride and exclusiveness are at the root of our domestic evils; and if you can secure consideration on the one hand, and humility on the other, you will have gained, even in your convicts, more than, here in England, freedom and self-righteousness have left of good between Master and Servant.



The Man about Town.



Evil-eyed loiterer, pilgrim of fashion,
Sunless and hard is thy frost-bitten heart ;
Scoffing at Nature's affection and passion,
Till thou hast made the sad angels depart :
Sinner and fool ! to be searing and sealing
All the sweet fountains of spirit and truth—
Quick to be free from the freshness of feeling,
Swift to escape from the fervours of youth.

Woe to thee—woe ! for thy criminal coldness ;
Oh, I could pity thee, desolate man,
But that those eyes, in their insolent boldness,
Tempt me to scorn such a state, if I can :
Wearied of hunting the shadows of pleasures,
Thou art half dead in the prime of thy days,
Emptied of Heaven's and Earth's better treasures,
Victim and slave to the world and its ways !

Early and late at thy dull dissipation,
Listlessly indolent even in sin,
What is thy soul but a pool of stagnation,
Calmness without, and corruption within?
Happiness, honour, and peace, and affection—
These were thy heritage every one,—
But as thou meetest them all with rejection,
They have rejected thee, Prodigal Son!

O that Humility, gracious as duteous,
Lightened those eyelids so heavy with scorn!
O that Sincerity, blessed as beauteous,
Gilded thy night with the promise of morn!
Frankness of mind is the best of high breeding—
Kindness of soul the true Gentleman's part;
And the first fashion all fashions exceeding,
Is the warm gush of a generous heart!

C.



Christians of England!



Christians of England ! ye who share
Man's noblest right, a Father's care,
And lowly kneeling side by side,
In spite of shame and struggling pride,
Seek the true God as Friend, and Guide,
Oh, join us in an English prayer !

Pray that a spirit pure from Heaven
The earthly lump may freshly leaven ;
Pray that new hopes and worthier praise
Men's drooping, grovelling, hearts may raise,
Till we discern in happier days
The Past forgotten and forgiven !

Pray that Religion's voice may claim
More homage than an unfelt name ;
Her warning truths convince the bad,
Her tender mercies soothe the sad,
Her sober joy improve the glad,
Nor poison mirth with after-shame !

Pray ere ye eat the daily bread,
Pray ere ye seek the nightly bed,
Pray in the room—no man to hear :
Pray in the field—all heaven to cheer :
Pray in the church,—a Saviour near.
In every place let prayer be said !

So shall the wrath be turned aside,
New mercies come and old abide ;
So shall the watching world confess
That prayer is heard—that God will bless
A people seeking holiness
With every earthly good beside !



Old England and Domestic Politics.

Incarceration.

"The Judges appeared to have before them the word 'Incarceration,' which they were earnestly considering."—*The Dream of Æthelinge*.

INCARCERATION, as the punishment of crimes and civil injuries, of enormous transgressions and trivial offences, was the topic we proposed to discuss in the present number of the *THE ANGLO-SAXON*. It is a wide field of investigation; difficult, however, and surrounded with prejudices, self-interested habits and fears, which, like the lofty walls of the prison house, seem to forbid an entrance to speculation or practical discussion.

The peculiar circumstances of the times seem at first sight unfavourable for a calm and honest examination. The striking fact, that civil government throughout the nations of Christian Europe, not excepting a part of the United Kingdom, is almost universally upheld by force and not by reason, by standing armies and not by law, solely by self-interested opinion of power in the governor and the governed, is a discouraging proof that prescription and conscience have too generally ceased to sway the souls of subjects, and that rulers abandoning appeals to prejudices true or false, good or bad, are reduced to the necessity of resorting to military discipline as the only efficacious restraint on mutinous opinion and physical strength. It will be for rulers to consider how long the physical strength of a disaffected people will remain undisciplined, or how long armies will remain obedient to the princes or states who so employ them, and how long the means of supporting such armies can be derived from disaffected and impoverished citizens.

At such a crisis in the political history of Christendom, there is sufficient reason for disinclination and caution in discussing questions which affect laws, usages, and administrations, even in our own country, where reason, not force,

—law, not standing armies,—loyalty and conscience, not a mean opinion of power, support the civil government, and diffuse among the great body of the people a sense of the duty as well as of the advantages of civil obedience. This caution, however, will be carried to an extreme, if it should lead to any attempt to suppress discussion on public measures or occurrences, or to disunite practical government from speculative political principles, which sooner or later must and will be heard.

Under political excitement, many questions of domestic policy had better be left over, not only because the discussion might be dangerous, but because there is no chance at such a time of their being calmly considered or finally adjusted. It may be better then to retain absurdities and inconveniences than to unsettle public opinion respecting the administrations of the country. On the other hand, on great occasions, occurrences and events so distinctly speak out their warnings, as to give a favourable turn to popular opinion, and to show that a good general opinion of government may be strengthened by a wise discontinuance of errors and excesses, which are apt to accumulate on the most admired principles, especially where a departure from the immediate habit of governing is, in fact, a return to more ancient and wiser customs.

Of this nature we consider the question of Incarceration, which has evidently been allowed to run on to a great and painful excess—an excess not a result from an unfeeling passion in the Legislature, the judicial authorities, or the people,—but rather in part from the increasing respect of the educated classes for rights of property, in part from a sensitive philanthropy with respect to capital and infamous punishments, and in good part also from an indolent and exaggerated confidence in refined systems of police and prison discipline, which have evidently disappointed their advocates and confounded their votaries.

The extreme difficulties which have presented themselves with respect to the higher classes of crimes and punishments—the hulks, the penal settlements, the prisons, prisoners, and especially convicts—have brought immediately into view and under popular discussion, such questions as these:—“What is to be done with convicts?” “How are the prisons to be cleared?” “To what extent are funds to be supplied from the consolidated fund or county rates for diagram prisons, for the chastisement and reformation of the higher classes of criminals?” “What are the causes and remedies of the greater crimes and misdemeanours?”

Again, if we take a microscopic view of this subject, and examine minor offences, we see crowds and shoals of criminals, which, like the animalcula in putrid water, surprise us by their number and variety, as well as by their magnified diminutiveness. Thus, again, such questions as these are forcing themselves, not only on the painful attention of statesmen and philanthropists, but into public and popular discussion:—“What is to be done with juvenile

“ offenders ? ” “ What are the causes and remedies of petty and juvenile offences ? ” “ How can the accumulation of summary convictions and insignificant indictable offences be arrested ? ” “ Is the fault in the Legislature, the Magistracy, or the People ? ”

These extremes manifest the importance of the whole question of Incarceration now before us. The higher crimes and punishments will not allow it to rest. They represent it as excessive and unmanageable and force the principal Members of the Government against their recorded opinions of secondary punishments in general, and of transportation in particular, as well as against the strongest feelings of indignation in the colonists, to revert to a more enlarged system of transportation of convicts and others, as the only known relief to accumulated incarceration. In this view it is an overgrown and dangerous monster. But it is the microscopic view of imprisonment ; the juvenile criminals ; the summary convictions ; the repetition of convictions ; the three months, the month, the fourteen days, and under, which more manifestly represent the false and mischievous excess to which it has been carried in modern times. Moreover there seems to be no possible way of reducing the number of convicts and higher offenders, but by reducing the number of minor incarcerated criminals. The seedlings become the forest. The animalcula become the monsters. If we can filter the fountains we may, perchance, purify the streams.

The question may, at the present moment, be discussed under favourable circumstances and favourable auspices, in Old England. There is a laudable zeal amongst us for the social and Christian improvement of the whole body of the people. Social evils may not be more numerous, or of greater intensity, than they were formerly ; but there is a sensitive impatience respecting them, which is a favourable circumstance to be had in view in discussing the remedies to be applied to them. The question of incarceration has been already considered with respect to debt, religious persecution, and political offences, and with regard to each of these points, a mitigation and in many cases an entire abandonment of it has been the result. We are not aware that there are greater objections to the examination of it with respect to summary convictions, trivial indictments, and paltry imprisonment for paltry offences, than there were to the investigation with respect to debt and bankruptcy, or sedition and treason. The discussion is not likely to stir up religious or political enthusiasm. Imprisonment as a form and method of religious persecution, has happily ceased with well-defined principles of civil and religious liberty. There may be a few specimens of weak and wrong-headed men, who from mistaken scruple or personal vanity may defy the laws which regulate not conscience but property and office ; but we shall have no more martyrs, such as John Bunyan in his den, pious, virtuous, noble souls, “ of whom the world “ was not worthy.” There are some eager political enthusiasts who by daring

combination and transgressions of the law have brought themselves within the precincts of a gaol ; but we are not aware that this is one of the subjects on which any class or sect of politicians complain of the severity of the government, and we only wish that the same lenity which has been manifested to juvenile dupes in politics, might be extended to other juvenile victims.

There is a conscientious anxiety with respect to crimes and punishments felt by all ranks and all parties in the state. To this common solicitude we trust for good effects. Some, however, will suppose that our " domestic " politics " are a cover for party attacks, and that no questions of this sort can be raised but with a view of embarrassing the government. If the Tories were in power, some habitual partizans of that school would think us mutinous and political heretics, nor shall we be surprised if some staunch partizans of the opposite school should impute to us a disaffection to the administration of the day. We must confess ourselves clear of any such motives in discussing these questions, hoping, at the same time, that those who differ from us will differ but in particulars, and that those who carefully examine the question of modern incarceration, will see that there is enough of truth in our arguments, of good intention, and peradventure utility in our suggestions, to exempt us from the imputation of discussing such a question with a view to the favour or disfavour of any sect or party in the commonwealth. We look to the wise and good who have the entire, the temporal and eternal interest of their fellow creatures at heart. Party politics may have their place and use, and we would not condemn the partizanship of those whose vocation it may be, to be men, or writers, or leaders of party. Such is not our vocation. For our part we feel too grateful to the public men who, in our lifetime, have administered public affairs, to allow our partizanship to be very personal at any time or on any subject. There have been few public men who have not rendered their country enough of devoted zeal and eminent services, to secure them from any underhand attacks which can be made in discussing the " domestic politics " to which we are endeavouring to invite inquiry. We trust, therefore, that those who have their own party, their own review, and their own newspaper, will be content to allow such humble individuals as ourselves to think and write as facts may suggest, and as every Englishman, Whig or Tory, or " neither of " both," may fairly do on such topics.

Such great changes have been effected in the laws with respect to crimes and punishments, especially those which were capital, that we have now a more ample supply of facts and instances, and a much wider experience to guide our inquiries into the expediency or morality of codes and administrations. Moreover, the zealous, and even enthusiastic manner in which the severity of the laws was called in question and debated some years ago in both houses of the Legislature, has prepared the way for a corresponding examination of minor offences and penalties. If crimes of the greatest magnitude, enormity, and

mischiefs, were debated with impunity, and perhaps with advantage to society, a calm examination of ordinary wrongs, trivial injuries, trespasses, defaults, and petty mischiefs, with the legal penalties annexed to them, need excite no apprehensions in the minds of the most sincere friends of civil government and social security. A comparison, indeed, of the past and the present movements is instructive.

Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord J. Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Fowell Buxton, and others, attacked the inhumanity and impolicy of sweeping sanguinary punishments, applied not to a few enormous offences and invariably inflicted, but to a great variety of offences, some of them trivial injuries. The main defence of the sanguinary code was, that the penalty of death, though legally attached to various kinds of offences, was inflicted only upon a few examples, at the discretion of the Crown or certain high officers, as the Home Secretary and the Judges. It is historically true that the defence was more fatal to the sanguinary laws than the most eloquent attacks. The cruel responsibility which attached *to a selection in such a number of cases after conviction*, especially as the interval between sentence and execution was so short, the circumstances often so remote, and the criteria for the decision so imperfect, became so intolerable that the judges joined the people in condemning the laws.

The *same doctrine of selection* which applied to the penalty of death, now through a similar process of accumulation applies to imprisonment. The responsibility is not so intolerable, but the duty is beset with great,—perhaps in respect to relative justice,—with greater difficulties. The removal of capital punishments from a great variety of offences, however just and politic, and gratifying to our best sympathies, has increased the difficulties which surround the whole question of secondary punishments. Transportation, the most severe next to death in the scale of legal penalties, has been found as it has been administered, and as it is likely to be administered, not sufficiently terrible to keep offenders in awe. To many it is less formidable than imprisonment, and probably on this account a mixed system of imprisonment and transportation has been adopted, which appears also to have its difficulties and disappointments. The penalties of these new modes of imprisonment, as of transportation, are unseen and unknown; and so far as they are known or credited, they are considered a small price, by those who have neither property nor character, for the most diligent attention in prison, and an easy and well-recommended mode of emigration afterwards. At this end of the question, therefore, the principal reliance is on Incarceration, reducing the possibility of gradation and variety in the scale of punishments. The reclamation of the colonists against the introduction of convicts, not only tends to increase the difficulty of the Government, but at the same time to take away the sense of punishment in transportation, and to give the convicts who are introduced, or have the hope of being

introduced, by the government, an idea of privilege and advantage by their location in a healthful and thriving colony. In a similar manner, the advantages which undoubtedly there are to the mother country in the removal of the criminal population, the readiness of neighbours and the anxiety of government to get rid of them, afford a species of gratification (not sufficiently estimated in the question of punishment) to vain, reckless, and abandoned characters. This punishment, therefore, which is the highest next to death in the order of severity, from the humour of the times and other circumstances, seems fixed in a dilemma of either excluding amendment or example; amendment on the interpretation of the Christian philanthropist requires kindness; example, on the interpretation of the politician requires severity, suffering, and terror. A dilemma is a serious mischief in this case, for every one knows, that to a thorough-bred rogue and a lazy vagabond, it is nuts and almonds to find the government at fault, especially as he may feed his vanity with the consolation that it arises from the number of his brotherhood in crime and worthlessness.

It is some satisfaction to a scoundrel's mind,
That he is not the worst of all mankind.

But not only has the number of convicts and the demand for transportation increased directly by the removal of capital punishments, but indirectly in a much greater ratio by the reliance, which on the removal of severity, has been placed on the certainty of punishments. It was naturally said, as you diminish the terror, you must increase the certainty of penalty, in order to accomplish that which is the sole end and justification of punishment, the prevention of crime. The inconveniences and injustice which arose from the misapplication or the too wide application of severity, and which even provoked the compassion of the public for great criminals, became too manifest to be tolerated. The large drag and small mesh included such an unmanageable draught of offenders, that the net brake, to the confusion of lawyers, civilians and moralists, who had stoutly maintained that English jurisprudence wisely preferred the doctrine of selection to the doctrine of certainty. It may here be not out of place to observe (and it is an observation peculiarly applicable to the subject of crimes and punishments) how universal is the habit of resiliation in communities as in individuals, and how prone the wisest and the most sagacious as well as the weakest and most volatile are to run into extremes, and while they avoid one class of errors, "in contraria currunt."

This doctrine of certainty, carried to an extreme, has brought us round again to the same practice of selection with all its difficulties. As in the former case we had the selection of the worst of the worst, so now we have the selection of the best of the worst, and the bad, the *élite* of prisons and ragged schools. The discipline of pity and kindness does not appear more efficacious in

restricting crime than the discipline of severity. The selections of amendment are as puzzling as the selections of example. A burden is cast upon secondary punishments, which, with the aid of solitary confinement and the most ingenious methods of incarceration carried out with the greatest skill and the most unsparing expense, cannot long be borne.

When we resiliated from the doctrine of severity to the doctrine of certainty, we were told "Criminals do not so much flatter themselves with the lenity of the sentence as with the hope of escaping. They are not so apt to compare what they gain by the crime with what they may suffer from the punishment as to encourage themselves with the chance of concealment or flight. For which reason a vigilant magistracy, an accurate police, a proper distribution of force and intelligence, together with due rewards for the discovery and apprehension of malefactors, and an undeviating impartiality in carrying the laws into execution, contribute more to the restraint and suppression of crimes than any violent exacerbations of punishment. And for the same reason, of all contrivances directed to this end, those *perhaps* are are most effectual which facilitate the conviction of criminals." After the doctrine of severity was abandoned, this was the creed. Paley's "perhaps," has, in England, proved itself the cautious qualifying term of a wise man, who saw that all that was predicted might not happen, as experience has painfully proved. Criminals calculate not only on concealment and flight—but as is proved by the reconvictions, on punishments without dismay, and so this reasoning for certainty fails.

To effect this certainty of punishment, now the creed of English statesmen, a system of inspection and rigorous controul, practised by foreign governments, by our own government in Ireland, and especially by the arbitrary government of Napoleon in France, (where, under peculiar circumstances, it was attended with temporary success, but where the low functionaries of that system are now the curse of that country,) was recommended and resorted to. A more positive system of apprehension, detention, and remand of suspected as well as convicted persons, contrary to the spirit of the laws and the genius of the people, was recommended by Parliament and enforced by the Executive. A system of police with greater discretionary powers, with the appearance of an armed force and military discipline, to guard and patrol the streets of cities and the roads and highways of villages, a system of confidence in the police and of distrust of society, in order to make sure of the guilty, was relied upon as a remedy for the danger incurred by the removal of sanguinary enactments, and as a sure method of preventing crimes by rendering commission, concealment, and flight more difficult. It was confidently predicted that a paid and vigilant magistracy, a centralized and uniform police and a perfect distribution of that force for carrying the laws into execution under an inflexible administration, would facilitate the conviction of criminals,

and in the end be a more economical as well as a more certain method of restraining, suppressing, and preventing crime.

The experiment has been fully tried with all the appliances of Government. Police courts, and police magistrates, and police vans with the Royal Arms, and police superintendents and inspectors, with a large and constantly increasing augmentation of the police *force*, have carried out the doctrine of certainty with apprehensions innumerable, committals innumerable, convictions and reconvictions innumerable; and yet Paley's *perhaps* has received from experience a greater measure of doubt than he intended to convey by the expression, and these contrivances "which facilitate the conviction of "criminals" have not proved the "most effectual." For have the predictions of the advocates of this creed and this system been fulfilled? Have the results followed in cities or villages? If they had, we must, after a sufficient time had been given for the experiment, have had proof in the diminution of the greater or minor offences, or both, and especially of repeated offences. The effect of the terror of certainty must have been evidenced by the scarcity of murderers, convicts, felons, or at least of juvenile offenders and disorderly characters. In a given period of seven or fourteen years, the drag net of certainty in the hands of such skilful fishermen, scraping the bottom of society and catching all offenders, great and small, fish, fry, and spawn, must have had some very positive sensible effect on the statistics of crime and punishment. When these changes were proposed and adopted the advocates of them called upon all ranks and orders, clergy and laity, to countenance such a holy crusade against thieves and criminals. We were told, with the most statesmanlike and complacent assurances, that certainty would effect, in a manner more gratifying to philanthropists and economists, what severity had failed to accomplish—that crime would be nipped in the bud—that temptation would cease—that committals and convictions would be reduced to a ratio of equality—that great offenders would be panic-stricken, and that the old detective system of Bow Street would be unnecessary—that juvenile offenders and lesser offenders would rarely repeat a first offence—that with the assistance of a perfect system of prison architecture and a graduated scale of secondary punishments, and a Christian discipline of schools and religious instruction, the few criminals who should come within the range of the police and the prisons, would be restored, before the full period of their sentence was expired, reformed characters to society, and that we should get rid of the horrid system of sending out shoals of abandoned convicts, to propagate vice and misery in the colonies.

This is no overdrawn picture* of the good intentions and good expectations

* The truth of this statement might be confirmed by quotations to any amount, from the Speeches of Statesmen in Parliament, Magistrates at Quarter Sessions, and many well written books of the time.

with which this change in the criminal and judicial system was ushered in, when Mr. Peel yielded to the philanthropic assailants of the sanguinary code, and introduced, with much ability, a consolidation of the criminal law, some considerable changes in the practice of courts, and some more considerable changes in the police and the prisons. Mr. Peel was then a very young statesman, and had just come from a very bad school, not Harrow or Oxford, but Dublin Castle, a school which has corrupted the ideas and the feelings of so many of our young English gentlemen who have had their political training in the internal government of Ireland, where security of person and of property is unhappily preserved, and scarcely preserved by a standing army and an armed police. Mr. Peel's system was evidently copied from the practice of Ireland, and France, and went even so far, we think, as to recommend a paid prosecutor. This statement is made, not with a view of questioning the good intentions of the legislature, or the skill of the government in carrying out the change, or the discretion and energy of the police and the prison authorities, but as necessary to a fair discussion of the merits and demerits of the present system of incarceration. Let us look fairly at the hopes we indulged, the hopes we have realised, and the disappointments which still discourage. We have gained one advantage, which is above all price, which is indeed the chief, perhaps we must confess the only benefit,—the abolition of capital punishment in a great variety of cases; in most of which the crimes to which the capital penalty was annexed, have, at the same time, become less frequent, as burglary with violence, highway robbery in the country, sheep stealing and forgery, though, with respect to the last offence, its restriction may be ascribed rather to another, a better, and certainly a more successful act of Sir Robert Peel, the most difficult and the most eminent service of his long public life, the restoration of the currency from a fictitious and fraudulent to a sound and moral principle.

On the other hand, there are great disappointments with respect to crimes, their number, and their character—as murder with violence, with scientific contrivance, and especially murder by the poisoning of relatives in the nearest degrees; incendiarism, unnatural offences, cutting and maiming; the increase of felonies and larcenies, accomplished swindling, assaults; the extraordinary repetition of trivial and juvenile offences, and summary convictions. The catalogue is fatal evidence against the system we are relying upon so absolutely and entirely, Police and Incarceration. They have failed to prevent crime, to diminish the number of convicts or prisoners; and this brings us fairly to such reflections as these—whether the drag net which failed on the principle of severity, has not failed, with its larger beam, and smaller mesh, and heavier lead, still more with respect to certainty; whether, as we formerly placed an undue reliance on the *terror* of severity, we have not placed an undue confidence on the *machinery* of certainty; whether, in fact, with respect to severity and certainty, hanging and incarceration, we have not placed too much

confidence on police and punishments, severe or trivial; and whether, in attempting to heal dangerous diseases and prevent fatal contagion, we have not too much neglected the general health and antidotes to predisposition and premonitory symptoms, and diarrhœa, and placed too much confidence in the application of strong medicines to infirm and collapsed constitutions, when attacked with the fatal symptoms of an incurable plague.

We have imperfectly considered some of the causes of accumulated incarceration, the abatement of severity, the repeal of capital punishments, the consequent introduction of the doctrine and discipline of certainty, the new rigorous suspecting and inspecting police, the repeated increase of that force—officers, men, and establishments, and their increasing military discipline, as well as the increase of the magistracy unpaid and paid, with the same powers, for the same purposes, and with the same machinery. To this catalogue might be added, the removal of doubts by the consolidation of statutes and of intricacies, by the introduction of facilities in the proceedings of courts, the multiplication of courts for the punishment of criminals by summary conviction and indictments for trivial offences, as well as the introduction of civil criminal jurisprudence into the discipline of the army, and the consequent accumulation of military prisoners and convicts, applying a system of policeing among soldiers in regiments and barracks, with about as much wisdom as we have introduced a sort of martial law and a brigadiering discipline among citizens.

But there is another cause, perhaps the most influential of all the causes, of the increase of incarceration in gaols, and that is the modern system of incarceration in workhouses, charity contributing to the same results as justice, not only in poor houses, but in gaols, through them and from them. This is one of the most important questions of domestic policy, and has a more comprehensive and wider range than is generally imagined. By statutes and complicated overacting agencies with respect to crime, and by one unvariable rule and mode of punishment, incarceration in gaols, applied to crimes great, habitual, dangerous, the acts of the incorrigible; and to trespasses trivial and occasional, acts of the young, the uninformed, and the deceived; and again, by greater solicitude, expense, and encouragement, bestowed on the greater criminals than on trivial delinquents, the distinctions not only between right and wrong, but *in right and wrong* (to which the instincts of the humbler classes have a known correspondence,) have been levelled down, and weak consciences made still weaker. Theologians distinguish between wilful, habitual, presumptuous sins, and sins of surprise and infirmity, and though this doctrine has been abused by the schoolmen, in their unauthorised classification of sins venial, and sins mortal, yet the distinction is important for the moral government of conscience, for preserving its strength or restoring its supremacy in fallible and erring mortals; a consideration surely not to be neglected in examining the questions of crime and punishment, and the prevention of both.

As distinctions have been confounded with respect to crime, to the increase of criminals, so there is reason to fear, that by statutes, administrations, and the application of one system of discipline, (the sole method of diagrams and dieteries,) industry has been confounded with idleness, misfortune with vice, the labourer with the pauper, and the pauper with the criminal; and thus the incarceration of workhouses has had a powerful influence over the face of the country in accumulating the incarceration in gaols. In examining the causes of overgrown imprisonment and confinement within walls, under legally adjusted disciplines, the principle of what is called the New Poor Law, but which is as old as the reign of George the First, and older, and the conditions annexed to that Law, necessarily come under review. Here the affinities of justice and charity are unnaturally close and incestuous. The intercommunity of principle between the poor and the criminal law, now corruptly called social law,—the intercommunity of feeling between the magistrate and the guardian, the policeman and the relieving officer, the criminal and the pauper, cannot be overlooked by any faithful observer of the social errors of the age, errors which are not only inconsistent with the spirit of the English constitution, but with the physical and moral condition of man, and especially with the sentiment and genius of the Christian religion, and often to such a degree, that not only the sentimental and the disaffected politician, but the most thoughtful and patriotic, start back and shudder at the results of our counterfeit forms of Christian justice and Christian charity.

PRISONS AND WORKHOUSES.

Prisons and workhouses have evidently been too much assimilated in England, both in the legal arrangements which have been enacted respecting them, and in the feelings which have been generated with regard to them in the minds of both rich and poor—in the rich of test, discipline and chastisement rising sometimes, perchance, to a sentiment of amendment and example; in the poor of rigour, repulse, unfeelingness, injustice and punishment. In the history of the past, as well as in the development of the present time, this assimilation has been evidenced in the *intentions* of the mistaken advocates of the mischievous association of justice and charity, and even of the enforcement by statute of an absolute connexion of workhouses, police establishments, and houses of correction. This will be a nice point for M. Lamartine to adjust with respect to the machinery for the New Poor Law in France. Perchance the strong propensity in England for the employment of policemen and relieving officers, and even for their amalgamation, may suggest a model for his already police-ridden country. He may read in our public Reports—"The organised

“ administrative bodies formed throughout the country by the appointment of
“ Boards of Guardians, have appeared to many persons suitable to the appoint-
“ ment and management of a constabulary force ;” and *vice versa* the rule will
apply. He may quote the recommendation to unite the offices “ of two ignorant
“ and incompetent officers—the overseers and the constables.” He may tell
that it is frequently proposed that the policemen should be the relieving officers,
not only of vagrants, but of unions generally, and that the latter officers should
be absorbed in the former. He may report, that Courts of Guardians in England,
are frequently demanding the power of committing to prison, as well as of
sending to a workhouse ; and that the public press sometimes advocates the
expediency of giving that power to the bourgeoisie over the working classes.
He may tell his countrymen, that the Poor Box and scales—not of wood or
iron, but of gold—are the fashionable ornaments of the English Police Courts,
and that the Police Magistrates are the almoners and relieving officers of the
poor, as well as the summary Judges of the criminal, and that these twin
models of justice and charity, for the prevention of crime and the relief of mis-
fortune, combining in one system good and evil, vice and wretchedness, and
terminating in incarceration in gaols or workhouses, as the case may be, are the
glory of England. He may then easily infer that France has one half of the
system amply prepared to their hands in the police, and that the hospitals, per-
haps, among the best of the charitable institutions, not only of France but of
Christendom, may easily be converted into poor houses, houses of industry, and
houses of correction.

Here the functionaries will exclaim, “ You are attacking the administration
“ of justice, and the legal provision for the poor, the boast and bulwarks of Old
“ England.” It might be a sufficient reply to this accusation, that our argu-
ment implies no disaffection to the laws and judicial constitution, properly so-
called ; no suspicion of their pure and equal administration in our ancient
courts, which no other nation enjoys in so high a degree of perfection as
the people of England,—or of the people by habit and education disposed
to honour, obey, and uphold the laws,—or of juries, or of the free insti-
tutions of our great Royal Lawgiver, still in action, and though too much
neglected and thrown aside in the lower departments of jurisprudence, still
the fundamentals of the English Constitution,—or of the judges, or the Chief
Justice of England, whom Alfred himself would have delighted to honour, not
only for his knowledge of law and love of justice, but for his jealousy over the
free institutions of a free people.

The question is, whether the English system has not been mischievously
interfered with by the inventions of a modern effeminate cumbersome system
of legal enactments and illegal arrangements with respect to crime and poverty ;
and whether the scandals of criminals and paupers are not to be traced to a
departure from English law, and from the regular proceedings of the regular

courts, and especially to the neglect and disuse of courts and officers on the spot, by which justice was brought home to every man's door, trivial rights and wrongs were adjusted at the moment, and every man's wants and duties in the daily routine of social life were, if necessary, examined and determined by the good sense of the people, without the aid of architecture tests and hireling functionaries unconnected with the structure of territorial divisions and degrees of men. The question really is, whether a return, gradual it may be, to many ancient customs is not the true practical remedy for these scandals. How has it come to pass, that with laws so good, judges so just, a people so wise and attached to their country, these eyesores, and wens, and tumours, have deformed the face of the land? What answer must be given to the mischievous accusations of the criminal, or to the false imputations of the malicious, or even to the admirers, and perhaps the would-be imitators of our Anglo-Saxon judicial and eleemosynary system? The common law is not the cause of these scandals nor the judges, nor the uncommon immorality, nor the deteriorated condition, nor the growing ignorance and intemperance of the people, nor the decline of the country in prosperity and wealth. What are the causes? A suspicion, if not a conviction, arises that these scandals in their excess may be ascribed to the contrivances and regulations we are discussing, just as the maladies of half the valetudinarians in the world are to be traced to the quackery and want of skill with which they manage themselves and their general health, or allow other ignorant persons to manage them. The accumulations of convicts, and incarcerations of all sorts, affecting so large a proportion of the population, and the establishments and their advertisements side by side with the quack medicine puffs of the age, lead to a suspicion of something like empiricism in the management of the general morals, and turn our thoughts from schemes and political doctors, *to a confidence in the national character for the true remedy.* That confidence may lead us on to inquire whether we have not the strongest reasons, as well as the highest motives, for reducing the penalties of the law, so far as incarceration is concerned, to a much more restricted rule, and even for withholding these penalties altogether, wherever transgressions can be prevented without them. Wisdom is not always manifested by terror, which often irritates to defiance, and provokes to transgression, but by a reluctance to apply severe and infamous punishments at all wherever crime can be checked by other means. To a people attached to the laws, and accustomed to a forbearing application of their penalties, a less degree of severity and infamy appears more infamous and deters from crime; but where the law, however wise and pure in itself, is placed under a sort of military discipline, parading the streets in a military livery, superseding the corrective influences of nature, family, religion, neighbourly and mutual relations, so that every trivial delinquency is construed into a breach of the peace, or a legal crime, every naughty boy is brought up as a juvenile criminal, and every light-

hearted, irritable, or frolicsome nature, as an idle and disorderly character, family ties are often precociously and unnecessarily broken, sense of conscience is weakened by frivolous imputations of crime, and fear and shame of punishment are obliterated by frequent hasty paltry applications of it in its most solemn forms.

Here an objector of the certainty school will exclaim, " You are not aware of the hazard of arguing for a discontinuance of punishment in the present overflowing state of crime. Such discontinuance would be like the removal of a dam, open the floodgate of iniquity, and inundate society. The pressure against this needful barrier is so strong, that we cannot be too cautious how we lower its height or weaken its strength, especially at the present juncture, when the evil example of foreign countries is so strong, and our own government is so perplexed and at their wit's end about the best means of punishment, amendment, example, and dispersion, that they can scarcely bear the burden, or stem the torrent, or keep out the overflowing tide. How can you dream of such a change?" We are not exactly advocating discontinuance of all punishments in trivial cases, but if we were, there are strong reasons and high authority for such discontinuance of incarceration, even if it admitted of no substitutes, as we conceive it does of many. Many of our best writers have *dreamed* of this discontinuance, even when they had scarcely any other idea of punishment but incarceration. Paley observes: " By a rule of life which is perhaps too universally and indiscriminately adhered to, no one will receive a man or woman out of a gaol into any service or employment whatever. This is the common misfortune of public punishments, that they preclude the offender from all honest means of future support." And he adds: " Until this inconvenience be remedied, small offences had perhaps better go unpunished. I do not mean that the law should exempt them from punishment, but that private persons should be tender in prosecuting them."

The disciples of the certainty-school, and the police, and the advocates of public prosecutions, differ from the moralist, and we do not exactly coincide with his loose expressions about law and tenderness, and the favourite doctrine of selection. It is the business of the legislator to enact reasonable and practicable punishment; but Paley had in contemplation only the common narrow view of penalty,—the gaol, and the uniform infamy and deprivation of character, whatever be the crime, which attaches to it, or he would have inferred that the injustice of the legal penalty was a sufficient reason for an alteration in law and practice. Taking into account loss of character for ever, the disgrace to families and virtuous relations, to aged and honest parents, to an innocent wife and large family, (for pilfering a piece of leather, or rope, or wood, or corn for a master's horse, or petty trespasses against the game laws, or in paltry cases of assault, and fines incurred, with inability to pay at the moment, or by distraint,)

the punishment of imprisonment, for two or three months in a gaol, (perhaps before conviction, and discharge on recognizances after trial, and often on acquittal,) seems positively unjust and unequal for slight and first offences, committed by surprise or temptation, without the *habit* of pilfering, or violence, or accomplices, and affords the highest reasons for devising some other modes of correction or restraint, without incarceration or gaols. Reduce these numerous cases of summary convictions and absurd indictments, send no man to gaol till other means of amendment and example have been tried, and till there is satisfactory evidence of a dangerous and incorrigible character, and your incarceration and its discipline may be made a terror. Enact that no Englishman shall be sent to gaol for less than three or six months, which incorrigibleness deserves. The higher the minimum of period which can be effected the better, and the greater will be the fear, and the shame, and the example of those who are condemned to it. But we shall advert to this point again, when considering some practical suggestions.

We turn now to the reliance which has been placed upon a system of confinement within the walls of a workhouse, and to the *universal* adoption of that scheme, for it is an essential part, in principle, in intention, in feeling, in result, of the brick and mortar disciplinarian domestic policy which we are venturing to discuss. Here, we are aware, we must force our way through prejudices, and fears, and habits, which are in full array to meet us. Many will exclaim, in a fit of delirium, Oh! Oh! Aye! Aye! you would bring us back to the horrid old Poor Laws.

THE OLD AND THE NEW POOR LAW.

A little calm discussion may lull this delirium, and not be without its use to those who have come into existence, as political writers or observers, within the last fifteen or twenty years, and who have imbibed certain hear-say impressions about the old and the new law. An historical appeal might be tedious, but if we can bring the question of the old and the new law within the memory of man, the discussion may be useful and not tedious. Those whose recollections, as ours, will carry them back to the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, will recognise, as we draw them, the distinctive features of what the youngsters and some of the old ones call the old and the new poor law. By the old law these youngsters and their tutors mean not the old law of Elizabeth "for the relief of the poor," or still older and perhaps better practices; but the petty sessions regulation which were contemporaneous with the French revolutionary war, the Bank Restriction Act, and with the high price of provisions which arose out of that war, that Act, and very unfavourable harvests. These regulations had about as much to do with the

old poor law as with the combination laws, to which indeed they were near akin. They had, in their origin, no special reference to the aged, the widow, the orphan, the sick, or even the unemployed, for then the demand for labour exceeded the supply, and was the moving cause of those contrivances for the regulation of wages. Many conspiring causes, the high price of provisions, the abstraction of labourers for the war, the consequent demand for labour, with the depreciation of the value of money, would have raised labour to the value of seven shillings a day or more. To avoid this threatening advance, squires, farmers, and others, invented the plan, the cheaper plan, of paying so much a head, in money or meal, as a substitute for or supplement to the wages of labour, instead of the larger sum to which the wages of labour would have risen according to the compound triplicate ratio of the price of provisions, the demand for labour, and the depreciation of the value of money. This substitution or supplement might have been paid by a separate rate, or in any other way; it was ordained that it should be paid *by the overseers of the poor and out of the rates*. Thus the whole body of the labourers in many parts of England (for though general it was not universal), men, women, and children of all ages were put upon the list of paupers, and, in some cases, a third, in others the half, and in others again nearly the whole of the wages of labour were charged upon the rates. In some counties and places the rates amounted to a guinea, twenty-five shillings, and more upon the rateable value, and to forty shillings and more on the population.

Here it is worth while to observe a remarkable fact in the history of this period, that the allowance system, with all its vices and expenses, was generally considered cheaper* than the maintenance of the poor in workhouses; and in many cases the workhouse system was abandoned, and in most virtually suspended for it. This is what the youngsters call the Old Law, for which, as

* From the year 1820 to 1830, numerous petitions were presented to Parliament for power to dissolve Incorporations, and Documents like the following were circulated all over the country:—

“ REASONS FOR DISSOLUTION.

“ In the year 1765 (60 years ago), a majority of the owners and occupiers within these hundreds obtained an Act of Parliament to enable them to try the experiment of incorporation. They had it 25 years and it failed.

“ They then obtained a second Act, and the improvements thereby introduced were tried for 20 years, but this system also failed.

“ They then obtained a third Act, under which a system of *averages* were introduced and tried for 15 years; but this system also failed.

“ Thus in a period of 60 years these experiments have been tried under the incorporative system, and each has altogether failed.

“ In fact, time and experience have proved that this system of incorporation, instead of benefiting the poor and decreasing the expense, has promoted and increased every evil it was intended to remedy. Therefore a very large majority of the principal owners and occupiers are convinced that they have no other remedy but a dissolution of the incorporation, and a return to the original plan of parochial management. None of the experiments produced any benefit to the poor, but the expenses were increased Sixty Thousand Pounds.”

they imagine, there is no alternative or refuge but what they call falsely the New Law, which in fact, though not the oldest Law of Relief of the sixteenth century, was the old Law of Maintenance, introduced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,—by no means model periods of internal policy. Properly speaking, what the youngsters call the Old Law, was a Labour and Currency scheme, and the methods attempted to correct the mischiefs of it, by labour-rates and other vicious expedients to regulate wages, shewed the real character of the system. The legislative correction ought to have been contemporaneous with the restoration of the currency and with the cessation of war and scarcity. The Old Law and the New Law of the youngsters therefore amount to this:—One Law of Maintenance without a test and without establishments in time of war, with a depreciated currency and a high price of provisions; and another law of maintenance in time of peace, with a restricted currency and a low price of provisions. One law of maintenance adopted on account of dearness and another on account of cheapness,—but both without any respect to justice, morals, charity, or necessity. The allowance system (the Old Law,) went the whole hog of maintenance, without a test, to avoid the expense and evils of establishments; and the workhouse system (the New Law,) went the whole hog of establishments, with a test, to avoid the evils of universal claim; so that what the youngsters call the Old and the New Law are various, in some respects antagonistic, forms of the same principle of maintenance, and *not distinct principles*: as of the Old Law, without the expense of establishments and the test of incarceration, and the New Law, with all the cost, difficulty, and corruptions of maintenance in the gross.

The workhouse system, therefore, now stands before us as *an incarceration test* applied to the whole working population as well as to the helpless dependent population. History would shew in the experience of two centuries, notwithstanding that its form was changed and its pulsations often ceased in periods of twenty and twenty-five years, that the disadvantages outweighed the advantages; and now, after a trial of fifteen years only, during which brief period it has had great struggles for existence, and now survives only by a dangerous association with the highest powers of the State, are we not beginning to perceive the old results of this New form of the Old Law of Maintenance, not now a fly-wheel applied here and there *in crowded cities to legal charity*, but the one organic essential system of alms and refusal of alms, of maintaining both vice and misfortune, criminal and innocent want, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom? Are we not beginning to witness the same inherent mischiefs; a dropsical, bloating accumulation demanding incessant extension; increasing rates; uneasiness of rate-payers; the establishments hotbeds of disease, unnaturalism and illegitimacy and the feeders of our houses of correction and gaols as well as of our hospitals?

We hear continually the New Law contrasted with the Old with a tone of triumph, on the score of economy. Yet what are the facts respecting the

allowance system, an emanation of the workhouse, yet without the apparatus for confinement within walls? It departed from the true principle of relief and adopted the principle of maintenance to the full, incorporating in its scheme the whole body of the labourers. Yet we have the history of what the youngsters call the Old and New Law before us, and what are the results on the score of economy? Why, that the former was found cheaper than the system of establishments, though it embraced the whole, or great part of the wages of labour; that demoralising as it was, it was considered more virtuous than the system which confined all classes within the same walls under the same discipline and associations; that it had its compensations to the rate-payer, or rather to the employer, who received an equivalent, and sometimes more than equivalent, unjustly indeed, from the rate in the payment of wages.

Again, under the Old Law, all benefit societies were extinguished, and there were then no funds for relief or maintenance from that source; whereas, under the present system there are associations and clubs organised in every direction, to support the artizan and labourer in sickness, to supply him with medicine, often fuel and clothing, and to pay funeral expenses. One of these clubs boasts of having one million of men, women, and children, under its protection; and, if so, probably the whole amount of the population under the protection of that and all similar associations, exceeds three millions.

Again, under this Old Law—bad as it was—in some parts of England the rate, as we have observed, was a guinea, or twenty-five shillings and more in the pound; the price of provisions was more than double, while articles of common consumption—tea, sugar, cotton, woollen, fuel, salt food, and raiment,—have fallen fifty per cent. In the former poor rate were included often county rates, church rates, a variety of parish contracts—as rat-catchers, and mole-catchers, settlement quarrels, and lawyers bills, payment of rents, apprenticeships, and all sorts of parochial expenses; many of them improperly, but not fraudulently, entered in these accounts; but notwithstanding all these alterations and deductions, it appears that the present system of tests and establishments, is as costly as the old system was with all the additions of wages and other charges not now included in the rate. The poor-rate of 1834, the year before the change, and the poor-rate of 1848, are now nearly in a ratio of equality; the poor-rate of 1834 being £.6,317,254, and of 1848, being £.6,180,765. In the former case the greater part of the amount went to the people; in the present system, taking into account all its charges and peculations, often little more than half the rate goes to the poor. On the score of economy, therefore, by the New Law, nothing is gained; and on the score of mischief, much evil is evidently accumulating*.

* When the workhouse is full there is the expense of the house and the allowance system into the bargain, and even when it is not full, the expenses and the mischiefs, and the abandonment of its own principles, make the establishment a burden. The expenditure, as in the case of 9 Geo. I., fell nearly one half under the new law, but from the same causes it is now running on to double itself, and if the principle be not altered it will double itself.

The doctrine that "no man shall starve," shall perish of want and neglect, is so gratifying, that whatever system professes to accomplish it, must naturally receive much support from the benevolent and the Government, without nicely criticising its advantages or disadvantages. A man must be insensible, indeed, who does not see much apparent goodness, if not true policy, in the maxim; but if we look fairly, not at this general idea of a provision to effect this object so important in the estimate of the philanthropist and the politician, but at the details and results, our feelings often receive a shock which excites no small degree of doubt respecting the charity and policy of the existing legal arrangements. So important, however, have these contrivances appeared to the present generation of Statesmen, that the ancient divisions of the territory have been sacrificed to them, and a very strong hand has been put upon property to carry out, to the utmost perfection, this compound idea of maintenance, virtue, health, and loyalty. Whereas the facts and results continually lead us to doubt whether our objects are attained; whether these arrangements are consistent with the moral or physical constitution of man; whether they traverse and disturb the family principle, the foundation of national as well as domestic happiness; whether they have been successful in preventing houselessness, casual poverty, vagrancy, disease, and even starvation.

When Sir Robert Peel was exulting, amidst the cheers of the House of Commons, that you could now keep body and soul together for a penny, and when, amidst redoubled cheers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer asserted that the Right Hon. Baronet's estimate was a farthing or a fraction too high; in the same journals which recorded these debates, were the most harrowing details of lanes, and streets, and workhouses, and their precincts strewed, like fields of battle, with the carcasses of those who perished from starvation under a law of maintenance (which cost a great many pence), in all the freshness of its youth, supported by the property of the localities, the general property of the country, and the guarantee of the government, with a staff of officers, paid and unpaid, regular and supernumerary. So extremes prove the strength or weakness of principles.

But again, in England, we have proposals for contracts crowding the columns of the metropolitan and weekly newspapers which would seem amply sufficient to supply the commissariat of all the armies of Europe. Advertisements for necessaries, comforts, and even luxuries, for food, medicine, clothing, fuel, schools, and all kinds of officers and attendants pass in constant review before us and seem abundantly calculated to secure maintenance, decency, and health for everybody who may seek them. But since these peculiar enactments, have we had an increase or decrease of poor, houseless, casual, and regular inmates? Have we *not since this golden era of the new poor law set in*, seen new strange phenomena of these houseless and casual poor, and ragged schools,

with thousands and tens of thousands of ragged children, and outriding farming houses for children and youth, the revelations respecting which, with regard to diet and health, and sickness, and death from starvation and neglect, have shocked the sympathies of us all. In these crowded workhouses and their appendages, have we secured decency? Are not the details of promiscuousness of every kind unutterable and painful in the extreme? The diet, it appeared in evidence, was a sort of training for feebleness of body and mind, and even for death by disease and emaciation, if not by starvation. In the dormitories the beds touched each other (no uncommon case in crowded workhouses), in which there were three in a bed of the age not of childhood, *infantia* or *infantiæ proxima*, or *pubertati proxima*, but full puberty and youth herded together*. Has this any effect upon decency and crime, unnatural crime, and those numerous cases which come before the police, but not before the public, and with respect to which the judges of the criminal court and at assizes insinuate to the jury that, not only on account of the pernicious evidence but the number of the cases, they had better not credit the witnesses or the depositions. Is there no affinity between the law of maintenance and the criminal law? And to prevent crime must we not look into its very springs and fountains? Again as to health? Has disease been arrested and abated by the new poor-law of maintenance? Are typhus and malignant fevers checked or propagated and almost domiciled by these legal enactments? Does not "the plague and "grievous sickness," which spares indeed no rank, luxuriate in its slaughter of the inmates of these abodes of entire maintenance? Must it not be confessed of every contagious and infectious disease, that it either has its origin in them, or in passing through them, "*vires acquirit eundo*?" In famine and pestilence, legal enactments are most needed for the protection of health and life,—are those which this law has devised the best or the most perilous and mischievous? Do not physical, as well as moral considerations throw some doubt upon the policy or humanity of diagrams and dieteries for

* The Chief Commissioner of the Poor Law justified the practice of Farming the Poor by an appeal, we think, to 9 Geo. I., c. 7, (1722) and the 22 Geo. III. (1782), passed after a period of sixty years. Sir F. Eden tells us, that the first Act at first produced great saving by the system of contracting for the poor, but that the system was attended with such disgusting practices and results, that the whole country revolted from it, and the consequence was a doubling of the rates before the passing of 22 Geo. III. The former Act had, indeed, repealed itself, by its cruelty. The first Section of this Act repealed 9 Geo. I., cap 7, "as respects the maintaining or hiring out of the poor by contract;" and though the second section is appealed to for a justification, after such an absolute repeal to us lay men it does not appear that the words of the second section, can re-enact the same thing, and in fact, it does not enact a justification of farming houses like Tooting out of the parish, and absolutely, of feeding, sleeping, and having the whole charge of such children. But the 22 Geo. III., c. 4-5-7-8, may well be high in the esteem of a Poor Law Commissioner, for in fact this Act is the *real model* of what is called the New Poor Law, for it enacts, "Where Guardians are appointed, neither churchwardens nor overseers shall intermeddle in the care and management of the Poor, but the guardians shall be invested with all powers given by any Act of Parliament to the overseers of the poor, and in all respects, except in regard to making and collecting the rates, shall be an overseer. But the Churchwardens and overseers shall continue to be liable to collect the poor rate, and shall pay the same to the guardians."

the maintenance of human beings at so much a head by a common discipline for all ages, habits, constitutions, infirmities, confined within the walls of a common receptacle house, on which Providence seems to be inscribing a handwriting which all must read with warning and reproof?

But "no man shall starve." We are not disputing this maxim, on the contrary, we wish there were not so many exceptions to its effect. The maxim, as a rule for a rich man's conduct to his poor neighbour, the Christian's to his poor brother, the Church's to her indigent members, and the Legislator's to the needy of the land, is good policy. We are not disputing the maxim in any case, but inquiring fairly and honestly into the modes under which the legislator and the magistrate attempt to carry it out before our eyes, under the peculiar condition of the present law, "*No man shall starve in a workhouse.*" Starvation is a horrid idea. Hunger and privation of food carried to an extremity have suggested, and perhaps justified many horrid, cruel, and even murderous means of preserving life, or rather of preventing death by starvation; but they are means to which no civilised mortal would have recourse but in the last extremity, when ordinary ideas of decency, and even common ideas of right and wrong are overruled by the peculiarity of the case. The position of a few individuals perishing of hunger on the wide sea, or in the trackless desert or forest, would suggest ideas and expedients, which could find no place in the minds or hearts of those persons in ordinary circumstances, and no reasonable man would venture to argue or infer general laws for the regulation of the passions and appetites from such peculiar cases.

At the present moment we have become so familiar with famine and contagion, or what appears contagion at least, in low and crowded abodes, and with death both from starvation and pestilence, that the delicate maxim, "No man shall starve," even under the modern condition, "*in a workhouse,*" strikes our sympathies less acutely than it used to do, or than it ought to do. The providential intimations of the present times allow us, indeed invite us, perhaps compel us, to discuss modes and conditions, and legal regulations with more freedom than we could have done before our recent and present experience domestic and foreign. The law of nature, the law of the church, the common law of the land, enacts "no man shall starve." The legislator adds his condition: "*No man shall starve who will go into a workhouse,*" where he must leave his family, suspend his will, lose his liberty, under certain circumstances endanger his health and life, under all circumstances be associated with strangers of all castes, dispositions, and habits, even the lowest and the vilest. The best feelings of relationship must be sacrificed, the worst fears of affection must be realised before he can reap the privilege and the benefit of the law of nature, the law of the church, the law of the land, "No man shall starve." We should suppose that famine would make any condition tolerable, but pestilence and contagion render it intolerable. Before our recent experience, it would have been

thought that the maxim would have been a refuge, and the condition not questioned in extreme cases, but facts have disproved the supposition. Nay, in more ordinary circumstances, the discipline and the associations, the separation from kindred, incarceration within the walls of a poor-house, and companionship with the most miserable, and the most depraved, have often made this excellent maxim, with its legal condition, appear to the unfortunate worse than death. We were glad to see the Bishop of London, whose long and large experience, and whose compassion for misery in all its forms, have made him in these respects, wiser and more discerning than most of us, lately set on foot and sanction a society, which we may hope will have some effect in reducing the number of deaths by suicide, starvation, and broken-heartedness, which have arisen from dread of a workhouse.

But the economist will say it was intended that the workhouse and the law of maintenance should be a terror and a test, otherwise you would beguile the people into habitual laziness and vice. This is the honest and true argument for the policy, and if it succeeded in checking laziness and vice, would carry conviction with it. But the misfortune is, that the workhouse is a test and a terror to the affectionate, the good, and the unfortunate, but neither test nor terror to the lazy and the vicious, the depraved and the reckless, whose only question often is, whether they should make themselves the inmates of the workhouse or the gaol. The law is in favour of the hard-hearted and the reckless, and those who are without natural affection. The question they ask, is whether the discipline and dietary and associations of the poor-house or the gaol are to be preferred, and with such the condition, and we may say, (such is the vanity of recklessness,) the character of the criminal is often preferred to the name and lot of a pauper, and the workhouse is not only a training school for crime, but often a guide and often a goad to a gaol.

Our reasoning carried on would lead us to consider the effect of this original maxim, and its modern condition, on the principle of association, as affecting the character and condition of the working classes, but that point must be reserved, though the principle of association is not altogether unconnected with the practice of incarceration—and may be one of the principal remedies and antidotes to both crime and punishment. For the present our object has been to compare the economy and the common sense reasonableness of the Law of Relief, the Law of Nature, of the Church, the Common Law of the land, without test and establishment, without any interference with the family principle, and a system of maintenance with both tests and establishments. The principle of the Natural, the Christian, the Common Law, that we should relieve a fellow creature in distress, not that we should maintain him and separate from his kindred, seems, *à priori*, more rational. It is a part of wisdom to accomplish ends by the fewest and the simplest means, to apply no remedies to evils but such as are necessary to supply what is defective or over-

come what is difficult, with the least expenditure of time, energy, and cost. The maxims of the Heathen Philosopher, "*ne quid nimis*,"—of the Royal Jewish Sage, "Be not righteous over much,"—of a greater than Solomon, "Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel,"—of our sensitive neighbours, "*Un peu trop*,"—and of our vulgar selves, "Enough is as good as a feast,"—are applicable to the case before us. We would not offend in this discussion, we would leave facts and our reflections to the judgment of others, but perhaps we put the case hypothetically and doubtfully, perhaps the fault, nay the folly of our age may be—at least it may be a fault and a folly from which our age is not exempt—to over-speculate, to profess too much, to exaggerate, and to legislate over-much. Senators and Statesmen as well as Railroad Directors, and others, may have been tempted to over-act and over-do the thing they have in hand, whatever it may be, whether a prison or a workhouse. In former ages, and in the age just bygone, the hangman over-acted his part. Henry VIII. hanged seventy-two thousand persons for robbery alone, yet Sir T. More wondered why so many still remained in the country, robbing in all places. Queen Elizabeth hanged more than five hundred criminals in a year, and yet complained that the people would not obey her laws, and appointed Stipendiary Police Magistrates, because, as Strype tells us, the people would not prosecute and magistrates would not act. Just before the abrogation of the sanguinary code, Mr. F. Buxton stated in Parliament that six hundred men were condemned to death in that year under statutes passed in the last century, and yet that the crimes to which the penalty of death was annexed were increasing. In those merry days every county and every borough had its Jack Ketch, and now that honourable profession is nearly monopolised by one eminent practitioner. It is some satisfaction in contemplating political excesses, to find that the mischiefs of them sooner or later expose the errors of the principles or the practices from which they sprung.

The policeman has been over-busy and over-acting his part; and it is a consolation in contemplating the consequent increase, both of crimes and punishments, convicts and gaols, to indulge the hope that this fashionable hobby-horse may go out of fashion, and that the policemen, like the hangmen, may be reduced to single specimens, and become as rare as a black swan in Europe, a pair of bustards in England, or a sea-serpent anywhere.

It may, however, be some time before gaols and workhouses become as scarce as scaffolds, gibbets, and drops. To abate the severity of punishments was a long and tedious work. It was an arduous task for the most eloquent and able men of their time to convince the Legislature that to hang a man for killing his father, and trapping a rabbit on a warren, was not wise. It may be a long affair to convince the Legislature that to incarcerate in the same gaol, under the same discipline and associations, children, country loons, and half-witted mortals, with murderers, and burglars, and forgers, is not wise. It may

be a long but not a hopeless task to produce a general conviction, that to confine in workhouses the aged, the sick, the widow, and the orphan, with the vile, the profligate, and the whore, and to place all alike under a common discipline and associations often more disgusting than the discipline and associations of a gaol, is not wise or charitable.

We propose, therefore, to go on hopefully in endeavouring to convince others, where we are convinced ourselves. On the general grounds we have assumed, and reasoning on the historical data of these domestic politics, the immediate experience of the present times, the actual facts before our eyes, the development of kindred questions on speculative principles in other countries, the Bible and the maxims of the Christian religion more studied and appealed to by all parties, and consequently the duties of property, and the claims of misfortune, more contrasted; we honestly confess our faith and creed—that the Old Law of Nature, of Christ, of Old England, coupled as it certainly was, and as it ought to be (in a more amplified manner, corresponding to the general elevation of society,) with the “*jus munerum honorum que*,” of subordinate offices among the artisans and labourers of the country, is to be preferred to the New Law with its tests and establishments, its diagrams and dieteries, and confinement within walls, the necessary condition of a gross, but hollow law of maintenance.

To carry home these convictions, our first step must be to mark out, or to trace out, in the landmarks of others, some line or lines of demarcation between first and trivial offences, and great crimes; applying to the latter, a sterner system of penalty, unmitigated by pity for a child, a dupe, a victim, or an ignorant clown; and with respect to the former, trying, instead of incarceration in a gaol, fines—small fines,—with time—ample time—for payment, and bail and guarantee of parents, guardians, friends, and small recognizances,—down, perhaps, to ten, or even five shillings,—with apology—old-fashioned open confession, restitution of property, open arrangements of parties themselves, doing away with apprehensions and committals, and the absurd doctrine of compounding felonies, and settling larcenies and offences punishable as larcenies on the spot, with personal public chastisement, and badges of infamy and ineligibility to office, and satisfaction of works to be adjudged by an officer or magistrate, or court, or jury on the spot, as the case may be. By some such process, well considered, and well arranged, with an expansion of the equestrian order through every parish, for which we have the archetypes and the models in the Anglo-Saxon Institutions of the immortal King, we may indulge the hope of checking the modern monomania of sending to gaols, of preventing crime by ceasing to manufacture criminals, and of reducing the number of convicts, substituting for transportation a system of colonization, and perchance, in many cases of delinquency, self-banishment, which would be without offence or damage to the colonies. To use the words of the admirable Blackstone, we may prosecute

these aims, "not so much by fanciful alterations and wild experiments (so frequent in this fertile age), as by closely adhering to the wisdom of the ancient plan corrected by Alfred, and perfected by Edward I., and by attending to the spirit, without neglecting the forms of their excellent venerable Institutions."

With respect to pauperism by a similar process, drawing a line or lines of demarcation for age, misfortune, infirmity, and sickness, the amount of which may be ascertained with practical accuracy, and is less, and might be more economically relieved than many imagine; we may gradually recede from the principle of incarceration in workhouses, and relieve the great majority of the innocent poor from the horror and the penalty of their discipline and associations and diseases, and at the same time treat with less ceremony, and more firmness, the idle vagabond and the impostor.

STATISTICS AND SYSTEMS OF INCARCERATION.

In considering the subject of Incarceration, that Promethean rock, to which, in modern times, all our domestic discipline has been chained down, it is necessary to contemplate these wide-spread though ugly parts of domestic, and unhappily, it must be added, of colonial policy. An attempt to place this question on broad and sound foundations, and to apply to the swamps and putrid marshes of Society a less superficial and a deeper drainage, required such an investigation, however painful. It appeared, indeed, more necessary than dry and copious details of evidence, in statistical or other forms, of the nature, the methods, the experiments, and the particular results of the various systems of incarceration now in practice, or suggested for adoption. We are aware that without a display of that sort of knowledge and evidence which Blue-book Literature so richly supplies, we expose ourselves to a charge, from the so-called school of practical politicians, of ignorance, presumption, and speculative enthusiasm. But as a great part of that evidence has been given again and again in various, though not always in the most accurate or genuine, forms,—and as every person can inform himself generally of criminal statistics by reference to a newspaper paragraph,—we omit *tables and schedules*, partly from want of space and partly from a conviction that they are not necessary to our purpose, without a consciousness of handling the subject imperfectly on that account.

But, though not necessary to our design and inconvenient to our space, we should be deemed superficial if we did not glance at the various modes of incarceration,—the common gaol, the model prisons, the silent and separate systems, or the new cold-water system, proposed in a popular form by Mr. C.

Pearson. Our object and our reasoning do not require such details or comparisons. We might suppose that the ingenuity with which these experiments have been tried, has been complete; that a sufficient number of cases of reformation, or conversion, or warning, have occurred, to afford the Christian Statesman and Philanthropist the highest gratification. We might admit that the experiments in prison discipline which have been tried with respect to convicts and the highest class of criminals, had been as successful as, under the circumstances, could be anticipated. In our argument, we are not called upon to inquire whether the changes in prison discipline were dictated by humanity or Christianity,—not whether Mrs. Fry, with her gifted dignity and penetrating sympathy, charmed the guilty conscience and the irritated feelings of the victims of vice into calm tranquillity, and even grateful submission to her Christian sway over them, as we know they did. The main painful question still recurs,—not whether the present gaols are better built, governed, and administered than the old prisons, nor whether the introduction of higher and intellectual education, with the more devoted services of the Ministers of Religion, and with libraries of books, which are generally circulated for amusement or religious improvement among the non-criminal population, was dictated by humanity and policy; not whether the better care of the body and soul of the criminal was demanded, no less by the progress of Society than by the humane and religious sympathy of the public,—but this painful question stares us in the face, “Have these systems and improvements *in the mode and method of incarceration* accomplished the just object of punishment, the prevention of crime, as evidenced in the present and the coming generation, of the criminal population of the country?”

The learned gentleman whose profession and office naturally bring the question of the increase or decrease of crime, at least in the metropolis, under his observation, and who, like his intelligent predecessor (we believe the most effective witness against the sanguinary code), has devoted not only a professional but a laudable personal anxiety to this subject, has come to the humiliating conclusion that crime has increased and is increasing notwithstanding these praiseworthy attempts. He has come to the conclusion, after an anxious investigation, that these systems have failed, nay more, his experience and argument go to assert, that these very modes of chastisement, with a view to *reformation*, have had a mischievous effect with respect to *prevention*; and still further, that the unknown, unseen relaxing system within the prison, coupled with more tender expressions of sympathy for the guilty, the most guilty than for the less delinquent or the innocent, is one of the main causes of the increase of crime. There appears much truth in his statement that the increase of crime cannot be ascribed to a corresponding increase of ignorance, intemperance, or poverty, as also in his declaration that many humane efforts have provoked mischiefs or at any rate have failed to prevent crime, or com-

mitment, or recommitments. But when Mr. C. Pearson tells us that he can solve this problem by another and opposite scheme of incarceration, and that he is possessed of a panacea in a new method of imprisonment, our impression certainly is, that this gentleman's view, though evidently honest, is too isolated and too narrow, and pregnant with the seeds of failure from causes similar to those by which the schemes which he impugns have failed of success. There is, however, a healthful courage manifested in this antagonistic theory of imprisonment and penalty, and especially in the earnest and candid manner of proposing it, which cannot fail to have many beneficial effects on statesmen and philanthropists, as well as on the public at large. We might speak more freely in praise of this gentleman's proposal if we had not made the rash assertion before, that if another Draco were to appear among us, he would not be in danger of being smothered to death by his countrymen. The repeated cheers of *ladies* and gentlemen at Exeter with which his Grecian scheme was received, make us shrink from taking any part in hastening the learned gentleman's death by an Athenian eulogistic process*.

No doubt, if Mr. C. Pearson could have his scheme carried out with the appliances and unsparing expenditure of the Government, with a similar power of selecting his agents, farms, implements, and patronage, as well as punishment, we should hear of many gratifying instances of the good effects of his Draconian prison discipline. But in considering the whole subject of crimes and punishments, the great question is not whether schemes of severity, lenity, or certainty, have advantages and disadvantages; but *whether this sole system of incarceration*, sweeping over the face of the country, in gaols, workhouses, houses of correction, and all manner of lockups, applied universally as the panacea of statesmen and nations, the first and ultimate resort of the magistrates, has produced the effects, which ought reasonably to be expected, on the national conscience or on the consciences and passions of criminals. And further, whether this almost sole reliance upon it as a penalty on crimes great and small, and its consequent distributive injustice, its degradation and contagion, are not the master causes of increasing and propagating crime, and so of producing the present embarrassment with respect to society at home and the colonies abroad.

THE COMMON GAOL.

Look at this monster, and see whether its inherent attributes as a penalty for offences before, as well as after trial, are not the attributes of injustice, as well as of impolicy. We must be sparing of details, but the description of an

* Report of Mr. C. Pearson's Lecture at Exeter.—*Times*, August 28, 1849.

untried felons' ward in a common gaol, will show the sort of penalty inflicted on young and trivial offenders, perhaps only suspected offenders, and often, innocent parties.

"Once here his terrors of a prison soon vanish before the levity and merriment of his new companions. He finds the great objects of admiration and envy, are the plunderers who can relate the most attractive stories of daring and successful robbery. Excited by these tales, he soon becomes ambitious of imitating the heroes of them. He is instructed in the arcana of the dreadful calling which he has entered upon, and thus, a few weeks, or even a few days before trial, have sufficed to convert the child, who, until the verdict pronounced at that solemnity, was accounted innocent in the eye of the law, into a hardened profligate, prepared and tutored for a course of iniquity, and determined to run it. I could furnish a hundred histories of misery and crime, springing from the pestiferous society of the untried felons' ward."—*Report of Mr. Clay.*

THE SEPARATE SYSTEM.

If we view the monster in model prisons and separate systems, we find that the first experiments notoriously failed. The second repeated experiment is now in a course of trial, and the excellent chaplain, Mr. Kingsmill, has published an interesting small volume, "Prisons and Prisoners," giving some details of this experiment. He enumerates many causes of crime, compares the different systems of imprisonment, but certainly his history and his comparisons, leave on the mind a painful conviction of its general tendency to harden both innocent and guilty. It is impossible to read this small volume without gratification. This chaplain's testimony as to the cases of reformation, or conversion, which have come to his knowledge, go far to recommend the separate system, *as at present tried in Pentonville*. It is gratifying to know, on authority, that cases of lasting reformation have come to that gentleman's certain knowledge; and that these reformed fellow creatures, on their return to society, whether on board an emigrant ship, or as settlers in new colonies, have witnessed a good confession, and given proof of that transforming change which St. Paul witnessed in the vile and criminal Gentile converts, of whom he says, after a catalogue of the greatest vices to which they had been addicted, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed; but ye are sanctified."

The separate system, indeed, as a mode of incarceration, has recommendations. Paley looking at it speculatively, has, in his usual felicitous manner, sketched its probable advantages, and Mr. Kingsmill's practical representations correspond, in many respects, to Paley's prophetic view of its benefits. Still it is impossible to read this volume with attention, without coming to the conviction, that the separate system may be the best in the best hands, and the worst in the worst. Viewing this gentleman's evidence as a whole, we are certainly led to the conviction, that imprisonment is a great cause of crime. Individual instances of reformation are proofs of the zeal, *kind*-heartedness, and Christian sympathy, of the officers, rather than of any peculiar merit in the discipline;

and, indeed, the proofs of success traced, as they are, to individual kindness, and not to the punishment, cannot go far as evidence for a general reliance on this peculiar discipline. The models of that prison are so perfect, the Board of Commissioners are so eminently trustworthy, and the zeal manifested by all parties has been so beyond all praise, that we cannot be surprised at some good present results. The models themselves, though the gallant officer who has had so much to do with the development of this scheme, is the last person to practise a deception, have probably turned the head of many a minister of state, and caught him with the guile of their theoretical perfection. One would almost imagine that Belial, or Belzebub, or Lucifer, or Satan, must come out of such a model reformed angels. Still we fear there is truth in Mr. C. Pearson's criticisms, and that we have no solid ground yet, for making the separate system universal, or for relying upon it as an example for preventing crime. Indeed, Mr. Kingsmill does not press this as the most important means of prevention. He rather relies on transportation, (now a broken reed,) on a better promulgation of its severity, and on some other more reasonable, though less ostentatious remedies. He, and some of the inspectors of prisons, seem to have a fear that its benefits may be overrated.

THE POLICE.

Again, if we turn from these modes and models of incarceration to its agency—the police—and the results of that machinery in the criminal returns, we have a still more painful and discouraging picture. Avoiding statistics, let us look at some facts connected with their disciplinarian regulations. If these facts stood forth in their naked deformity, unclothed with statistical attire and analysis, they would be more shocking than they appear in their present trappings and disguises. Paupers by millions, and criminals by hundreds of thousands, are painful facts. More than one hundred thousand criminals pass through the gaols *in one year*; how many must there be in the gross, tainted with the stain of incarceration? Of these one hundred thousand and more, half are under summary conviction. Among those who were committed for trial, there were sixteen hundred, (this is under the mark,) against whom no bills were found by the Grand Jury, and five thousand were acquitted at the bar. Of the condemned, under the present system of police certainty and evidence, an increasing number are *afterwards proved to be innocent*, and the petitions on the score of innocence are increasing. What with these and the selections from prisoners and convicts, the office of Home Secretary, now so conscientiously fulfilled, must be difficult in the extreme, and all but as painful as under the sanguinary code. Mr. Kingsmill's review of the causes of crime, confirms

Mr. Pearson's as to intemperance, ignorance, and poverty. The per centage of intemperance was small. The prisoners had generally received high wages, and some had saved money. Of a thousand convicts and prisoners, eight hundred and forty-five had attended some sort of school, national, grammar, Sabbath, or other schools. And he adds, education, such as it is, "Does not act as a prevention of crime." Nay more, "It changes the character of crime, and removes certainly, some of its more gross temptations; but it suggests others which are only better in appearance, and gives *an increase of power* for planning schemes of robbery, and subsequently concealment and escape." One of the inspectors, we think Mr. Perry, in one of his reports, has stated, that education, such as it is, has failed to reform in prison, as well as out of it.

But the accumulation of incarceration in consequence of the doctrine of certainty in the hands of a trained police, will be best seen in the criminal returns of the Metropolitan Police, the masterpiece of that system. In adverting to this evidence, as we must do generally and briefly, it may be right to observe that we necessarily employ the language of controversy, but we would not be supposed to make a single personal reflection on the learned gentlemen who preside so honourably in these courts, or on the great body of the officers connected with them. We think the system un-English and pernicious; but they are Englishmen like ourselves, and were we placed in their position, as we are thankful to think we are not, if we felt and acted rightly *under the law*, we, doubtless, should act as they do. But in an inquiry into a system, it is absolutely necessary to examine principles, functions, and administrations, as well as results. The apprehensions, committals, convictions, and incarcerations, have not prevented crimes. The proof of this assertion would be stronger, if we took the whole historical evidence before the adoption of this system, and all the subsequent periods. The justification of this system must be in the prevention of crimes, and the evidence of that prevention, in the growing diminution of the number of criminals. To say nothing of apprehensions and dismissals, which are a part of punishment, that justification must be clear in the diminution of the actual inflictions of penalties. In the last year, 64,480 were apprehended and brought into court, and when we find 31,683 of that number dismissed, there is a strong presumption that a great part were unjustifiable apprehensions, not according to the regulations of the police, but according to all common notions of liberty, equity, or policy. In the late returns the dismissals by superintendents do not appear to be included, and if so, the reason of the omission, in such minute details as are given, is not apparent, unless it be that it would swell the apprehensions to perhaps 100,000 annually. What the number of living criminals must be at the end of a quinquennial period, may be a difficult calculation, but it is a frightful reflection.

If we compare the two last quinquennial periods, from 1839—1843, and

1844—1848, inclusive, it appears that the highest class of offences against the person, where it might be supposed the beneficial influence of a disciplined police would be the most apparent, has doubled itself nearly in that latter period. It has risen from 1158 to 2062; murders and murderous intents have increased from 261 to 444, or nearly double; of these cutting and maiming, from 147 to 303; rape and unnaturalism, from 347 to 404; and assaults from 364 to 931, or nearly threefold. These are strange proofs of prevention, and of the efficacy of police and incarceration. If the doctrine of lawyers and moralists respecting prevention be not utterly absurd, the condemnation of the whole system is clear out of its own mouth. It is a working manufactory of criminals. If the predictions of the effects of certainty be not absolutely ridiculous, these returns must be perfect falsehoods.

The increase of murders, by stabbing, shooting, and poisoning, is awful. But the cutting and wounding (crimes very rare before 1830), coupled with the number of common assaults, and assaults on the police, is the most detective evidence of the mischievous tendency of the system which can be produced. Cutting and maiming, and the cases of assault, sent for trial, have increased nearly threefold in one quinquennial period, and if we add assaults summarily dismissed and discharged, the statement is frightful in the extreme. Besides the common assaults sent for trial, there is the enormous sum of 8005 summarily discharged, of which 5186 were common assaults, and 2819 assaults upon or obstruction to this police, who are watching, spying, and listening at every door to find out a case of assault. Husband is brought up against wife, and wife against husband, father against son, and son against father, brothers, and sisters, and neighbours, against each other, to swear and see which can carry costs; for, unhappily, these got-up cases of assault are not only the most mischievous to society, but the most profitable to many who manage them. This, in fact, is a police war against nature. It is an attempt to suppress the feelings of anger and resentment with which the God of Nature has supplied us as a defence against injury and insult. Within their proper limits, they are a greater protection to property, to person, and to feelings, than all the police in the world; and if the ordinary and natural ebullitions of anger against wrong or insult are suppressed, or attempted to be suppressed, you will breed up, as you are breeding up, what was formerly rarely known in England,—secret sullen spite, ending in deliberate malice, and finally in the stiletto, the knife, arsenic, or prussic acid.

This is the history of assaults, and of half, and more than half, the cutting and maiming. Mr. Wyndham, who thought an active justice of the peace a mischievous animal, might have carried his creed too far, but in comparison of the modern creed and practice, it was divine benevolence. In Mr. Wyndham's time, people quarrelled as they do now, though not so frequently, but they made up their quarrels one way or other among themselves,

and nine times out of ten became friends, and good friends afterwards. Then we had no cutting and maiming, and stabbings, and poisonings. Were Mr. Wyndham alive now, we should not have the system that provokes them; and had we a Wyndham in the House of Commons, as unfortunately we have not, we should not have these statistics presented to parliament a second time. We should have no more such quinquennial epochs. These nurseries of murderers and convicts would be broken up, and these assault cases in town and country would be stopped at once.

But if we turn from these seed-beds of crime to prisoners and convicts in a state of maturity, the main facts are confessed and notorious. Criminals and convicts are multiplying to a degree which embarrasses the Imperial Government, and strikes to the very heart the loyalty and the brotherhood of our Anglo-Saxon colonies.

CONVICTS AND COLONIES.

In this point of view, the subject before us cannot fail to interest all who regard the rising and virtuous branches of the English family, spread over the face of the Globe, as parts and parcels of our country and our church, in the most Catholic sense of a church,—our fellow citizens, and fellow Christians.

The “Anglo-Saxon” commenced its mission with an especial view to these colonists. It opens its columns to all correspondents in those settlements who may wish to express their feelings, give information, or make useful suggestions. With the oldest and the most important branch, though now a separate and independent family, our Anglo-American brethren, and with our fellow-subjects of the British Crown, we invited an interchange of good feelings, right sentiments, natural and kindred sympathies. Correspondents from all parts may enlighten the pages of this Journal, and perhaps receive in return enlightenment themselves, on the common duties and interests of the brotherhood. We wish to know more of Society in America—even of slavery in the Southern, and of incarceration, another form of bondage, in the Northern States—two points on which we feel our brethren in error, but points which, in the political circumstances of that country, admit of illustration, comparison, and information, with a view to political amendment and example in us all. As to transportation into the Colonies, and incarceration carried to excess, the past and present history of this wonderful race of Englishmen may be most instructive to ourselves. We cannot conceal our sympathy with the colonists, loyal subjects of the British Crown, in their remonstrances against the introduction of the off-scourings of the Mother-Country. Their indignation is just, and is another instance of the protection which just resentment affords to wounded feelings. It is an honourable evidence of their

origin, their undegenerate virtue, and of their title and capacity to enjoy independent and free institutions under the British Crown.

This convict subject, this cesspool of incarceration, was one of the causes of American disgust and final separation, and before we apply, for our own convenience, unjustifiable tests to the loyalty and affection of those who have sprung from our loins, we ought at least to satisfy ourselves that we have done all we could at home to prevent this accumulation of convicts, which is the only pretence, the plea of our necessity, for this outrage on Anglo-Saxon spirit. Some of our readers will not have forgotten Dr. Franklin's "Edict of the King of Prussia." An extract from that imaginary royal document may satisfy some of the practical politicians, that prisons and prisoners, incarceration and convicts, are not mere matters of business, like the mileage of a railroad or the economy of a treadmill. This said treadmill was at one time greater than all statesmen and philosophers, not because it solved the problem whether punishment with or without labour was the more politic, but as a shrewd economical expedient for making prisoners grind their own meal, and earn their own living,—by making the gaoler the competitor of the miller, and turning prison power into the market to compete with water, wind, or steam. Yet we hear now little of the treadmill—its salutary effects or profitable return. We advert to this point now episodically, because it is just possible that this treadmill manufactured criminals more successfully than *flour, and, like other ingenious experiments*, substitutes for patriotic efforts, may have contributed to the present glut and over-supply of convicts to the Colonies.

This, by-the-bye, but the Prussian Edict ran thus :—" Frederick, by the grace of God, King of Prussia, &c., &c., &c. Whereas it is well known to all the world that the first German settlements made in the Island of Great Britain were by colonies of people subject to our renowned ducal ancestors, and drawn from their dominions under Hengist, Horsa, Hella, Uffa, Cerdricus, Ida, and others, and the said colonies have flourished under our august house, and yet have hitherto yielded little profit to the same; and whereas in *the late war we ourself, (or our illustrious generals,) have fought for and defended the said colonies, for which we have not yet received adequate compensation, &c., &c.* And being willing further to favour our said colonies in Britain, we do hereby ordain and command, that all the thieves, highway and street robbers, housebreakers, forgers, murderers, s—d—tes, and villains of every denomination, who have forfeited their lives to the law in Prussia, but whom we, in our great clemency, do not think fit here to hang, shall be emptied out of our gaols into the said Island of Great Britain, for the better peopling of that country," &c.

We recommend this extract to the attention of the Home and the Colonial Secretary, and to the respectable and comfortable advocates of the drag-net, the police, the gaols, incarceration, and transportation, trusting that they will see

in this sarcastic remonstrance of the American colonist, made under similar circumstances that our Anglo-Saxon brethren in the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere, have "just and reasonable grounds" for their keen resistance to the royal "regulations and commands" respecting convicts and colonists.

THE DIFFICULTY, AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

These are the questions,—“What is to be done with the convicts?” “How are the gaols and model prisons, and the condemned hulks, and the other reservoirs to be emptied?” “Are we, for a slight inconvenience, and even injury to our dependencies, to harbour a sore in our own bosom which may endanger our social fabric?” The Golden rule: that we must observe, or we shall be criminals if not convicts ourselves. The difficulty is great. The burden laid upon the government is oppressive. The ministers are more to be pitied than blamed. The difficulty arises from a national fault, and an erroneous national feeling patronised by foreigners, and by too many respectable people in our own country. In one point of view, and one only, “We take pleasure,” as Anglo-Saxon Puritans, at “this thorn in the flesh.” It may lead to other (Heaven grant it) more justifiable efforts than we have yet used to cleanse society, and purge the land of this curse and stain.

Without abating one jot of our zeal for amending and reforming convicts, before we empty them out of our gaols and penitentiaries into our colonies, if we are to continue the practice, with or without their consent,—without damping hope for the apparently hopeless, and sympathy for the really reprobate, which not only the doctrine, but the example of our divine Master, have taught us to cultivate

“That sympathetic glow,
Which taught his holy tear to flow,
While his prophetic eye surveyed
Zion in future ashes laid.”

This national difficulty may give a shock to our feelings, and deepen our reflections, before we alter our judgment, not only as to the theories of crime and punishment, but practically with respect to policy, duty, and efforts. It may teach us to begin at the other and the right end, and, like the Prophet of Israel, to throw the healing salt from some new vessels, not into the streams and stagnant pools too large to be medicated, but into the springs and fountains which supply the troubled and polluted waters. It may teach us to disgorge our generalizations of laws, administrations, ideas, educational schemes, and material experiments on our fellow-creatures, and to turn our thoughts to the more homely but wiser policy of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

What is to be done? We will make a few suggestions. No apology on the score of arrogance is necessary in so doing, for the essential maxims of lawyers, moralists, and politicians, have been so often reversed, that a child might guess and speculate without presumption on these subjects. One of the curses of the age is the constant bidding for popularity, by schemes and counter-schemes, which are denominated first-rate comprehensive measures. It is painful to see men at the head of the most influential parties, justly distinguished for their eminent talents, starting the most clap-trap schemes, which endanger the structure and action of English life and manners. We are not about to propose any marvellous strides in advance. Our generation may be wise, but it has not been wiser than the occasion required, and we may prudently look back to the policy of our forefathers. We have made some false movements forward, and find ourselves in thickets and marshes, and we would sound a retreat, not for fear, but shame; not in apprehension of an attack, but from consciousness of errors, and with a full conviction that by a few retrograde marches, we may gain the high road and the open country, and then advance safely and successfully.

Suggestion I.

A SOUNDER NATIONAL FAITH RESPECTING CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

To establish a sounder faith and sentiment in the whole nation on these domestic questions of policy, is most important. There are errors, and great errors, or such results, after so many well intended and well supported schemes, could not have followed. This has been our humble object in opening these discussions, and in attempting to probe to the bottom, the loathsome sores which annoy and grieve us. These are peculiarly questions on which opinion, public opinion, acts most beneficially or most perniciously. In England, with a wrong state of the public mind, no good remedial measures can be effectual, and with a right state of public opinion, evil counsels and perverse plans cannot long prevail. This is our hope. If we can once establish in the minds of Englishmen, a conviction that they are wrong, (rather a difficult matter,) we have a good chance, with a little time and patience, of bringing them round to think and act rightly. With respect to punishments and prisoners and convicts, conceit is pretty well worked out of us. Expectations have been often disappointed; predictions have proved false; experiments, one after another, have broken down!! When we expected a diminution, we have had an increase; and now, both with respect to imprisonment and transportation, and the whole

theory of secondary punishments, we are at our wit's ends, "What is to be done?" Certainly not to encourage the false ideas which have led us astray. We must change, or at least correct, our opinions and practical judgment, as to the very elements and principles of our policy. In contemplating and examining these subjects with the greatest care, there is a suspicion constantly lurking in the imagination and flashing across the judgment, that all is not wise or perfect, or what might be expected in a flourishing Christian country. As we labour on in investigating the results of the practical schemes of men of the world, in spite of our desire to be practical ourselves, we are driven to speculate. There must be some ignorance of causes which needs to be removed, we must have got off the high road of common sense into some winding by-paths, which conduct us into impenetrable thickets. With respect to crimes and punishments, we are as much at fault as the doctors with respect to the cause and cure of cholera. Theory and practice alike fail. The practitioner and the alchymist are alike puzzled. Perhaps Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom and goodness, may guide us through the failures of a scientific age, and the humiliation of ignorance, to a more perfect knowledge of the causes of health and sickness, than the most scientific or experienced have hitherto been permitted to attain. That the difficulty will awaken the zeal of a noble profession, and of many of its high-minded professors there can be no doubt; and whether, or not, it shall please God to grant to chance or science, a remedy for this plague and grievous sickness, and however many faint-hearted may despair, the heroic efforts which have been called forth will do much general good, extend the knowledge of the physical constitution of man, improve the general health and habits, and by general means, peradventure, prevent the recurrence of a malady for which no specific can be discovered.

Is it rash or enthusiastic to expect a similar process with respect to the moral plague which destroys so many of our fellow creatures, and makes "many desolate?" Statesmen, like the doctors with the cholera, its causes and remedies, are totally at sea. The new gaols, the new workhouses, the new commissioners and inspectors, the New Police, the new schools, Bell and Lancaster, Mrs. Fry, Mr. Gurney, Sir F. Buxton, whatever good they have done, have not arrested this plague and its slaughtering violence. The hearts of many seem to fail before the incurable malady, and the prostrate victims of degradation and crime. Still, (who can doubt it,) the conscientious and the zealous will strive and strive, again and again, to arrest the evil. If specific remedies fail, they will devote their energies to the general health, and to the removal of nuisances. They will give their attention to predisposing causes, watch vigilantly the premonitory symptoms, and, at any rate, will not concentrate the poison and increase the chances of contagion by accumulating masses of patients. By encouraging a universal attention in individuals,

families, and neighbourhoods, to the general health; by a visitation of every locality, and especially of the diseased localities, they will carry to every house and upon every spot, the remedies for the first and curable symptoms of the moral plague, which afflicts peculiarly the lower walks of life. By these means, and especially *by exciting among the artisans and labourers themselves an interest in the means of prevention*; the malady itself, failing of the nutriment which it derived from neglect or concentration, may disappear, or be greatly mitigated among the masses of the people,—and this may be one of the most effectual means of correcting the public mind and public habits, and so of preventing crime.

At the outset of our discussion on Domestic Politics we had these objects in view, seeing how generally difficult, if not hopeless, the case seemed to be. We embodied the prevailing imperfect, erroneous creed (which seemed to have deceived us,) in a proposition, which we proposed to refute, or to show its imperfections. In another proposition we embodied other articles of faith, which we promised to fortify by evidence and proofs, and we now leave our readers to determine whether, in the Dream of Æthelingey, with its Civil Order of Alfred of Merit and Reward, including all ranks, but especially the infected ranks, in this process of cure; and, again, by this article on Incarceration, which is no dream but a sad reality, we have not refuted the imperfect creed, and established the true faith in the two following propositions:—

PROPOSITION I.

IMPERFECT, OR FALSE CREED OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

Crimes and punishments, as they exist in Europe, and especially in England, are distinct phenomena, which can be judged of and treated only by their present appearances and magnitude. Questions relating to them cannot be solved by any historical or natural analogy, or by any reference to their causes, but solely by the immediate circumstances and features of each case. Rulers, as well as lawyers, can only proportion, in the case of crime, chastisement to transgression; and, in the case of destitution, the minimum of the means of existence to the destitute. Punishment must be relied upon as the restraint of crime. Certainty and the fear of punishment are the only means of prevention, and Government must rely on fear, and shame, and discipline, and coercion, as the real and the only arts of governing mankind.

PROPOSITION II.

MORE PERFECT CREED OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. REWARD AND PRIVILEGES.

Crimes and punishments have been viewed under forms and representations too isolated, and questions relating to them may and must be solved by a more comprehensive view of political society, "the scope of which is "not simply to live, nor the duty so much to provide for the life as for "the means of living well." Rulers, or the Body Politic, collectively may proportion reward to duty (not personal, but official and political,) as well as punishment to crime. Rulers cannot effectually be a terror to evil doers unless in some proportion or degree they are a praise to them that do well. Ignominy has, in many cases, been applied where honour would more avail; and without honour, even in the humblest classes, ignominy is not shameful. Government may manifest their value of obedience, in civil as well as in military life, by honour, promotion, and reward, as well as by punishment and discipline. The great body of the people may learn by their hopes as well as by their fears, by their sense of honour as well as by their sense of shame, to set a value upon the law, and render their willing service in its administration. This renovated system would be less expensive, and, at the same time, by peaceful and legitimate means diminish the criminality, the degradation, and the democracy of the age.

Suggestion III.—Legislation.

DEFINITIONS OF CRIME AND GREATER VARIETY OF PUNISHMENTS.

Consolidation of statutes, however important, is not sufficient, for it may be a consolidation of injustice and error. Connected with facilities of proceedings, consolidation may increase the number of victims. The number of fines as well as imprisonments, may be increased, and a greater number, who may be unable to pay the fines, even by distraint, may become prisoners. Whatever use such changes may have in guiding or rendering more uniform the practice of magistrates and policemen, in or out of sessions, they are not likely to diminish the number of prisoners or convicts. That must be more effectually done by stricter legal definitions of crimes, and by a change of enactments with respect to penalty. We feel there must be an appearance of

presumption, as we are aware there is a real want of skill on our part, in touching upon these questions; but our object is to excite the attention of those who have both knowledge and skill. Our remarks are totally unconnected with personal administrations of this sort, and arise solely from an observation of the effects of them upon the people in town and country. In a process of renovation, the stricter enactment of crime and punishment, must be the first point, and proceedings and enforcement, secondary. It might be natural to suppose, that severity or certainty, or both, (and we have tried both,) accompanied with facility of proceedings and strict enforcement, would deter and prevent; but if indisputable experience prove, that instead of this effect, somehow or other, they have had a contrary tendency, are we not bound to carry our thoughts still higher, and speculate on the wisdom and morality of the definitions with respect to crime, and the enactments with respect to penalty? Under such circumstances, are not these questions natural—"Have we defined too loosely and comprehensively? Have we enacted too multifariously, and so by continually increasing, as it were, the criminal territory, have we not legislatively increased the criminal population?"

Confounding *injuria* and *nefas*, and enacting the criminal punishment of incarceration to civil wrongs, which might be remedied by easy civil process, and in trivial cases, by an extra-judicial process altogether; and seeing the evil results of this confusion in the imprisonment of so many of our people, are we not bound to correct the mischiefs by a more simple and restricted system of definitions, and a more equal enactment of penalties? This is the province of the most learned lawyers and the wisest legislators. We doubt not we state these matters unlearnedly; but if we can succeed in pointing out, somehow or other, no matter how, the thing wanted—a renovation of our criminal code—we may do some good. The ideas and feelings of the public, and the law and practice, respecting incarceration, are, in some way or other, essentially wrong. It requires no knowledge of law to be aware, that imprisonment, and its application and amount, have always, except in modern times, been viewed with the most scrupulous and religious awe, by the most pure jurists. Ancient history does not engender the idea of incarceration as the sole, or perhaps the chief punishment, of all crimes, especially among a free people. France and modern Europe adopt this system more strictly, perhaps, than ourselves; but what is the consequence? a growing creed defended by metaphysical arguments—that property is theft; government, tyranny; rebels, saints; and prisoners, martyrs. Here is warning to steer clear of the rocks and reefs which surround us, or we must give up punishment altogether, or be glutted with prisoners to such a degree, as to destroy confidence and shake the social fabric. The error is in applying our present system of incarceration to many offences. It will be said, "we vary the term from the highest to the lowest points, from two

years to two days." But this variation constitutes the injustice of applying the same method, in whatever proportion, to the slightest injury and the most desperate crimes. Putting an erring youth, and first offender, into the same house of bondage with a murderer, or a violent plunderer, constitutes the injustice; and the shorter the time, the more frivolous the pretext for doing this wrong.

This error has been greatly fortified by the puffs and representations which have been put forth respecting penitentiaries. Prosecutors and magistrates have been taught to feel, that, in committing to prison, they were taking a child or youth, out of temptation, and sending him to a society where he would be educated and trained up in the way he should go. This delusion is, however, passing away; and if so, one difficulty in the way of renovation will be removed, and we may do away with the seven days and under, and the fourteen days and the month, two months, three months and under, till we come to a six months as the minimum time of incarceration, and to years of discretion as the minimum of age. Then imprisonment will take its proper rank and be the just punishment of offence against the person, or against property with violence or combination; where, as is manifest, not only from the nature of the case, but from the criminal returns, one of the great lines of demarcation should be drawn.

VARIETY OF PUNISHMENTS.

Gradations and variety we have thrown away, by the general adoption of one particular mode; but modes or methods of punishment, are of the greatest consequence to equal justice and sound policy. "The *method* of inflicting punishment, ought always to be proportioned to the particular purpose it is meant to serve, and by *no means to exceed it*; therefore, the pains of death and perpetual disability, by exile, slavery, and *imprisonment, ought never to be inflicted*, but when the offender appears *incorrigible*, which may be collected, either by a *repetition* of similar offences, or by one crime of *deep malignity*.*" But imprisonment and fines, (fines with expenses and distress, being synonymous among the poor, with imprisonment,) are our only scales. We formerly had a greater variety of punishments—whipping, the stocks, the pillory, and branding, &c. &c.; and some of these, or some such as these, in the midst of the people, might have good effect. This subject is one of those most interesting to humanity, and requires a much more ample consideration than we can afford to it; but a glance at the eight Roman modes of punishment, may open to us some useful suggestions. They had the (*damnum*,) the mulct, and fine of goods

* Blackstone.

and chattels, and stock, as well as money; they had the (*verbera*,) public and private whipping, but never, we believe, in the (*carcer*,) the public prison. They had the (*vincula*,) bonds, manacles, fetters, and chains, both in and out of prison*. They had (*exilium*,) banishment, not transportation at the expense of the State, but outlawry and civil excommunication, and interdiction of (*aquæ et ignis*,) the means of existence in the locality or country in which their offence was committed. They had the formidable punishment, common to Jewish and Roman jurisprudence, the (*lex talionis*,) which, though not a law between Christian and Christian, or between the guilty and the relation of the injured, might, perhaps, be a useful law in some cases of brutal personal injury to man or beast, with the liberty of compromise (*ni quis pacit*). For higher crimes of incorrigibleness and atrocity, there were (*servitus*,) slavery, and (*mors*,) death. But the most important among a dominant and high-minded race, was the (*infamia*,) disgrace, carrying disqualification and ineligibility. Though many of these punishments were highly useful, yet we would give the Romans the benefit of all the rest—mulet, whipping, bonds, banishments, retaliation, slavery, and death,—could we retain, or rather regain (for we have it not, we have lost) the punishment of infamy as a distinct penalty. How can it exist without the offices, emoluments, and honours, distributed through the grades of political society? This punishment deprived a Roman of right and eligibility to office and honour (*jus munerum honorumque ademit*). To a high-minded and privileged race, this was worse than death. Condemned to infamy, the Roman could be elected to no office, or distinguished by any honour. This loss of character, connected with disqualification, was one of the strongest restraints on crime; more generally preventive than slavery or death. This made the haughty Roman blush and tremble before the Magistrate, the Judges, and even the Censor, whose judgment, Cicero tell us, inflicted no other punishment on the guilty, than the shame of guilt and the conscious manifestation of it (*censoris judicium nihil fere damnato affert nisi ruborem*). This blush and confusion of shame, flushed on the cheek and forehead of every Anglo-Saxon, and his frank pledge and brother freemen, shared it with the guilty party. This was more than a thousand gaols, more than the torture of ancient severity, or all the fanciful discipline of modern lenity.

Society now trembles at the idea of relaxing, much more at the thought of removing punishment, but could this sense of honour and of privilege, this fear of loss of grade and brotherhood, this disqualification and ineligibility for office, this civil excommunication in the circles of humble but honourable life, be revived, how would the angry controversies and foolish questions (now the playthings of party leaders) of local rates and local taxes, be hushed into

* The *liberæ custodiæ*, as in the case of St. Paul, were an instance of the disinclination of the Romans to (*the carcer*) incarceration.

silence. To effect this most important object in the political life, the art of living well, the *munera honoresque* of the yeoman, the burgher, the artisan, and the labourer, must be revived and amplified. Mr. Denison with respect to parliamentary honours, and Mr. William Gladstone with a view to university honours, have expressed some generous and Alfredian sentiments, which it may be difficult to carry into execution, and which can affect only a few directly, though we hope all indirectly. But how many offices, local and structural, are there, or rather might there be, which modern generalisations have swept away from parishes (as they have the exhibitions, and scholarships, and fellowships, appropriated to counties, and grammar schools of counties), which might cultivate character and talent among the different ranks and orders among us. With this view, we suggested most humbly the Royal Civil Order of Alfred, the order of civil merit, rooted in the lowest, and towering on high, through the more elevated ranks, to the highest, or rather—emanating from the throne, the fountain of honour, and flowing down through all the gradations of society,—domestic and colonial, to the most useful and the most happy.

Suggestion III.

BY COURTS UPON THE SPOT*, AND OFFICERS FROM THE INHABITANTS FOR THE DISPENSATION OF DOMESTIC JUSTICE IN TRIVIAL CASES OF THEFT, TRESPASS, OR DAMAGE, AND FOR THE GOOD BEHAVIOUR OF ALL

This was the ancient court incident to every parish. To revive it, the officers must be created and vested with authority, and, to give them effect, the “*honores*,” as well as the “*munera*,” must be reinstituted and reordained, in a manner suitable to the advancement of society. With this object in view, we would recommend the counsel of St. Neot, in the dream of Æthelingey, to the serious consideration of all. If the people,—without education, at least without book learning and benefit of clergy, in the days of St. Neot, and of Alfred the King,—without the arts and the knowledge of men and manners which facility of intercourse, and the press now communicate,—could administer domestic justice, could present by jury, could fine and punish, could pledge and guarantee each other for mutual protection and honest behaviour, what forbids the re-adoption of similar proceedings founded on these ancient institutions still inherent parts of the English constitution? The Secretary of the Home Department knows that the citizens of London have frequently offered to perform themselves many of the duties of the police, and it is the only point to be regretted in the whole of the conduct of the Right Hon. Baronet, in the late memorable year that he preferred the increase of the police to the willing

* The connection of these courts with the courts above them, and indeed with the highest, may be discussed hereafter. For the present we advise the clerks of the magistrates to follow the example of their juniors, the clerks of the county courts.

services of the citizens in the localities of their abode. Here are the springs of life and manners. They have been choked and overgrown ;—shall we clear and purify these living fountains of honour and honesty, or still cleave to the broken cisterns of artificial unsocial policy ? These were the courts among the tents of Israel, when Moses chose *able men rulers of hundred, and rulers of ten*. These were the courts which our best lawyers tell us brought justice home to every man's door, and were “ agreeable to the dictates of natural reason, as well as of more enlightened policy.” This was the institution of the glorious Alfred, where all “ trivial debts and injuries of small consequence” were recovered or redressed, and the effect of which, as his historian tells us, was—that when the king, to prove the effect of his discipline, hung up golden bracelets near the highways, no one dared to touch them !!!

Here is the true answer to the questions, “ What is to be done with the convicts ? How are the gaols to be emptied ? How are the greater criminals to be punished ? How are the lesser criminals to be kept out of prison ?” The Lord Chief Justice of England has given this answer to the questions submitted to him by the House of Lords. Following in the steps of all the illustrious men who, like himself, have adorned the highest seat of judgment, he directs his countrymen, Lords and Commons, to place their confidence in these institutions in this emergency and their perplexity of crime. The opinion of this honoured judge is bold and generous, and would, if followed, go far to remove summary convictions, the national stain of incarceration, and to restore the ancient virtue of the people. It is an opinion wise because it is large and comprehensive, applying to “ all cases of theft and fraud,” and going far not only to relax but to remove corporal punishment. “ I am not reconciled to summary convictions, but I highly approve of frequent courts *to try petty offenders of all ages on the spot*, and I would make restitution of the thing stolen, or of its money value, a part of the sentence. I may observe, by the way, that in my opinion *this principle might be usefully adopted in all cases of losses by theft and fraud**.”—(*Answers to Questions submitted by a Select Committee of the House of Lords, by Lord Denman, 1847.*)

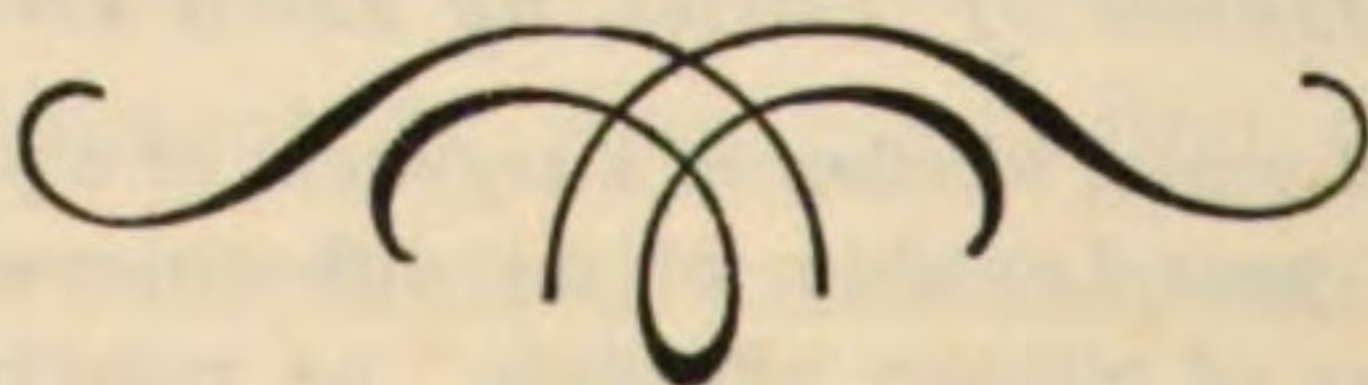
* Good sense is always good sense, whether in a regiment or a parish. “ I am most fully aware, as I have previously stated to your Lordship, of the difficulties which assail the Government in making provision for this class of military offenders. As regards them, I would here record my opinion, derived from experience among old and formed regiments in almost every part of the world, an opinion which is in strong opposition to the present system of awarding transportation to soldiers for crimes such as desertion, violence to officers and non-commissioned officers, theft, &c. My view is, that offences of this description should be *punished within the regiment*, under the tribunals of General and District Courts Martial ; for I assure your Lordship that I have known many instances of soldiers committing such crimes as would entail upon them, as they believed, sentences of transportation as felons, for the sole purpose of getting away from their regiments at the moment, and becoming free agents at the expiration of their sentences. By the present system, no example whatsoever is afforded to the men generally ; and many a good soldier, although he may have committed one of these crimes, is lost to a regiment, when due punishment at the period would probably have reformed him, and rendered him hereafter an honour to the corps.”—Sir H. Smith's despatch to Lord Grey, Aug. 2, 1849.

Suggestion IV.

EXTRAJUDICIAL AND ECCENTRIC REMEDIES.

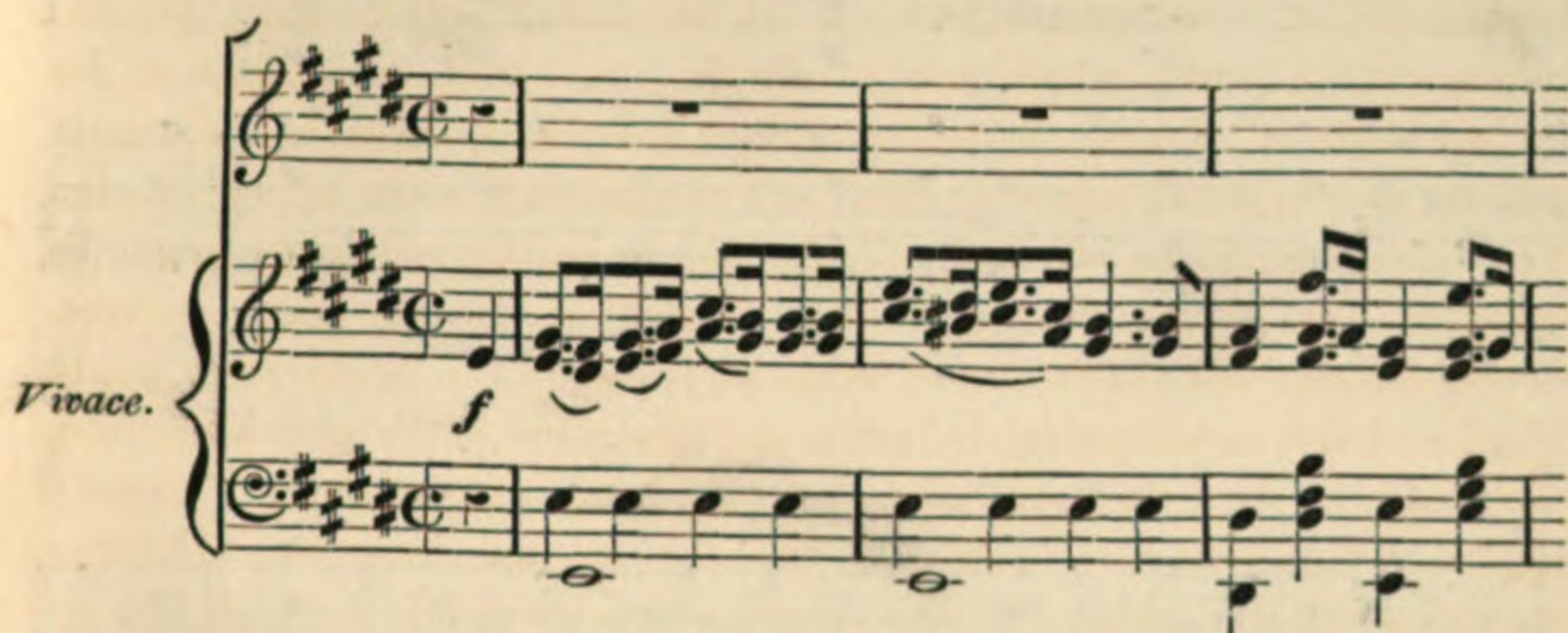
We had intended to make some suggestions of this kind in addition to the one recommended by the Chief Justice restitution, perhaps the most important of all. Connected with it, or in default of it, some punishments out of prison which imply ridicule, (as useful for censors as for critics) might be adopted. Some fine of chattels or of certain amount of labour without pay, might be imposed. Bail and recognizance down to ten or even five shillings might be accepted, and the fine or money restitution might be extended over six months or a year, instead of an immediate payment. Confession also and satisfaction of works proposed by the guilty party might be allowed with consent of injured party, and infamy and civil excommunication, the greater or the less, disqualification for life or for a period might be usefully applied. But we leave these subjects, and other extrinsical remedies as well as the statute of Marlbridge, *for other opportunities*, indulging the hope, and we cannot indulge a better, that we shall all soon be as good Englishmen as the Lord Chief Justice, and as good Christians as the Lord Primate of England, to whose common judgment we should be happy to submit these and other extrajudicial remedies, based on the national character and the national faith, and consistent with the common law of Old England.

D.



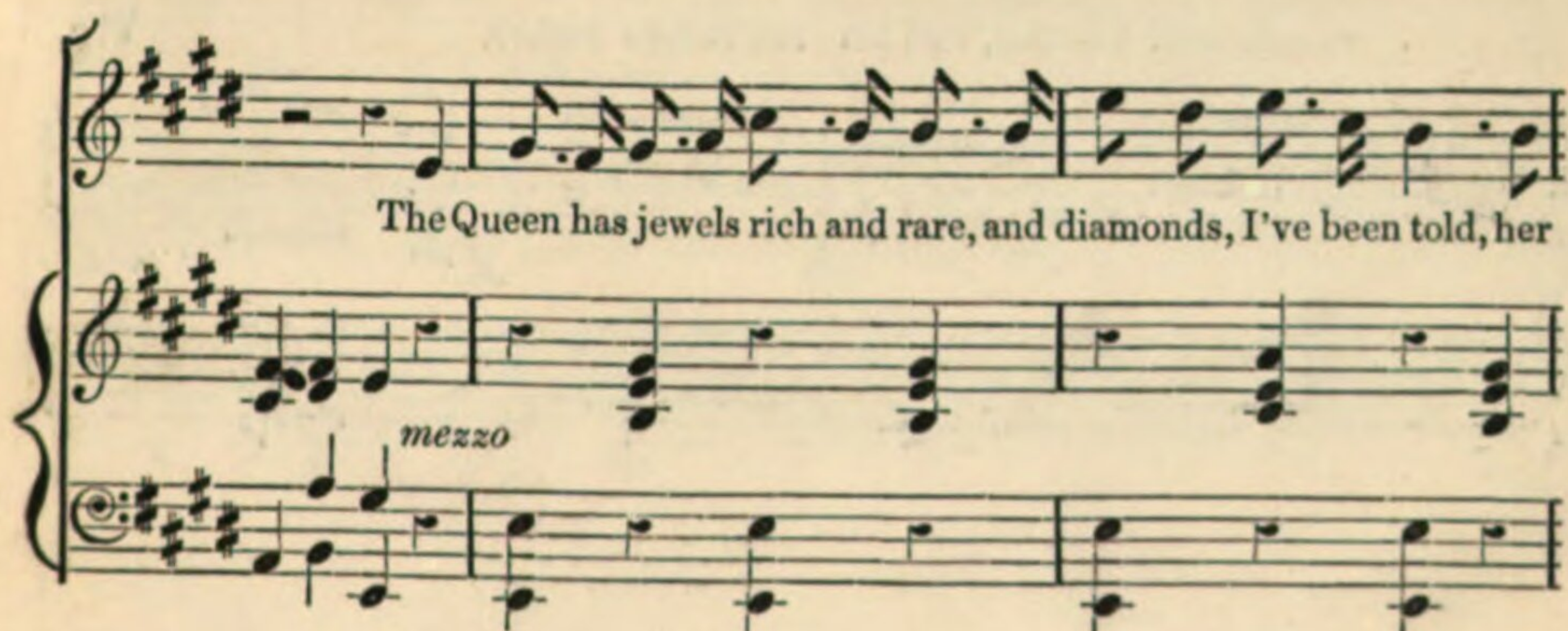
The Doughty Man.

Vivace.

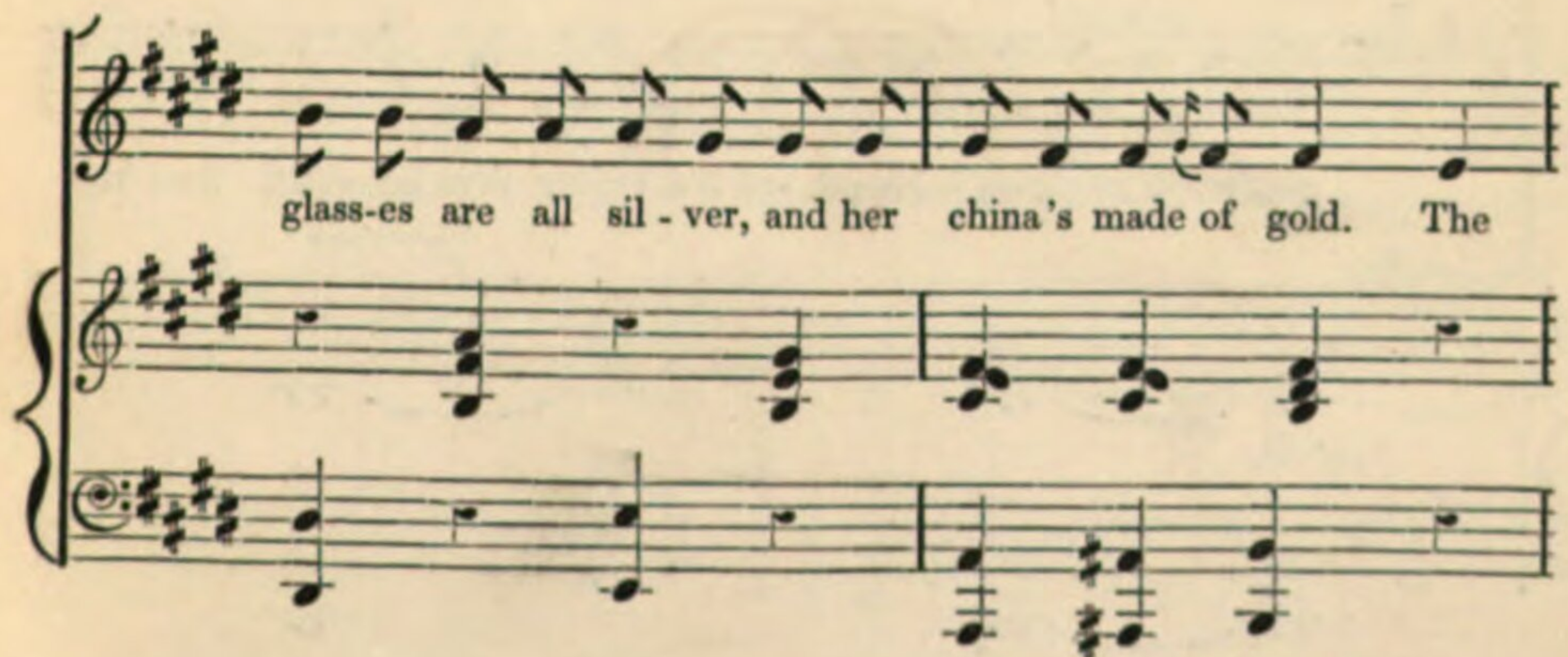


The Queen has jewels rich and rare, and diamonds, I've been told, her

mezzo



glass-es are all sil-ver, and her china's made of gold. The



The Doughty Man.

no-bleman looks great and grand, All in his coach and four, While his

8ves il basso.

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

runners run be-hind, and his riders ride before. The

f *mezzo*

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the same staff. The piano accompaniment features more complex chords and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) followed by *mezzo*. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

gentleman ungloves his hand, and it's whiter than his shirt, And he

ad lib.

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the same staff. The piano accompaniment features long, sustained chords in both the treble and bass staves, with a dynamic marking of *ad lib.* (ad libitum). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

The Doughty Man.

wonders why God e - ver made an earth of so much dirt. Oh!

The first system of music features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line consists of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment includes chords and moving lines in both hands.

bless them all, both great and small; Each bird must have its nest; And

8ves.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system. The piano part includes a section marked '8ves.' (8 measures) at the end.

CHORUS.
he that envies better men, Will never be the best. So you and I are working men, And

The third system is the beginning of the chorus. It features a more rhythmic vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The key signature remains three sharps. The piano part includes a section marked 'CHORUS.' at the beginning.

The Doughty Man.

working men we'll be ; And the world, my boys, is none the worse For

8ves il basso.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The lyrics are written below the top staff.

such true lads as we. The working men of England, The working men of England, The

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The notation continues with the same key signature and structure as the first system. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

doughty work-ing men.

ad lib. *f*

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The top staff concludes with a final note and a double bar line. The bottom staff features a more complex piano accompaniment with various musical ornaments and dynamics. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

The Doughty Man.

I.

The Queen has jewels rich and rare, and diamonds I've been told,
Her glasses are all silver, and her china's made of gold :
The Nobleman looks great and grand all in his coach and four,
While his runners run behind and his riders ride before :
The Gentleman ungloves his hand,—it's whiter than his shirt,
And he wonders why God ever made an earth of so much dirt :
Oh! bless them all, both great and small; each bird must have
its nest,
And he that envies better men will never be the best—
So you and I are Working men,
And Working men we'll be ;
And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—
The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !

II.

The Parson knows the Scriptures, and he says man's meant to work ;
That such is Heaven's ordainment, then where's the use to shirk ?
Come, Tailor Bill, and Mason Tom, and Smith, both black and
white,

'Twill take a goodish bit of work to spoil our sleep at night :
Maybe our hands are black and hard, our learning somewhat flat,
Our manners rough—but working men are none the worse for that.
Oh, Parson, dear ! you're pretty near the mark for speaking truth ;
A sweating brow's our daily lot and has been so from youth—

So you and I are Working men,

And Working men we'll be ;

And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—
The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !

III.

My father always cautioned me of being over proud,
And certainly the idle chaps are always talking loud :
I never knew no good to come o' mimicking one's betters ;
The working men should stick to tools, and Lords to learned letters.
A man don't ought to boil the pot, a wife don't ought to rule,
Sir Robert Peel can't make a shoe, and I can't keep a school ;
There's duty plenty to be done in every rank and station,
And it's doing duty, every one, that makes a happy nation—

So you and I are Working men,

And Working men we'll be ;

And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—
The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !

IV.

There's many a thing wants ordering, there's room for sense and
reason,

Perfection's not a tree that grows all in a summer season ;

And they, perhaps, who have the brains, and education too,

Don't set about their proper work like workmen ought to do ;

But you and I've no cause to join in every row and riot,

There's not a chance for working men, except in keeping quiet ;

And, please the Lord, bad times 'ill mend, without our cobbling
neither,

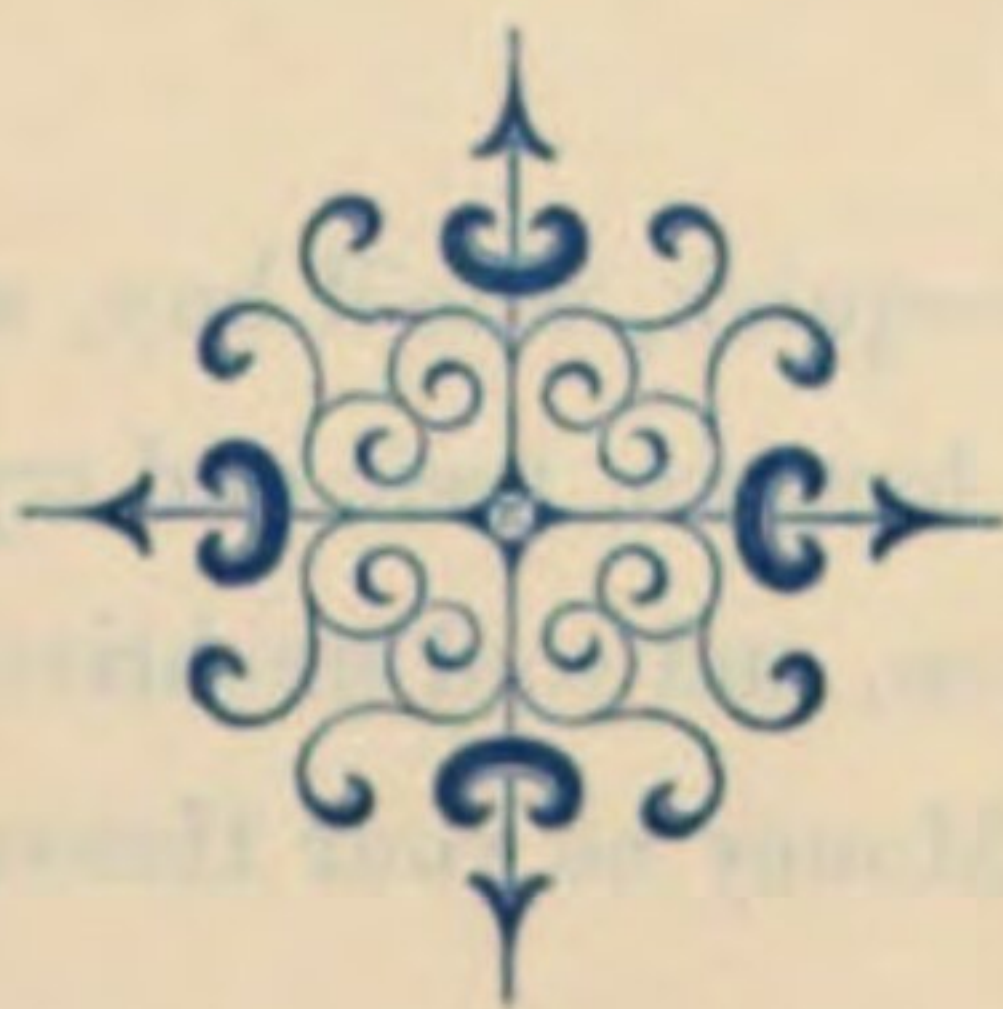
And if we can't earn bread *and* meat, we 'll be content with either,—

For you and I are Working men,

And Working men we 'll be ;

And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—

The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !



Money!

Money saving, money spending,
Money losing, money lending,
Money gaining, money giving :
Glorious object ! Noble living !

Money saved, money spent,
Money lost, money lent,
Money gained, and money lusted ;
What a waste of talents rusted !

Money !—who shall count its cost ?
Money,—for the Future lost,
Money,—for the Past turmoiling,
Money,—for the Present toiling !

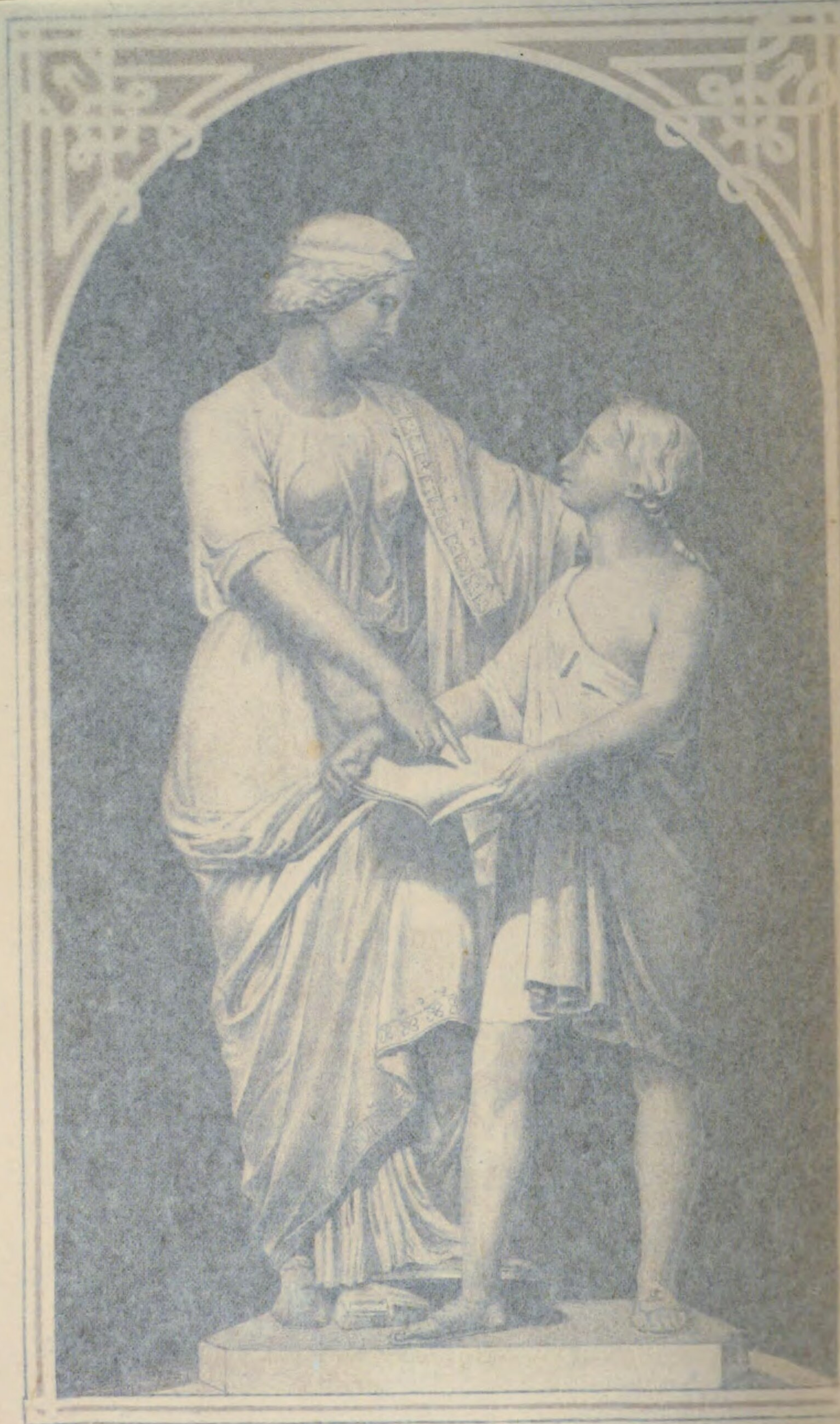
Money !—quick, who'll buy, who'll buy ?
Here's a bargain, taste and try !
Body worn, and soul unshriven,
Money, Money be your Heaven !



Maclure, Macdonald & Macgregor Lith. London.

ALFRED AND HIS MOTHER.

From a Group by Thompson.



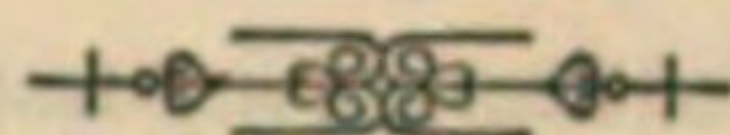
W. H. M. M. & Co. London

ALFRED AND HIS MOTHER

From a Group by Thorneycroft

The Great Alfred:

A Familiar Narrative of His Life and Times.



"What makes a Hero?—An heroic mind
Expressed in action, in endurance proved."——*Taylor.*



AFTER the lapse of a thousand years,—with all their changes and chances, their wisdom, and their folly, their good and evil,—the mighty Anglo-Saxon family still looks back to one bright star in the deep drear distance,—to one unsullied name shining through the vista of past ages,—one man wise, and just, and good, their founder, and their father,—THE GREAT ALFRED.

Great indeed he was, if the deliverance of a nation from impending and fast-approaching ruin,—if the establishment, or at least the adaptation of free institutions and equitable laws among a divided, and as yet semi-barbarous people,—if the promotion of religion, and the cultivation of learning (parent and nurse of civilisation) be the actions of a *great*, as well as of a *good*, man. Great indeed he was, if indomitable courage, indefatigable labour, and splendid success in achieving the welfare of his subjects, adorned by an ardent love of literature, and hallowed by sincere piety and holy trust in God, can entitle any one to this distinctive epithet.

The reign of Alfred, though it embraced a period of scarcely thirty years, is unquestionably the most important era in the history of our country during the six hundred years which elapsed between the landing of the Saxon invader in 449, and that of the Norman conqueror in 1066; and a thorough knowledge of his conduct and policy would enable us to understand fully the nature of the Anglo-Saxon rule during this interval; for it was his *valour and prudence* which mainly contributed to establish the independence of the throne

he occupied ; and it was, for the most part, his *wisdom and sagacity* which moulded into shape those customs and laws which, originally transplanted from the rude forests of Germany to the fertile plains of Britain, and slightly modified there by the remains of Roman prudence and experience, formed the basis of English jurisprudence, and which, in fact, still constitute a large portion of the *common law* even now administered in our Courts.

The history of this reign, therefore, presents many points of peculiar interest to us, who inherit from the Saxon blood which flows in our veins, many traits in our national character, and derive from Saxon institutions many ingredients in that mixed constitution under which we have achieved our national greatness. It would be presumptuous in me to expect that my limited information, derived for the most part from sources open to all, will enable me to throw any fresh light upon this important subject,—a subject which, to use the words of Gibbon, is at once “familiar to the most illiterate, and obscure to “the most learned.” I can only hope that a simple narrative, accompanied with a few plain and obvious reflections, may not prove altogether uninteresting, and may be accepted as a discharge of the task I have undertaken.

And, first, I would ask you to take with me a brief and general view of the early fortunes, and existing condition of the country which Alfred was called upon in the course of events to govern,—that fair ground in which, by the merciful Providence of God, our lot has fallen to us in these latter days.

Now, although a multitude of fables have descended to us, attributing the first colonisation of our Island to various sources,—to the Egyptians, for instance, to the Trojans, or to the Spaniards,—and recording the names and actions of a complete series of British kings, from the very first dispersion of mankind, we can hardly be said to possess anything worthy the severe dignity of History, prior to the time of the Roman invasion. If we accept the tradition handed down to us by Cæsar, and stamped with the authority of Tacitus, this country was first peopled by a colony from the neighbouring shores of Gaul,—a Celtic people, the ancestors of the existing Irish, Highland Scotch, and Welsh, and descended from the *first* of the three great streams of colonisation, which flowed from the Eastern nursery of mankind ; as the Teutonic tribes of Germany, which afterwards possessed it ; the parents of the English, Danes, and Normans, were from the *second*.

The Ancient Britons were a bold and vigorous race, inured to hunger, cold, and hardship,—knowing few wants, and ambitious of no superfluities,—strangers alike to the luxuries and to the arts of civilised life. A scanty traffic with the Phœnicians, whose enterprise conducted them to our shores in search of the metals which they so abundantly supplied, or a precarious voyage in their wicker vessels to the parent coast of Gaul, formed their only communication with foreign nations. And yet, unpolished as they were, and little known, for want of a contemporary historian or poet to hand down the recollection of their

deeds to succeeding generations, there must have been greatness even in their barbarism. Time has yet spared some relics of that early period, to speak to us of those who then occupied our places. We may smile, indeed, as we examine the simple implements, which have been disintombed from their *barrows*; but the traveller gazes with wonder, not unmixed with awe, and the antiquary with curious perplexity, upon the gigantic circle of Stonehenge, the stupendous masses of a *Cromlech*, and the tottering but nicely-balanced stones of a *Logan*; while we all look back with becoming pride upon the noble stand which the barbarian warriors of Britain made in defence of their land and their liberty, against the disciplined veterans of Rome, directed by the military talents, and animated by the successful fortunes of him, who did—

“Bestride this narrow world like a Colossus;”

and who,—wherever his ambition led his victorious legions,—came, and saw, and conquered. That stand, indeed, was made in vain; for more than four hundred and fifty years the independence of Britain was absorbed in the mighty Empire of Rome; and the enduring remains of their walls, their roads, and their fortifications still attest the genius of this extraordinary people, in providing for the security and government of the nation they had reduced beneath their yoke. But the energies and virtues of a people are sure to languish under a condition of servile dependence. Trusting no longer to their own arms for defence, and accustomed to obey the will of a master where their ancestors had been wont to act only for themselves, the Britons gradually became corrupted by the vices and enfeebled by the luxuries of the Romans; and when the impending ruin, which threatened the proud metropolis of the Western world, compelled Honorius to withdraw his legions from the distant provinces of the Empire, they were left exposed to the attacks of their rude neighbours, the Picts and Scots, who poured down upon them from the hills of Caledonia; and, embarrassed by an independence which they knew not how to use, they lamented the recovery—no less bitterly than they had once mourned the loss—of that freedom which they now found themselves unable to defend. In vain did they entreat from their former masters the aid, which neither the Consul Ætius, nor the Emperor Valentinian, themselves trembling before the approach of Attila, were able to afford them.

In the year 449, the vices, or the misfortunes, of Vortigern their king, had brought their miserable condition to a crisis. They turned from the Romans to the barbarians for assistance, and the Saxons, encouraged by their sooth-sayers, gladly yielded to an invitation which, they were assured, laid open to them the plunder of a rich and fertile land for a hundred and fifty years, and the quiet possession of it for double that period.

Under the general name of Saxons are comprised the inhabitants of three distinct but contiguous districts, once known as the Cimbrian Chersonese, and

which have since formed the mainland of the present kingdom of Denmark. Of these, the Saxons, properly so-called, occupied Holstein; the Angles Sleswick, and the Jutes, a part of Jutland. Dwelling over against the Eastern shores of Britain, and accustomed, from their maritime position and their hardy mode of life, to brave the dangers of the ocean, the Saxon hordes had in former times made various piratical incursions upon our island; and the necessity of guarding against the savage insolence of these barbarians had not been overlooked by Roman precaution. One of the chief officers of their government held the title of Count of the Saxon Shore; and of the eight provosts under his command, two had been stationed on a coast so exposed to attack as was that of Norfolk; one at Branodunum, or Brancaster; and another at Garianonum, the remains of which give interest and a name to the village of Burgh.

But now those who had been so long watched and feared as enemies were invited as allies, and in the year I have just mentioned, three vessels discharged the first band of Saxon adventurers, under Hengist and Horsa, on the Isle of Thanet. Their arrival reanimated the courage of the Britons. The Scots and Picts, who had extended their ravages almost unopposed as far as Stamford, were defeated in a great battle near that place, and were driven back by their conquerors beyond the wall of Antonine. The fertility of the island into which they had been so strangely introduced, and the weakness of its natural defenders, determined the Saxons to fix here their permanent abode; and for many years after the landing of Hengist, the Cimbrian Chersonese continued to pour forth its hardy sons to take possession of the pleasant land, to which, from the designation of one of their tribes, they gave the name of *Anglen-land*, or *England*.

The Britons discovered too late the misfortunes in which their timid policy had involved them, and now exerted in vain that courage which, had it been aroused at an earlier period, might have secured the independence of their country. After a contest which lasted for eight years, Hengist had acquired possession of the whole of Kent, and assumed the title of King; and the other Saxon provinces, for we can hardly call them kingdoms, were established in rapid succession—Sussex by Ælla, in 490; and Wessex, subsequently the most powerful state of the Heptarchy and the foundation-stone of the British Monarchy, by Cerdic, in 519. It was in the struggle which the Britons long maintained with this powerful and prudent chief, that those deeds of heroism were achieved, which, exaggerated in the fantastic romances of former days, and adorned by the genius of Scott in our own, have rendered the name of King Arthur and his knights familiar to us all. Too feeble, however, were the heavy blows dealt by his good sword Excalibar, and vain was the prowess of Morolt and Mordred, of Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot de Lac. Cerdic slowly but surely stretched his dominions from the confines of Sussex till he had

extended them to the counties of Somerset and Devon. Offa landed upon this eastern shore in 575, and founded the throne of the East Angles. The subjugation of Essex followed, and of Mercia, that vast central district of the kingdom from the coast of Lincolnshire to the marches of Wales, which embraced within its limits no fewer than sixteen of our present counties. At an early period of the Saxon invasion, and while the defence of their British allies against the Scots was their ostensible object, a colony had, by their advice, been planted in the North, between the walls of Severus and of Antonine; and these having now received a large reinforcement under Ida, that chief assumed the title of King of Bernicia, the territory which lies between the Tyne and the Frith of Forth—and Ælla at the same time made himself master of the more Southern district, between the Tyne and the Humber, which received the name of Deira; these two provinces, sometimes united under one chief and sometimes divided between two, formed the kingdom of Northumberland, and the Heptarchy was completed.

Of the Britons many in sad despair had fled into Gaul, now called by its Frankish conquerors, France, where they colonised the district of Armorica, which is still known as the province of Brittany; others existed in a state of servitude to Saxon masters; and the remnant maintained themselves as an independent people under their native Princes, and retained possession of the Western coast of their former kingdom, from the Land's End to the Frith of Clyde.

In a confederacy, if confederacy it may be called, so loosely constituted as was the Saxon Heptarchy, the more powerful states would, in course of time, naturally and necessarily absorb the weaker—where primogeniture conferred no inherent title to the crown, but each descendant of the royal house was considered eligible to fill the vacant throne, disputes concerning the succession would frequently occur, which would compel or invite the interference of a powerful and ambitious neighbour. Bernicia and Deira were constantly struggling for the supreme power in Northumberland, while the four smaller provinces gradually lost their independence; and the varying fortunes of war, or the event of unscrupulous policy and sometimes of murderous treachery decided to which of the great principalities, whether Wessex or Mercia, they should severally be subject.

At the commencement of the ninth century Egbert ascended the throne of the former kingdom. His virtues fostered under the stern discipline of adversity, and his valour matured in the warlike court of Charlemagne, he was eminently qualified to direct the storm which was now shattering the Heptarchy to annihilation. Received with cheerful obedience, and supported with ready valour by his own subjects, he had little difficulty in compelling the Britons of Devonshire and Cornwall to submit to his authority, and scarcely more in humbling the pride of Mercia; while the chiefs of Northumberland,

weakened by mutual strife, offered no opposition to his progress beyond the Humber, but at once acknowledged him as their Sovereign. His success in thus placing himself at the head of the whole nation has caused, and, perhaps, entitled him to be styled *the first Monarch of England*. It might, possibly, be more correct to regard him as a *feudal Suzerain*, to whom a number of powerful and almost independent vassals were compelled to do homage, rather than disposed to yield obedience. But Egbert was a warrior rather than a statesman, and did nothing towards consolidating his conquests by a uniform code of laws, or by the general establishment of institutions which should unite in one commonwealth the whole body of his subjects. The commencement of this great work was destined for a more cultivated understanding, and a more commanding genius than his, its completion was reserved for quieter and more civilised times.

The union which Egbert achieved lasted only so long as his own power continued to control it. The rulers of Northumberland and of Mercia retained the title of King and exercised their power without much regard to the rights which they had been forced to cede to the crown of Wessex. Even Alfred, in his will, styles himself King, not of *England* but of the *West Saxons*, and it was rather the violence of the Danes than the victories of Egbert, which obliterated the still remaining boundaries of the Heptarchy, and finally united its distracted provinces under the government of the sons of Cerdic.

The death of Egbert in 836 consigned the guidance of this disjointed monarchy to the feeble hands of his son Ethelwolf, a prince who, in early life, and at a time when the prospect of his succession appeared improbable, had been destined to the service of the Church, and whose quiet virtues and inactive disposition seem to have qualified him rather for the cloister than the crown.

Ethelwolf had married Osberga, a descendant like himself of the royal house of Cerdic ; and of the four sons who survived their father, and in turn succeeded to the throne of Wessex, Alfred, born in the year 849, was the youngest. It was his misfortune to be deprived in his earliest infancy of his mother's care, and the superintendence of his education was entrusted to Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, whose name is familiar to us all as the patron of a rainy summer. To the early intercourse which was thus established between St. Swithin and his illustrious pupil, may probably be traced those deep religious impressions which so powerfully actuated the great Alfred through the future course of his life ; but certainly his education, in the restricted meaning of the term, would seem to us to have been strangely neglected, since we know that at twelve years of age he was unable even to read. But knowledge was not at that time considered necessary as a royal accomplishment, and Alfred did not grow up more ignorant than his elder brothers had done before him. In the intellectual cultivation of his mind, he

probably owed much to two journeys which he made to Rome,—one in the fifth year of his age ; when Ethelwolf, whose partial fondness for his youngest son prompted him with the desire of constituting him his successor, sent him, attended by a numerous train of nobles, to receive royal unction from the hands of Pope Leo IV. Two years afterwards, in company with his father, he again visited that celebrated city, the tomb and the monument of so many glories ; and, on their return, they passed some time at the Court of France, which Charlemagne had rendered the school of manners and the nursery of chivalry. Here Ethelwolf, now declining fast into the vale of years, contracted a marriage with Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bold, and gave to his favourite son a mother who was destined to imbue his mind with that love of literature and desire for mental cultivation, in which he stands pre-eminent among the Sovereigns of his age. Captivated by the illuminations which adorned a MS. of Saxon poems, he eagerly embraced the offer which the queen had made, to bestow the volume upon whichever of her sons should first acquire the ability to read it. His brothers, the eldest of whom, Ethelbald, had now ascended his father's throne, scorned the reward, as disproportioned to the task. Alfred soon achieved it, and thus *entered* the temple of learning ; but he possessed not the key to unlock its treasures. They were as yet concealed beneath the majestic language of ancient Rome, and we find him lamenting in after-life to his friend and biographer Asser, that in all the extensive kingdom of Wessex, he could not at that time find a teacher competent to guide him in the study of the Latin tongue.

The youngest, as has been said, of the four sons of Ethelwolf, Alfred had little prospect of succeeding, in the course of nature, to the throne ; and ambition, which might have tempted him in those troublous times, as it had tempted his elder brothers during their father's life time, had as yet presented no charms to his quiet spirit. He even acquiesced with patience in the injustice which had robbed him of the ample provision made for him by his father's will ; and in the pleasures of the chase, or the pursuits of learning, so far as he was able to follow them, the later years of his nonage passed tranquilly away, in spite of the perplexities and alarm which then disturbed the realm. His brothers Ethelbald and Ethelbert had each of them occupied the throne but for a few short and turbulent years, and on the death of the latter in 866, Ethelred had succeeded to the *sword of the Chieftain*, rather than to the *sceptre of the Monarch* of the West-Saxon kingdom. It was now that Alfred was brought prominently forward upon the stage of life ; and we must pause in his history to notice the origin of those troubles to which I have alluded—*the irruption and ravages of the Danes*.

Under the general appellation of the Danes, the historians of the period with which we are engaged, describe the natives of Norway, Sweden, and the Islands of the Baltic. These, like their near neighbours in the Cimbrian

Chersonese, who had peopled Britain four hundred years before, were members of that great Teutonic race which was destined to occupy the seats of Roman power, when the fall of that gigantic empire had completely changed the social features of Europe, and which, under various names—as Goths, or Visigoths, or Franks,—as Anglo-Saxons, Danes, or Normans,—ravaged, conquered, and settled on every coast, from the White Sea to Sicily. These tribes were, it would appear, of one original stock,—one people, in fact, in the spirit of their religion, laws, institutions, manners, and languages, and this may account for the easy gradations by which, when one branch of this great family had intruded upon the settlements of another, as the Normans did upon the Franks, and the Danes upon the Anglo-Saxons, they became united together in the bonds of national association, when the mutual strife, consequent upon the invasion, had been in some measure appeased. It may be observed, in illustration of this remark, that the Danes, formidable and hateful as they were, became much earlier and much more completely amalgamated with the English, than the English with the Welsh. These various tribes, however, existed in very different states of civilisation; and the Danes or Northmen of the ninth century were, if possible, still more rude and barbarous than the Saxons had been, when they first landed in Britain in the fifth. Rome had bequeathed many of her enduring institutions to be engrafted upon the more simple customs of the Teutonic race which succeeded her, and much of her splendid literature to enlarge and form the minds of such as should have the taste and the ability to employ it. But of these, as well as of the humanizing influences of Christianity, the savage Northmen were altogether ignorant. Their history a continuous narrative of mutual invasions and mutual reprisals,—their literature a multitude of rude ballads or extravagant traditions, recording the actions of their national heroes; and their religion a mere deification of cruel valour, they had everything to excite and nothing to restrain the natural fierceness of their disposition. Remote from countries further advanced in civilisation, they had no model by which to reform their savage manners. Dwelling along a vast extent of coast, where the scanty tillage of a narrow tract barely sufficed to yield the necessaries of life to its inhabitants, they seemed destined by nature to become the pirates they are described; driven by necessity to seek on the waves of their own iron-bound coast the simplest luxuries, which the marshes and forests of the interior refused to supply.

The division both of their main land and of their islands into a multitude of independent provinces, each under its own petty Sovereign, was a fruitful source of mutual jealousies, animosity, and strife. To this division and subdivision of their territory, must be traced the rise of that extraordinary order of men, *the sea Kings of Scandinavia*, whose history is full of the wildest and most romantic adventure, and whose actions wrought so many revolutions in the more settled countries of Europe. In a country which recognised so many

independent princes, the number of those who boasted royal birth was, of course, infinitely extensive. To these the sea offered the only theatre of renown—the only path to empire—almost the only means of subsistence. It was a law or custom of the Northmen to select one male descendant of the royal house to remain at home, the heir of his father's sovereignty; and while the empty title of King was conceded to the rest, the turbulent waters of the ocean was the only appanage assigned them—their ships were their only palace—their crew their only subjects—their wealth that only which they could win by their own swords. But the dominion of the sea was not very strictly guarded as a royal prerogative. Each powerful subject who could equip a vessel and muster a crew professed himself a *vikingr* or *pirate*, and embarked in a mode of life which promised at once wealth, adventure, and renown. The young were regularly trained to the exercise of this kind of plunder, which began to be considered the most honourable as well as the most successful road to fame, and fortune, and independence. The creeks and bays of the Baltic swarmed with the vessels of these piratical Neptunes; constantly would they descend upon some unguarded coast and retire loaded with spoil, clothes, cattle, slaves, everything, in fact, that they could seize upon and transport to their ships. Often, when wearied of a roving life, or tempted by opportunity, would they occupy the territory of some less powerful potentate and drive him forth to take their place upon the ocean, and to win, if he could, from another a new kingdom by the same means by which he had been deprived of his own. Fire and sword and a long train of horrors accompanied the approach of these desperate marauders, while the groans of the dying and the lamentations of the captive followed their retreat. How fearful, then, was the visitation when their ill-omened prows first touched the shores of Britain! For centuries their operations had been very much confined to the coasts of their own Scandinavia; they had not ventured, or they had not needed, to seek the plunder of more distant lands, while spoil or settlement remained to be secured upon the continent or islands of the Baltic. But, in the course of time, as their numbers or their ambition increased, the more adventurous among them extended their enterprise to other countries; and Scotland, England, and France, began to experience their depredations.

A small body first landed in Sussex towards the close of the eighth century—in the year 787—and this attack was followed by two others upon the coast of Northumberland a few years later. The last of these, however, was unfortunate; their ships suffered much in a storm, and of the Danish adventurers themselves, many were put to death by the people into whose hands they had fallen. This reverse seems to have deterred them, for some time, from again attacking our coast; and for the space of forty years the Anglo-Saxons remained unmolested by these furious marauders.

But, in the mean time, there had arisen among the sea kings of the Baltic

a leader, whose skill and perseverance was destined to conduct them to far more ambitious, and far more important, enterprises than any they had yet attempted, and whose miserable fate, a few years afterwards, was the cause of unnumbered woes to England—shook the throne of Alfred to its foundation—gave the Danes a permanent settlement on a large portion of his territory—and eventually led to the establishment of a Northern dynasty, for four generations of kings, upon the seat of the royal Cerdic. The individual to whom I allude was *Regnar Lodbrog*, of royal lineage and himself the Sovereign of one of the Danish Islands, probably of Zealand, the most important of them all. He had been expelled from his throne by the neighbouring King of Jutland, and was driven, after the fashion of his countrymen, to achieve for himself new fortunes on the bosom of the deep; but his ambition was of a more towering character than had yet animated the breast of a Northern Vikingr, and it was no petty reprisal upon some insignificant potentate of the Baltic that he meditated. That inland sea, moreover, had now become a less fruitful field than it was wont to be to the piratical enterprises of the sea Kings. Most of the habitable portions of its coast had now been seized upon by successive invaders, and were closely watched and stoutly defended; while the more powerful Sovereigns of Scandinavia, anxious to consolidate their dominion by annexing the territories of inferior princes to their own, began to encourage law and order, and to discountenance piracy and rapine. It was therefore to distant lands that Regnar Lodbrog looked as the theatre of his future operations, the source of his future wealth, and possibly as the seat of his future empire. He was eagerly joined by the most renowned of the Vikingrs whom he led successively and successfully to Friesland, to Flanders, and to France. He dictated terms and exacted tribute in the very streets of Paris, and even the waters of the remote Mediterranean were ploughed by his adventurous keel. In England, he, or his companions, caused those troubles which embittered the reign of Ethelwolf, and rendered that of his two immediate successors a continual scene of strife. London and Canterbury had been plundered and burnt, and the audacity of the invaders had so far increased by the success which, notwithstanding many defeats and many misfortunes, had attended them, that, departing from their usual system of warfare, (a hasty attack and precipitate retreat,) they began to take up their winter quarters upon the Island and to give no rest to its inhabitants. Towards the close of the reign of Ethelbert, or at the commencement of that of Ethelred, the career of Regnar was terminated by a most cruel death, inflicted by Ælla, King of Deira, into whose hands he had fallen. We shudder as we read of the tortures to which he was exposed, cast into a narrow dungeon swarming with venomous reptiles, and left to expire of the wounds which they occasioned. His *quida*, or death song, is still extant, attributed to himself but composed probably by his widow, to stimulate the vengeance of his sons and kinsmen. It presents

us with one of the most ancient specimens of Northern literature. He recounts in it the actions of his adventurous life, glories in the dangers and strife through which he had passed, and meets death exulting in the savage pleasures which awaited him in the halls of Vithris, and calling upon his children to avenge his fall.

The feelings, which had before been stimulated only by the desire of plunder, were now exasperated to madness by the thirst for revenge. For the prompt gratification of this absorbing passion, all their mutual feuds were appeased, and all other objects of ambition renounced. The sons of Regnar were joined by auxiliaries from every coast and island of the Baltic; eight kings and twenty earls devoted themselves and their dependents to the cause, an immense armada was collected, and set sail shortly after the accession of Ethelred. It was upon the coast of East Anglia that the storm first descended. There the Northmen passed the winter, collecting provisions and concentrating their forces, which were placed under the command of Ingwar and Hubba. With the earliest approach of spring, their fury was directed against the offending kingdom of Deira. A cruel retaliation was inflicted upon the murderer of Regnar: the sceptre of Northumberland, which Egbert had left in the hands of its feeble princes, was broken, and its dominion passed under the power of its ruthless invaders. From York they dispersed themselves over the whole of the Eastern portion of the kingdom. A brave but ineffectual stand was made against their advance into the fens of Lincolnshire, where the little village of Threkingham points out the tomb of three of the pirate sovereigns of the Danes. The smoking ruins of Croyland, Peterborough, and Ely,—the murder of Edmund, near Thetford, and the overthrow of the East Anglian kingdom, bore melancholy testimony to the rapidity and fury of their progress. Unchecked they marched from Norfolk to attack the power of Wessex, and took up their quarters near the town of Reading. A bloody and well-contested engagement soon afterwards ensued, in which the valour and impetuosity of Alfred were conspicuously displayed, and the Danes, completely routed, were forced to retire to their encampment. The gigantic figure of a horse, the heraldic device of the Saxons, cut in the turf which covered the chalk hills extending from the neighbourhood of Wantage towards Wiltshire, and which, (carefully preserved, even to this, our day, is visible at the distance of many miles,) still gives the name of *the Vale of the White Horse* to the contiguous district, is supposed to have been the memorial of the victory of *Æscesdun*, or Ash-tree hill. Two other battles shortly followed, in which the Danes had the advantage; and in the latter of these Ethelred received a wound, of which he soon afterwards expired.

Ethelred had succeeded to the tottering throne of Wessex, notwithstanding an elder branch of his family existed in the children of Ethelbert, of whom Alfred makes mention in his will, and to whom he bequeathed much of his

property. But the necessities of the time rendered the law or custom of succession very arbitrary. The nobles and counsellors of the kingdom claimed the right, or at least exercised the power, of investing with supreme authority that member of the royal house, whom they deemed best qualified to exert it for the benefit of his subjects. The tender age of the children of Ethelbert unfitted them for the command of armies, or the conduct of affairs at such a crisis, and the Witenagemot at once looked to Alfred, himself but two-and-twenty years old, as the only scion of the stock of Cerdic capable of sustaining the weight of the crown. It was not without much reluctance that he assumed the honourable but heavy burden ; and the year of his accession, 871, was rendered memorable by nine fiercely-contested battles with the Danes.

Though the manes of Regnar Lodbrog might now have been appeased by the terrible vengeance which his sons had inflicted ; though the torrents of hostile blood, which had now been shed, might have sufficed to quench his savage thirst in the Valhalla of Odin, the Northern invaders manifested no disposition to quit the island which they had so extensively ravaged. On the contrary, fresh hosts were continually arriving. Ambition was beginning to act as powerfully upon them as revenge, and they evidently contemplated establishing a permanent settlement, and driving out the Saxons, as the Saxons had before expelled the Britons. Nor did there appear at present any prospect of their being successfully opposed. The conquest of Northumberland, which was occupied by Ingwar, the murder of Edmund in East Anglia, and the flight of Burrhed from the throne of Mercia, had already put them in possession of the whole country north of the Thames. Wessex alone offered any effectual resistance, and that resistance availed only to impede, it could not arrest their progress ; and it was gradually waxing weaker. From Wilton, where Alfred had found them encamped, after the death of Ethelred, they had advanced to Wareham, and from thence had moved on to Exeter. The fleet, which the prudence of the king had equipped, to check as far as possible the arrival of fresh foes upon the southern coast, had met with some success, and the Saxons, though sorely harassed, were not yet completely defeated. A stern necessity, or a doubtful policy, had induced Alfred to endeavour to gain by negociation some intervals of repose, which the active hostility of the invaders allowed him not to achieve by force of arms. They were ready enough to accept the gifts which he offered, and to enter into the engagements which he imposed ; but no reliance could be placed on their fidelity ; they recognised no obligations but the dictates of their own impetuous will ; and their system of warfare, the devastation of every tract which they occupied, prevented their long remaining stationary in any place. As treacherous as they were cruel, promise after promise was broken, oath after oath was violated ; and after the conflict had been maintained, with varying success, for six years after Alfred's accession, Fortune seemed, as it were, about to decide it finally in favour of the Danes.

We now approach that dark period in the life of Alfred, when, a fugitive from his throne, the spirits of his army broken, and the confidence and affection of his nobles alienated from him, he was compelled to assume a mean disguise, and to conceal himself alike from his Saxon subjects and his Northern foes. It has been usual to ascribe this sad reverse in his fortunes altogether to the cowardice, the treachery, or the despair of his own people; and, were it wished to represent our hero as that "faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," we might gladly accept this solution of the difficulty. But we may well allow the real greatness of Alfred to have been shaded by some human defects; and the unquestioned glories of his later years shine but the brighter when contrasted with the imprudences of his youth, though they cannot erase the record of them from the page of history.

The Danes, at the beginning of the year 878, had made a fresh inroad upon Wiltshire, and occupied the town of Chippenham. No battle is mentioned by the chroniclers of the time as having taken place there. The Saxons seem to have retired without striking a blow, and to have dispersed themselves some to France and others to such retired districts of the country as seemed to offer them the best chance of concealment and security. It was now that Alfred took refuge in a herdsman's cottage, and neither friend nor foe knew of his whereabouts. Asser, his friend and biographer, addressing his narrative to the King himself, and writing, as he declares, from the testimony of eye-witnesses who still survived, observes of the misfortunes which at this melancholy period of his history befel his royal patron, that they happened to the King *not undeservedly*, because, he adds, in as literal a translation as I can give of his words, because, at the beginning of his reign, while yet a young man and under the influence of a youthful mind, the men of his kingdom and his own subjects came to him and besought him for their necessities, and they who were pressed down by power implored his aid and patronage; but he was unwilling to hear them, neither gave he any assistance, but accounted them altogether as nought. St. Neot, he tells us, who was still alive and related to the King, was deeply grieved at his conduct, and pointed out the evils which he was bringing down upon his head; but Alfred paid no attention to the advice, and treated the warning with contempt; till a benignant Providence permitted him to be oftentimes afflicted by his adversaries and depressed by the disrespect of his subjects. If Alfred had rendered himself thus unpopular among his subjects, whose utmost zeal and readiness were necessary to enable him to oppose the Danes with success; and if the unfortunate result of his negotiations with those perfidious invaders had still further alienated their confidence from him, the consequences which followed, the breaking-up of his army and his own concealment, do not appear unnatural. We know that they were highly beneficial in their result. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and

in his retirement the great mind of Alfred had leisure, which his pious disposition prompted him to improve, to reflect upon the follies into which his arrogance, (produced probably but certainly not justified by conscious superiority,) had betrayed him; and to form those wise resolutions, and arrange those beneficent plans, which he afterwards so completely realised.

The spot to which the steps of the Royal fugitive had been directed was a small island, formed by the confluence of the rivers Thone and Parett, in Somersetshire. Almost inaccessible from the marshes among which it was situated, and offering few temptations to plunder, it afforded a welcome hiding-place to the unhappy Monarch. In this retreat he was at length discovered by some of his subjects, wanderers like himself; and when the news of his safety began to be spread abroad, he was gradually joined by others. The place, which received the name of Æthelingey, or Ethelney, *the Isle of Nobles*, seemed in many respects favourable, both for their own security and for the annoyance of the Danes who were scattered through the surrounding country. Here, then, Alfred determined to await the returning tide of fortune, and, having constructed a small fortification, he continued to occupy the island with his few adherents for some months, distressing his enemies and obtaining subsistence for himself by frequent excursions beyond its limits. And Fortune at length began to shine once more upon the destinies of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom. Oddune, the Earl of Devonshire, closely blockaded by the Danes in the fortress to which he had betaken himself upon that coast, had made, in despair, a furious and successful attack upon the besieging army. Hubba, the only surviving son of Regnar Lodbrog, was killed, and his standard, the magical raven, (which the daughters of that unfortunate sea King had woven with many an incantation when the avenging host had first set sail from Denmark, and which, for twelve years, had so often waved in triumph over the slaughter of the Saxons,) fell into the hands of the victors, and spread greater dismay through the ranks of the invaders than the fall of their leader or their own defeat.

It was now that Alfred determined to strike one vigorous blow for the recovery of his crown, and the emancipation of his people; and having, under the disguise of a harper, obtained an exact knowledge of the strength and position of the enemy, and discovered that they were quite unprepared for an attack, he sent secret messengers through the adjacent counties, and his nobles and people, dispersed abroad and suffering many hardships, gladly obeyed his summons to rally once more around his standard, and to meet him in the neighbourhood of Selwood Forest. About Whitsuntide, in the year 878, the great battle of Ethandune, or Eddinton, was fought, and the victory which crowned it was so decisive, the Danish power was so completely broken, that Guthrum, their Prince, and the remnant of his followers, gladly accepted the

easy terms which the wise and generous policy of Alfred imposed. A treaty was ratified, which secured for several years the peace and security of the country. The alliance was consecrated by the reception of the Danes into the Christian Church; and the province of East Anglia, which their former ravages had well-nigh depopulated, was assigned them as a residence. Here they settled, and becoming gradually accustomed to the usages and the comforts of civilised life, they not only lived at peace with their Saxon neighbours, but became a strong protection to the country against the future invasions of their own barbarous countrymen.

Peace being thus restored, the attention of Alfred was forthwith directed to consolidate the power he had acquired with so much difficulty and after so many dangers, by reducing to order the distracted elements of his kingdom. Whatever offence he might formerly have given to his subjects, everything was now forgotten but the wisdom, valour, and success with which he had exerted himself to effect their deliverance, and the delight which they experienced in feeling themselves at length relieved from the weight of those anxieties and fears with which the presence of the Danes had, for so many years, oppressed them. But we can easily conceive the fearful state of confusion, almost of anarchy, in which the whole kingdom had been plunged by the ravages of the savage Northmen. Almost every landmark of law, order, and religion had been swept away by the impetuosity of the torrent which had overspread the land; ruined towns, violated churches, wasted corn fields, a people relapsing into the barbarism from which they had but imperfectly emerged. Such were the objects which met the inquiring gaze of Alfred when he re-ascended his throne, and applied himself to re-edify the social fabric which had been so sorely shattered in the recent convulsion. A less powerful intellect, a less steadfast will, must have shrank in despair from the task before him; the difficulty of it did but stimulate the *Great Saxon* to unwearying exertions and unbending fortitude in working out the plans he had formed for the benefit of his people and the security and glory of his kingdom. "He scorned delights
"and lived laborious days," and by an accurate division of his time, which devoted two-thirds of it to the business of the state, and the service of God, he was able to accomplish in the few short years of life which were yet reserved to him, the complete restoration of liberty and law throughout the land; and to lay a firm and lasting foundation for the future greatness of England. His first care was directed to rebuilding the towns which the fury of the Danes had destroyed. Among his various accomplishments, he had acquired no little skill and taste in architecture, and his own knowledge and a sixth part of his revenue were devoted to the purpose. The most skilful artificers were invited from foreign countries to carry out his designs. London, which, though it had not yet become the metropolis of the kingdom, had always held a high rank among its cities, rose under his auspices from its ashes. Shaftesbury, Malmesbury,

and Norwich*, and many other places, began again to collect inhabitants within their walls. Buildings which had before been constructed almost entirely of wood were under his direction formed of brick ; and he endeavoured earnestly to impress upon his nobles the necessity of erecting castles of the same durable material, in different districts, not only as a residence for themselves, but as a defence against any future inroads that might be made upon the country. Though the policy which Alfred had adopted with regard to the Danes, after the battle of Eddinton, had had the effect of keeping those who were already in his kingdom quiet within their allotted boundaries, he was by no means secure against the piratical incursions of other hordes of the same people ; and he, accordingly, provided to repel any such attack, by establishing a general militia throughout the country. Freemen and proprietors of land among the Anglo-Saxons had, from the first, been trained to military service. Alfred now directed that every one capable of bearing arms should be duly registered in three divisions, and assigned to each a regular routine of duty, which they discharged by turn : one remained at leisure for the cultivation of the land,—another he distributed among the castles and fortifications that had been erected,—and a third was stationed at various places throughout the country, ready to act on any sudden emergency, and to concentrate their force at any point which might be attacked.

But it was not by this means alone that Alfred endeavoured to provide for the security of his kingdom. In his encounter with the Danes, at the commencement of his reign, he had experienced the advantage of meeting the sea kings of the North upon their own element. He fully recognised the truth of the ancient oracle, that *wooden walls* are the best defence of a country open to attack from the ocean, and began to turn his attention in earnest, now that he had time and opportunity, to the construction of ships, and the establishment of a large and effective naval force. Thus he became the founder of that vast element of England's power,—the pride and the protection of our land. In this undertaking, his treaty with the Danes afforded him some assistance, which he greatly needed. The Saxons, after their settlement in Britain, had disconnected themselves almost entirely from maritime affairs. The Danes of East Anglia now became their instructors in navigation, and many of the inhabitants of Old Saxony and of Friesland were persuaded by the inducements which Alfred held out, to settle in England, and to man his navy.

* There is a coin of Alfred's, which seems to intimate that he restored and rebuilt Norwich. It was first published by Speed, and has since been inserted in Sir Andrew Fountain's Tables. On one side is a head, which Mr. Walker and Sir Andrew seem to think belongs to Alfred, King of Northumberland, though it much resembles those of Alfred the Great published by Mr. Walker himself. On the reverse is a monogram, which Mr. Edward Thwaites, who wrote notes on those coins, ingeniously guessed to signify Civitas Northuicum. Now this seems plainly to prove that this cannot belong to Alfred of Northumberland ; for, as Mr. Camden well observes, Norwich was not a place of great consideration in his time. It is, therefore, more probable that Speed was in the right, and that this piece of money belongs to Alfred the Great, and refers to his restoring that city.—*Note in Biographia Britannica*, vol. i. p. 52.

Conscious, too, that commercial enterprise forms the best nursery for seamen, he began to encourage his subjects to embark in foreign trade, and himself fitted out various expeditions for the purpose of exploring regions as yet unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. Under his auspices, Ochter, a Norwegian, sailed along the coast of Norway and Lapland, and from the narrative of his adventures, which Alfred wrote down from his own dictation, he must have advanced through the White Sea as far as the mouth of the Dwina, and the site of the present town of Archangel. Wolfsten, a Saxon, returned about the same time with a report of his survey of the Baltic, which the king had directed to be made, perhaps with a view of retaliating upon the Danes in their own country some of the evils which they had inflicted upon England. To the distant continent of India he also sent, for the purpose of relieving, by his sympathy and his presents, a Christian community which he had been informed had existed upon the coast of Coromandel from the days of St. Thomas; and which, cut off almost entirely from communication with the rest of Christendom, was pining in solitude and distress. Sighelm, his ambassador, we are informed by William of Malmesbury, executed his commission with wonderful good fortune, for he penetrated into India, and returning from thence, brought with him jewels of a new kind with which that country amply abounds, some of which, he adds, might in his day still be seen among the treasures of the church of Sherborne.

The peculiar circumstances, which prompted Alfred to this last undertaking, place his character as a Christian in a most amiable and admirable point of view, and we may be sure that he whose compassion had been so strongly excited towards his distant brethren in the faith, would not neglect the interests of religion at home. When the barbarian hosts of Saxony had first settled upon our coasts, they had urged as furious and destructive a war against the religion, as they had against the government of the Britons; and the ancient Church of the island, originally planted there by Apostolic hands, had been driven with her children to the wilds of Cornwall and the mountains of Wales. The mission of Augustine, at the close of the sixth century (597), had been eminently blessed. The conversion of the Saxon potentates and their subjects advanced in rapid succession, and the priests of the ancient idolatry were sometimes the first to violate the altars which they had ignorantly served.

“ Prompt reformation works the novel lore;
The council closed, the priest in full career
Rides forth an armed man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the fane, which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned.”

Churches and monasteries,—the temples of religion, and the seats of learning,—began to rear their spires and turrets throughout the land, and

England became once more a Christian country. But the irruption of the Danes had well nigh again involved it in the darkness of heathenism. An unwarlike clergy excited their contempt, the treasures of religious houses stimulated their cupidity ; and the slaughter of the one, and the ruins of the other, marked their progress through the land. The Danes, however, had now been converted to Christianity. One great object of the various articles of the treaty by which Alfred had conceded the province of East Anglia to Guthrum and his followers, seems to have been to confirm them in the faith and practice of true religion. A heavy fine was imposed upon apostates ; divination, sorcery, and other errors, to which the Northmen were much addicted, were prohibited, and the observance of the festivals of the Church enjoined. But the establishment of his new converts was not the only point connected with religion which claimed the attention of Alfred. During the troubled years that intervened between the beginning of the career of Regnar Lodbrog and the conclusive victory of Eddinton, a generation had arisen among the rulers in Church and State, for the most part as rude and ignorant as the people over whom they presided. Alfred has himself left on record, that when he commenced his work of reformation, there was scarcely a clergyman on this side the Humber who could understand their daily prayers in English, or translate any letter from the Latin. He adds, there were not many beyond the Humber. They were so few, that probably there was not one single instance on the south of the Thames.

To remedy a state of things which, though not unnatural under the circumstances of the time, was certainly very melancholy, Alfred, as soon as he had restored in greater completeness and greater beauty the religious edifices throughout the country, began to place in them such of their former tenants as had survived in exile the troubles that had expelled them, and such learned men from other countries as he could induce to settle in England. Under their superintendence the education and qualifications of the clergy improved ; nor was the improvement confined to them ; he made it incumbent upon every freeholder who possessed two hydes of land to take care that his children should receive a liberal education ; and he compelled, moreover, the great officers of his court, and the earls and governors of every district, to qualify themselves for their places of trust by the acquirement of at least the rudiments of learning ; and so strictly did he enforce this order, that they were obliged to encounter all the difficulties with which their former habits, their age, and their prejudices had beset the paths of knowledge, rather than lose the station of dignity to which they had been elevated, as the King reminded them, not by inheritance but by God's gift and his own. It is very possible that these rude nobles themselves made no great progress in the unwonted pursuit of literature, but the regulation thus imposed upon them had this beneficial effect, at least—that it prompted them to provide that their children should be early and

properly instructed, and so escape the difficulties which they had themselves experienced in commencing late in life the task of education. In addition to the schools which he established in every monastery, he founded, or, if it may boast an earlier founder, (a more honourable one it could not have,) we may say he remodelled and enlarged the University of Oxford—establishing three Halls for the Professors of Grammar, Philosophy, and Divinity, and placing therein the most renowned scholars of the day. And that the revival of learning might not want the encouragement of his own example, and recollecting the obstacles which had opposed his own advance, he devoted as much of his time as he could to the translation of such books into the Anglo-Saxon language as he thought most useful, and adapted them to the wants and circumstances of his people. The Pastorals of Pope Gregory, the Histories of Orosius and of Bede, and the Treatise of Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy, thus appeared in an English garb.

The beneficial results of these labours soon became apparent; and the Monarch whose zeal and industry had worked this reformation, and who at the commencement of his reign had lamented with so much reason the low state, almost the extinction, of religion and knowledge among his people, was able before its close to rejoice in the belief, that every See was filled by a Prelate of zeal and learning, and every Church in England supplied with a competent Minister.

Nor had the general government of the country suffered less from the Danish invasion than had its religion and its literature. A fearful state of anarchy prevailed. The constant apprehension of attack had deranged the whole social system, and was beginning to throw back the Saxons into the barbarism of their ancestors. Uncertain to-day what their active and impetuous enemies might bring upon them to-morrow, each man lived as he could or as he would—heedless of the future, providing only for the present, careless of his neighbour, thinking only of himself. To correct the evils which had thus sprung up, as soon as the immediate cause of them was removed, to bring back his subjects under those restraints of law and order which had prevailed under the Princes of the Heptarchy, and to adapt those laws to the existing condition of the people, was an employment which engaged the attention and energies of Alfred when the pacification of the Danes and the establishment of his own authority enabled him to do so with success.

At an earlier period of his reign he had collected into one code, and had modified and improved by enactments of his own, the various laws which had been promulgated in former times by Ethelbert, in Kent; by Ina, in Wessex; and by Offa, in Mercia; and now with the view of bringing these to bear upon the practice of the whole body of the people, he caused a new survey of the kingdom to be made, remodelling the divisions which had before existed in the various provinces, making them nearly conterminous with the limits of our

present counties, and placing each under the government of its own Earl and Shirereve, or Sheriff. Every county he subdivided into three trythings, an arrangement which, though it has now very generally disappeared, may still be traced in the Ridings of Yorkshire, the Laths of Kent, and the Parts of Lincolnshire. These trythings were broken up into hundreds and the hundreds in tythings, comprising ten households. Each of these householders was responsible to the King for the behaviour of his own family, and all the ten were accounted mutual pledges for each other; so that, as every freeman who wished to enjoy the protection of the law was compelled to register himself in some tything or other, an offender was easily marked or easily discovered, and if he was suffered to make his escape the fine apportioned to his delinquency was levied upon the tything itself. Each of these divisions had its own officer and its own court, and in every county judges were appointed as assessors to the Earl, whose conduct in their high and responsible office Alfred watched with the utmost jealousy, severely rebuking any ignorance or carelessness which they manifested, and punishing with the greatest rigour any corruption of which they might be guilty. How far we may trace to the improvements which Alfred introduced into English jurisprudence, the institution of jurors, in the sense in which we understand their office, may no doubt be very fairly disputed. The custom of proving innocence, if not of detecting guilt, by the oaths of twelve or more compurgators, as they were called, was certainly familiar to the Saxons; and the laws of Alfred, by requiring that these persons should be of equal rank with the accused, assimilated the system in one respect at least to our modern practice of trying a man by his peers.

From the decision of the county courts an appeal lay to the King himself, and we are informed by Asser that he was sometimes employed both night and day in hearing and deciding the causes which were thus brought before him. To aid him in this part of his duty he constantly retained near his person a select body of advisers in whom he could place confidence, the origin of our Privy Council; and that these might not, by their attendance at court, neglect their own duties in the country, he divided them into three bodies who waited upon him in turn throughout the year. And for the enactment of such laws as it might be necessary from time to time to impose, he provided for the periodical meeting of the ancient Witenagemot, the assembly of wise men, which, though not a representative body, may be regarded as the Saxon Parliament, comprising the higher ranks of the Clergy, and the greater and lesser nobility, all in fact who possessed the qualification of five hydes of land. By these every matter involving the general welfare of the kingdom was discussed and decided, and the power of the Sovereign, without interfering with his prerogative, limited and controlled.

The result of Alfred's wise and prudent administration was as beneficial as his fond desire for his people's welfare could anticipate. Arbitrary power was

restrained; equal laws were equitably dispensed; a middle class, the best safeguard of a country against the tyranny either of the mighty or the mean, grew up in security, contentment, and intelligence; and while crime was so carefully repressed that it is recorded that golden bracelets were hung up by the road-side and no man ventured to touch them, this great King seems to have realized the maxim which he bequeathed in his will to succeeding generations, that "the English should for ever remain free as their own thoughts."

In the latter years of his reign he had ample opportunity of experiencing the beneficial effects of his wise regulations, and the perfect success of the measures he had taken for the defence of his kingdom against invasion. An attempt scarcely less formidable in strength or ability than that which had some years before all but destroyed the Saxon power, was made by Hæsten, or Hastings, in the year 893, and for four years the conflict was maintained with all the skill which that veteran warrior could bring to the assault. But, though assisted in some measure by the Danish settlers in East Anglia, he was unable to obtain any permanent advantage. His stratagems were prevented, his attacks were met at every point by the activity and perseverance of Alfred; and though so long and fierce a contest must necessarily have been productive of much anxiety and of many evils to the English, it terminated in a complete victory over their invaders, and the few remaining years of Alfred's life were suffered to pass away in peace and tranquillity.

At length, in the year 901, lamented by his friends whose affections he had conciliated by his generous kindness, his amiable temper, and his pious disposition; and bewailed by his people, whose best interests his wisdom had consulted, whose independence his valour had achieved, and whose liberty his prudence and sagacity had preserved, enlarged, and secured; this *great* man—*great*, whether we regard him as a warrior, a legislator, or a scholar—descended to the grave full of glory and ripe for immortality—comparatively young, if his age be reckoned merely by the lapse of years, but old indeed if his days be counted by what he had accomplished therein.

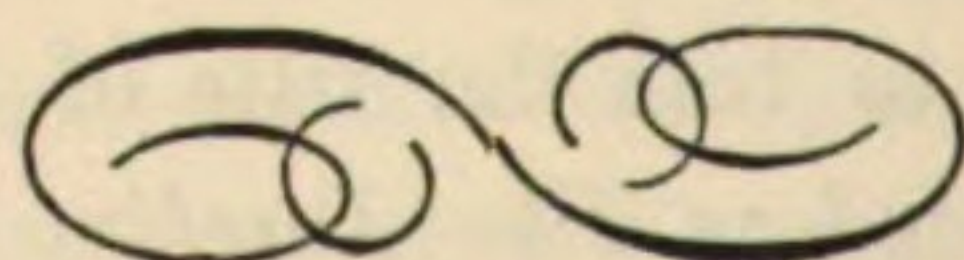
His memory will survive as long as the English name shall live in the records of this world's history—a name which, under God, he saved from annihilation, and which he first contributed to render famous in the annals of nations. Amid the many glories of later date which have surrounded her, our country may well look back with affectionate respect to the bright career of him who first established her throne upon the sure and solid basis of a nation's love. She may well concede to him the title of *The Great*, nor wonder that in his own days he was regarded as *The Darling of England—The Shepherd of his People*; while his example of steadfast resolution, untiring industry, and unfailing perseverance; his active discharge of his high duties, his watchful employment of his time, and, above all, his unaffected piety, may well be kept in view not only by those who, like him, are called to marshal armies and to

govern kingdoms, but by all in every occupation, in every station of life, who have duties, however humble, to perform, and responsibilities, however light, to discharge.

“ Thy true nobility of mind and blood,
 Oh, warlike Alfred! gave thee to be good—
 Goodness industrious made thee; industry
 Got thee a name to all posterity.
 'Twixt mixed hopes and fears, 'twixt joy and grief,
 Thou ever felt'st distress and found relief.
 Victor this day, next thou didst ne'er the less
 I' the field dispute thy former day's success.
 O'ercome this day, next day for all the blow
 Thou giv'st or tak'st another overthrow.
 Thy brows from sweat, thy sword from blood ne'er dry,
 What was to reign so, to us signify.
 The world cannot produce so much as one
 That through the like adversities has gone;
 Yet found'st thou not the rest thou soughtest here,
 But with a crown, Christ gives it thee elsewhere.”

One observation more and I have done. The royal blood of Cerdic, of Egbert, and of Alfred, survived the usurpation of the Danes and sank not in the ground on the fatal field of Hastings. It was recognised in the Empress Matilda, and transmitted from her through the families of Plantagenet, of Tudor, and of Stuart, still animates the heart and beats in the pulses of the Sovereign who now fills the throne of the *Great Saxon*. We rejoice in the belief that in Her, too, are displayed many of the virtues which adorned his crown and blessed his people—his love for his subjects, his zeal for the common good, his clemency, his beneficence, his piety. Can we frame a fairer wish for her honour or for our own than that, when ten centuries more shall have passed away, if the thrones and dominions of this world shall so long survive, they who shall then occupy our places may look back to our days with the same respect, gratitude, and affection with which we regard the times of Alfred, and may trace to the events of the nineteenth century the germ of as much solid and enduring good as we do to those which we have now been contemplating in the ninth?

B. Y.



The Cholera!



I.

Over the nations rings a solemn knell,
The mystic voice of fearful Providence!
It sweeps the main—the mountain—and the dell;
None view its march—its trace—the whither—whence—
A dark enigma, passing mortal sense;
A mystery no this world's wisdom reads,
A homily on human impotence!
A scourge—from which all mortal skill recedes—
And Science sinks dismayed, and help Almighty needs.

II.

It comes, a sudden pang of wild despair;
Wealth droops to sickness in a second's breath:
The Young, infected by the tainted air,
Cut and shrivel in the arms of Death!
Yet shall the courage of a Christian's faith—
A trust in Him whose mercy fills all space,
Whose watchful eye protects the earth beneath,
Whose guardian arm encircles Adam's race,—
Console the Christian heart and aid the Child of Grace.

In ancient time—if Homer's song be sooth—
 A plague the Grecian camp beleaguered round :
 It spared nor age, nor manliness, nor youth,
 But turned half Troas to a burial ground !
 The God of Battles, in his fury, frown'd
 Upon his people—such their fearful doom,
 And such the measure of their sore disgrace,—
 Day after day their sun went down in gloom,
 Despite of seer—and sage—and blood—and Veratamb !

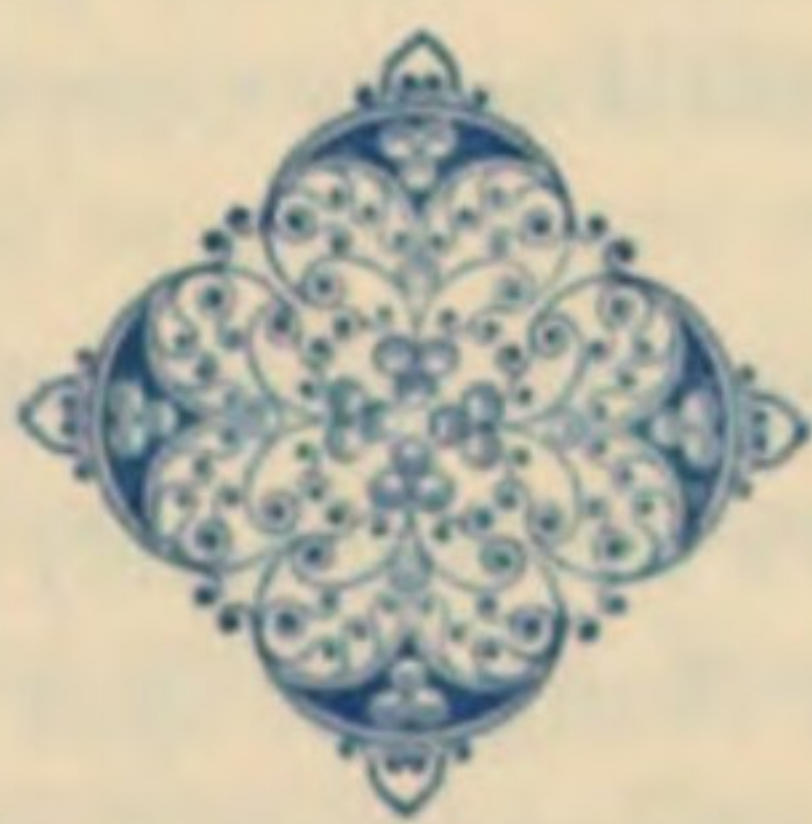
M.

And be not we self-righteous : God is just !
 Though pestilence be standing in the way—
 Due for our sins kept bright, while talents rust ;
 Due for the much we owe, the little pay ;
 The oft we err, the seldom that we pray !
 We need forgiveness for the present—past—
 And grace to meet a future judgment day !
 Hope, Christian, hope ; nor stand with fear aghast,
 Though Danger fills the air, and rides upon the blast !

V.

Though this be Judgment striding after Sin,
Sweet Mercy follows with her healing balm,
And bids you haste the robe of Joy to win ;
To wear the crown, and wield the conqueror's palm !
Go on in duty's constancy and calm,
Go on in doing all the good you may,
Speak to your own deep souls in prayer and psalm ;
And though it come anon,—that awful day,—
Ye shall be strong when Earth and Heaven have pass'd away !

J. G. W.



Soho !



Cool and sweet is the breath of the morn,
And dew-beads glitter on thistle and thorn ;
And linnets and larks are beginning to trill
Their psalm to the sun just over the hill,
And all things pleasant, and pure, and fair,
Bathe in the balmy morning air.

Hist ! the turf is under thy feet,
Over it, steadily,—sure and fleet !
Steadily, Wonder !—quietly now ;
Why, what a hot little fool art thou !
Wild and wanton !—it's very unkind
To leave poor Gael so panting behind ;—

Ho ! my greyhound ! Soho !—a hare !
Good dog : after her !—soft and fair ;
Off does she fly, and away does he bound,—
Glorious ! how we are skimming the ground !
Heels above head,—over she goes !
And Pussy squeals at my Greyhound's nose.

Home : hark back !—the games are done,
Though Cæsar's self has barely begun :
Look ! let him change the spur for the pen,
To hunt and to harry the hearts of men,—
Possibles do, and impossibles dare,
And gallop in spirit everywhere !

C.



Foreign Lucubrations & Home Reflections:

Sequel to

Ruminations of Travel.



“ Let all the ends thou aims't at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's.”



PREJUDICE AND PROGRESS.

ONCE more in our self-assumed character of Traveller, and with our self-imposed budget of “Sundry Ruminations,” do we meet the Readers of THE ANGLO-SAXON, with our least outlandish bow of salutation, and our best native greeting of respect. But to none of these readers do we bend more courteously, and none do we hail or greet more cordially, than such among the honoured number as in their own persons are neither greatly given to extensive travel nor far-rambling rumination. To no class of ladies and gentlemen in England or elsewhere, do we turn with more hearty congratulation, heightened it may be with a dash of unrancorous envy, than to those who having a home are homely enough to be at home and feel at home and stay at home, rejoicing, in short, in the possession and practice of all the airs and variations that may be played upon this our singularly-musical and exclusively-national monosyllable. To such happy domestic ladies and gentlemen, or as rough-hewn *Ultimus Saxonum* Cobbett would have said, to such home-bred English men and women, dwelling in their own land and among their own people, each as a little cherished focus of law and light and life within their own loved circle of contracted but contented circumference,—to such, if such indeed there be, for the intrusion of that syllabic wil-o'-the-wisp *content*, suggests that the whole clause

may be purely hypothetical,—to such, however, in the conditional tense, would we benevolently and advisedly suggest that they be by no means too prompt in theoretically undervaluing or practically casting aside for home use and consumption, till sure of something better, a sufficient stock of good, stout, substantial, warranted-to-wear, home-spun, reason-proof, national and corporate prejudices.

“ Well, now, I declare that’s very odd ! ” exclaims a young but valued authority, who happens to be glancing a pair of bright eyes over our page, “ that sounds very odd ; I thought your new ANGLO-SAXON was quite for “ enlightenment and progress, and all that ; and here you are beginning your “ second contribution with a sort of panegyric on Prejudice, or a prejudice in “ favour of prejudices—*you*, too, whom some of the critics, and other friends of “ ours, think quite, quite—too much the other way, you know.”

Excellently suggested and expostulated, trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor ; it sounds very odd, or seems very odd—“ a prejudice in favour “ of prejudices,” but let it sound or seem as it will, sounding and seeming are not settled articles of faith ; perhaps we entertain more prejudices than we get credit for,—or perhaps we wish we did, and regret we don’t,—or perhaps, at any rate, we shall get ourselves explained as we go on ; in the meanwhile, as one good turn deserves another, and the oddity of a prejudice startles thee, learn a talisman that in one word makes the odd even, *adopt* it, make the prejudice thine own, and heh—presto ! all oddity and difficulty are gone ; for prejudices have this peculiarity pre-eminent, that while belonging to others they appear odd and awkward, but once our own by parental adoption, and as in other cases of family transmutation, our own dear waddling bird, late an ungainly goose, turns out to ourselves and such as love us, a stately-shewing serenely-sailing swan, a rare “ *avis in terris*,” as birds go, both to gods and men.

Prejudice means by etymology (to go to the learned root of the matter) an opinion or judgment formed or adopted previous to examination, made beforehand, or received second-hand, whencesoever variously derived, whether by family inheritance or early education, or nursery inoculation, or animal magnetism, or by any of the more vulgar methods of adult acquisition,—such as buying, begging, borrowing, or appropriating. Now, it admits of no doubt whatever, that nine-tenths of all general opinions and conclusions arrived at in civilised society, are the result of some sort of taken-upon-trust appropriation from others, and by no means the consequence of our own individual elaboration or discovery, and this fact alone secures for prejudices that degree of respect and deference which is always paid to the rule in opposition to the exception, recognising as legitimate and divine the powers that be, the *Vox Populi Vox Dei*,—the voice of the many, the voice of truth, truth of course as in all other things enduring for and adapted to a transitory season, not absolute

but *relative*; true in relation to ourselves and others, according to the time, circumstance, and condition of an ever-moving world, of which we ourselves, each an individual and separate microcosm, are collectively an ever-shifting, changing, and self-adapting part and parcel. What are called common-place people,—*i. e.* people not original and eccentric, but imitative and concentric, are therefore clearly and beyond dispute the most weighty portion of the body social or politic, far more than compensating the absence of mental activity or unrest by the influence of numerical quantity, and the well-ordered effect of that momentum which mathematicians define as “mass multiplied into velocity,” and one need not be mathematical to know that a ship of a thousand tons moving five miles an hour impinges with a far heavier and more effective force than a twenty-four pounder ball winging its parabolic flight at twelve hundred.

Prejudice, then, we maintain to be in itself an element of human society, extremely respectable because eminently powerful, and, as a sequitur, of course indispensably essential and profitable to the calculated march or progress of our collective destiny, steadied and secured alone by this conservative temperament, this self-controlling principle, from rushing headlong into chaos, like some portentous planet bereft of centripetal attraction, or rattling itself to shivers in wild career, like a run-away locomotive without its regulator.

Happy, then, useful, and wise in his generation, he who having a home is homely enough to be at home, stay at home, and feel at home, in a well-defined, however limited, circle of principles, duties, affections, and interests of which he is himself the centre; a good husband and good everything else that the epitaphs charitably assert of our predecessors—a man whose opinions and judgments on all points separable from the great ineffaceable pandects of conscience, may be, perhaps, second-hand, superficial, supercilious, and short-sighted; a man who, in his public manifestations is mighty in vociferous cheers for this, and tremendous groans for that, who, in his private colloquies, proves himself hale and vigorous, though not vicious, in his sympathies and antipathies; such a good hater as the soul of Johnson loved, falling back upon the conclusive argument, “*hoc certe scio nec possum dicere quare*,” who, in religion finds all mysteries solved by a catechism or a commentator, in politics consults his club and follows his leader, in literature quotes his review, and should he dabble in science, mis-quotes his old edition of the Cyclopædia, while, in moot cases of casuistry, content to steer by the safe and steady light of a golden star in the zodiac, the central turning point of the prudential sign *Libra*, anglicè, “The Scales.” Yes, practically useful, respectable, healthy, and happy, may be, in his generation, such a man as this, perhaps, even as happiness and generations go, among the happiest of his race, making up in intensity of persuasion, confidence of conviction, and decision of purpose, what he may lack in clearness of vision, quickness of apprehension, and expansion of understanding, backed by warm sympathy, tormented by no doubt, harassed by no misgiving, puzzled by no

paradox, doubting nothing, asking nothing, knowing nothing, and of all things in heaven above or earth beneath, least doubting, questioning, or knowing his own bottomless ignorance; for as some unprejudicial philosopher in melancholy mood said, "our profoundest knowledge we may soon sound, but who shall fathom "the depth of his own ignorance," a sorry consummation, forsooth, of all earthly knowledge, or rather wisdom—a wise folly or a foolish wisdom it would seem to spend this brief-breathing never-recurring life of ours in learning with much ado about nothing, that we have learned nothing but our own nothingness. What a summing up of life, its origin, its duration, and its futurity does this unprejudiced and uncomfortable philosophy make of it, hear and ponder the words of its departing votary—

Fæde in mundum intravi,
Anxius vixi,
Perturbatus egredior,—
Causa causarum miserere mei!

"Ay, truly!" mutters another monitor from within, old "*hic et ubique*" in the cellarage, "a sorry summing and comfortless consummation in sooth, but "what have we to do with it, or such as it; for, in the first place, who told "thee it was consummation, or who taught thee to babble of thy body or bodies " (natural and spiritual) as brief-breathing and never-recurring,—spiritual "embodiments, that were and are, and are to be...embodied spiritualities that..." enough, enough! *ohé jam satis!* rest, rest, perturbed spirit, who hath disquieted thee to call thee up!—we are talking, thou dark remembrancer of an undiscovered bourne, of things less lofty than befits thy meddling, looking at things here and now as they are or seem to be, not peering into dim and cold futurity, with our long-sighted glasses on, but taking a near view of its present aspect in the way of quiet conscience, fire-side comfort, good fellowship, and household happiness; get thee gone for the nonce, another time and tone shall welcome thee to tell all and more than all thou dreamest of the future tense, till then we part to meet at Philippi.

In considering the zig-zag sort of advance made during different ages by the genus homo,—or, if we must not assume the fact of absolute advancement, let us alter the phrase, and say,—in tracing history's curiously involved curve of which Progress and Prejudice may stand for abscissa and ordinate, we find men nationally and individually travelling at all sorts of different paces, some running on ahead, and getting into trouble for their pains, some straggling and sideling this way and that, some pursuing quietly the even tenour of their way; others loitering or even stopping on the road, while some positively seem bent on elbowing their way back through the onward crowd to the great apparent hindrance and annoyance of the forward movement; these people are all variously classed under the heads of enthusiasts, radicals, reformers, conservatives, fanatics, bigots, &c., and each class comes in for its respective share of

hard adjectives at the hands of the rest, all exhibiting wonderful unanimity as allied forces on the one subject of mutual recrimination.

Yet after all, to a looker on, it is clear enough that this very discrepancy of pace and temper is the natural arrangement best adapted to the safety, welfare, and ultimate progress of the mass, as we see it exemplified in the march of a disciplined and warlike host, with its scouts, pickets, pioneers, vanguard, main army, baggage train, rearguard, and a whole bevy of stragglers, laggards, and rag-tag. Here, no doubt, the main body is paramount in importance as in number, but the various distribution and apparent divergence of the rest must be approved as the result of scientific combination or accepted as a condition of inherent necessity.

In speculating then upon the question of the rate and tendency of our collective movements, we must endeavour to close with the conviction that we are travelling at the due and regulated speed, whatever be the respective rate, effort, and efficiency achieved by individuals under the banner of conserving prejudice, or reforming progress, adopting, in short, in reference to this as to every other established "*modus operandi*" of our nature, the axiom that "whatever is is right in the long run,"—a broad conclusion, doubtless no less logical than cheering, though as yet we lack the means of substantiating proof. To this principle of faith in our social destiny we must hold fast, or farewell to patience, hope, and cheerfulness on this as on every other score; the elastic spring of our existence is nothing else than confidence in an over-ruling and all-directing eye, and social or political economy becomes hopeless, shallow, and aimless delusion, unless we believe the career of nations to be under a guiding guardianship invariably directed to a definite, steady, and beneficent purpose; and this, like every other axiom of wisdom, abstract or practical, is more nobly and comprehensively announced in holy writ than elsewhere:—"When thou beholdest oppression or violence in a Province, marvel not at the matter, for He that is higher than the highest regardeth and there be higher than they." Words, these of weight and import that can never, one would think, be too well remembered or too deeply pondered, as a soothing, elevating, and purifying truth meant and calculated to allay the captious puny spirit of party strife, with which, on all debateable questions of religion, ethics, and polity, we mutually embitter, hinder, and exasperate each other. Let us but keep in mind the presence of the great looker on in the world's game, and we may play our part more decorously and not less efficiently. If HE can tolerate poor Man's fantastic tricks as having their law and time and purpose, it may surely calm the fiery aspiring spirit of the eagerest among us who would fain run full-tilt in fierce crusading mood against the power of what he deems the pride and prejudice, the ignorance and obstinacy of the world:—

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,—
The law's delay,—
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

So whether partisans of the Past or the Future, whether lingering in the worn and well-known tracks of Conservatism, or pushing on for the adventurous and exciting paths of Progress, let us, kindred Readers and Writers of the "Anglo-Saxon," begin by self-controul and self-denial as our peace offering and pledge in the bond of Brotherhood, keeping a watchful check upon our foolish factions, jealousies, and antipathies, and while doing our own work and saying our own say, in singleness of purpose, with all zeal and hope for the common cause, let us leave the result in fearless faith to Him who we may rest assured employs means measured to the end, and then differ as we may and happen what will, in patience and fortitude possess we our souls.

SIC-DONEC.

"To every thing," says the wise man, "there is a season, and a time to every purpose under Heaven." Now it would seem that the social history of former ages, and even the recollections of our own day, afford no result more instructive and consoling in the midst of individual struggles, discouragements, and disappointments, than the clear and ample illustration of this ultimately well-devised mutually-adapted fitness of times and seasons to men and measures.

Sic Donec may pass for the device of history as well as the legend of a noble house, and the only safe law of progression for every body, purpose, and thing under Heaven, each and all biding their time and turn. "Thus till then," and then, but not till then, no longer thus; the change coming surely with the need, the hour, and the men, coming too at the same mandate, whether we, in our capricious whim, hail it as from Heaven or denounce it as from Hell,—alas! what murkier Hell shall we seek than that of our own gloomy heart, when denouncing, distrusting, or opposing the course of the all-controlling wisdom whose seasons and purposes in their sequence no man knoweth or can know by "private interpretation," known and declared as they are by the issue and event alone. Let each of us through the voyage of life steer his own little bark by the stars of Heaven, trimming his own sail watchfully, and pulling his own oar vigorously, and he may whistle down the wind all fear and doubt of the drift of the strong calm under-current on which the world and its fortunes float.

To many among ourselves for example, eager, zealous, and sensitive of temperament, how slow, circuitous, and zig-zag seems the march of social improvement even in this boasted æra of the nineteenth century, how apt do we feel for throwing up the cards as in a hopeless game, with a groaning conclusion that "man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward," forgetful or doubtful of our glorious *second* birth and *second* mission, summoned to be "per-

"feet even as God is perfect," doing His will on earth even as done in heaven, hailing the meanest beggar and the miserablest sinner as our suffering and benighted brother, vindicating his rights and reclaiming his faults as we would our own, doing as we would be done by, meting as we would be measured to, showing expansive and reflective self-love in the noble love of our neighbour, proving our love for the Creator whom we have not seen, by that of his Creature our Brother whom we have, and thereby proving ourselves, according to our God-given code, not liars but true men.

Keeping these unerring principles steadily in view, we may open our eyes and senses to the worst realities of life, not only without discouragement, but even with additional determination to do what is given us to do in the great work of our own regeneration, well assured that the means given are sufficient for the end appointed.

If, under the too strong impression of actual visible misery about us, we would turn for some reinforcement of hope to the lessons taught by history, or the notes gleaned in travel, we should perhaps find materials of comfort in proportion to our acquired data of comparison; would we judge of our own time, we must compare it with other times, of our own country, we must compare it with other countries, we may then form a conclusion as to which way we are tending and as to what rank we are holding. It is worse than useless to set up some ideal absolute standard of our own, and then sit down to weep and whine, or stand up to roar and ramp, because forsooth we cannot make things actual look like things imaginary, things that are like things that might be, and if as they should be, as they certainly in good time will be.

Look where we may, in city, town, village, or afield, we assuredly find enough of human folly, sorrow, sin, and suffering, to check the pride of premature triumph, to rouse the dull slumbers of apathy, to stir the sleek sides of selfishness, to melt the warm heart of sympathy, and even kindle the hot blaze of indignation; but we cling to the conclusion as imperative and religious, that no where and never under any aspect or condition yet realised, and least of all in the age in which our lot is cast, do we meet with any sign, token, or symptom in our lengthening career that should shake our strong base of faith or bend our elastic spring of hope in the creed that we are gradually verging towards the consummation of God's beneficent will on earth, as we believe it to be already fulfilled in spheres of an older and higher order in the viewless regions of space which we call heaven.

When growing impatient to hurry through the chapter of changes faster than seems fit to the commissioned angel that turns the pages of the Book of Life, we may calm our feverish mood by looking back to history, even of the latest, and marking how in recent days, which we are inclined to think the old days of our grandam earth, have been accomplished what might well seem to us the most essential and elementary conditions of its primary existence as a

sphere of action for a homogeneous and dominant race; we say advisedly might *well* seem, for from this and similar seeming, we are not far from the conviction that our planet, so far from being in its old age, has as yet hardly reached the term of adolescence, that the few thousands of years we laboriously and doubtfully reckon as approaching the allotted span of our glorious globe, form indeed but an evanescent fraction of its lease in the eyes of Him to whom a thousand years are but as a day.

Let us remember, for example, that less than four centuries have rolled, since the discovery of America, and yet what should we think of the world now without America! Why, it would be but half a world, an odd-shaped, unbalanced, ill-imagined hemi-sphere,—and we Anglo-Saxons, above all, with our present world-wide moral supremacy and steam-power ubiquity, we of the old stock-and-block, should be cut down at one fell swoop to half the growth, and spread, and strength of our blood and bone, our laws and language, our lives and liberties, in short, to half the kindred souls and bodies that now in mutual love and pride, as mother and mother's sons, hail and cheer each other across the sympathetic waves of the broad Atlantic, to keep the faith, run the race, and fight the fight.

How strange may it seem to us, knowing the relations now existing between our own islands and those vast continents, that they should, for ages and ages, have confronted each other so mysteriously and unconsciously, across that wild and pathless ocean, now furrowed at all seasons, and in all directions, by our roaring and hissing Leviathans of the deep, fraught with the wealth, the tidings, and the affections of kindred and sympathetic, but emulous and rival millions. Yes! strange it seems to us that so many thousand years should have passed before one half of the world became conscious of the other's existence; and perhaps, stranger still, that the destined discoverer should up to the very day of the discovery, have been scorned, rebuffed, and hated, as a dangerous and impious enthusiast; but though it seem strange, since we now know and see the issue, which of us is not ready to acknowledge that America remained undiscovered till the fifteenth century, because till the fifteenth century the world was not ripe or ready for the change, and, therefore, that the prejudice, the apathy, the ignorance, and the bigotry that opposed its premature fulfilment, were doing good service and furthering the appointed end in awaiting the appointed hour? the hour came, and with it the man, and then in the teeth of scorn, rebuff, and hatred,—of prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, did Columbus cross the Western Ocean, and the cry of "Land!" announce to each half the world the existence of another, as the helpmate meet and fit, reserved for the mature season, then and not till then, when the hour ordained had struck upon the listening ear of Time!

Who does not know and love, for the sake of the same moral, the dungeon story of the "Starry Galileo," in danger, a century later than Columbus, of

racked limbs, for reading at length aright the Heaven's declaration of the glory of God! but then and not till then, in spite of priest and prejudice, fire and faggot, was their voice heard and understood to our wondering globe, pealing thenceforth louder and wider to the news, for the hour and the man had come, and he knew it, as he stamped indignantly his signed denial upon the revolving Earth, to the words, " Yet, yet it moves."

We avoid risking the patience of our benevolent reader, by dwelling much longer on this text, as illustrated and exemplified in all the leading epochs of our ever-changing history; as of Columbus with his New World, and Galileo with his new Heavens, so also of Saxon Guttenberg with his new types, and Saxon Luther with his new Church,—think only of what Printing has done, is doing, and will do in the education of the fast-developing family of Man,—how prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, are beginning in all lands to skulk, and shirk, and wink, and blink, like startled owls, before this dawning daylight of popular knowledge, flung abroad by the mighty and ever-multiplying mechanism, that

" Speeds the *clear intercourse* of soul with soul,
And *spreads a thought* from Indus to the Pole."

It is almost amusing, as well as edifying, to imagine and picture to ourselves what we should do, and how we should get on,—or, rather, how we should not do, and how we should not get on, if all the multifarious and important speculations, calculations, and lucubrations, (to say nothing of the *ruminations* and hallucinations that might well be spared,) but if all the really important MSS. that now issue from the London press in good, clear, clean, legible type, were suddenly to reduce their gigantic proportions to the capabilities of a respectable body of scribes, irreverently called quill-drivers, sitting on tall stools, to the number of twice ten thousand, twelve hours per diem, scribbling and driving for life, in the Strand, Fleet Street, and elsewhere. We opine that, taking the daily typography of *The Times*, as a sample of the quantity, and our own ANGLO-SAXON as an illustration of the quality, suited to the demand of modern readers, our supposed indefatigable and innumerable chirographers would quickly be overwhelmed, and forced to seek refuge from the literary storm of the Strand or Fleet Street, in the Johnsonian precincts of Bolt Court. The eclipse of another subordinate, but correlative discovery, derived in earlier times from Arabia, would materially conduce to the *sauve-qui-peut* of the scribes; we mean the re-establishment of the good old Roman numeral *letters*, in lieu of the oriental cyphers or digits; the compilation and publication in this guise of the *Nautical Almanac*, with its lunar distances for the year MDCCCXLVIII. would, we suppose, be as little desired by the illustrious authorities of Greenwich, as by their respectable and industrious amanuenses. *Writing* out the volume of Napier's Logarithms, would we

suppose make the courage ooze from most men's finger ends; and the task of adapting the Arabic to Roman numerals would probably have caused a headache to the indomitable calculating cranium of Mr. Abraham Sharpe himself, who spent twenty-five years of his life in raising a given number to the required power.

In this Chapter *Sic-Donec*, we say nothing of the illustration of its principle, as evinced in the religious history of Luther and the Reformation. Such a topic would need elbow room, and though we are very far from thinking that a religious tone should be monopolised by Ecclesiastical topics, or confined to ecclesiastical times and places, yet our Church is too weighty and momentous a subject to be lightly introduced as "*Luna inter minora Sidera.*" Sufficient for us, at present, to remember that many a gallant soldier, in the forlorn hope of the army of martyrs, perished in the jaws and fangs of the dragon persecution, before those fell jaws could be muzzled, and those sharp fangs cut at the given hour and by the right man. Well did the old mythology allegorise their garden of Hesperides, with its golden fruit and fiercely-watching dragon, and well is it for the world that any monster, however fierce, should guard the fruit of the tree of knowledge from being gathered as unripe apples of discord, and flung before their time to an unready world of ignorance and superstition. Yet for ever honoured be the memory of the heroic Jerome and Huss, with a host of others, who died in vainly grasping at what Luther clutched and lived; they lived and died manfully—Waldenses, Lollards, and the rest, for the true cause in the service of One whom none can living or dying serve in vain.

Before changing our capitular superscription, let us only recall the examination of George Stephenson before a Committee of the Commons, and remember the mingled astonishment, incredulity, and contempt, with which the House and the country received his assertion of the feasibility of accomplishing not *fifty*, as in his own mind he longed to say, but *fifteen* miles an hour; yet what mattered prejudice, incredulity, or contempt; they had had their day, and done their worst; and could point in justification to the best net work of national roads, and best system of national locomotion that the world had as yet seen or dreamt of; but the day of change had arrived, the right hour, and the required man, and here we are as he proposed and promised, careering North and South, and East and West, through the iron-laced land, outstripping the eagle's wing in a flight almost as smooth as his own, and witnessing the achievement of perhaps the most gigantic and efficient material means for social advancement, physical and moral, that it has hitherto pleased Providence to entrust mankind withal.

We who are now scribbling with a purpose which the reader may think somewhat indefinite, but which has a steady drift in our own mind if we can but follow it, we remember to have heard a high scientific authority publicly deride and almost scout the notion of steam-ships traversing the wide

Atlantic: impossibility of water, impossibility of fire, impossibility of fuel, impossibility of wood and iron, sheer impossibilities above, below, before, and behind, and yet in the reiterated teeth of "*ce bête de mot*," as the fiery Mirabeau called it, do monster steamers plough the billows of that ocean that divides us from millions of our kith and kin, with as much regularity, speed, and safety, and as little wonderment to the lieges, as a few years since, to the delight of our boyhood, the red and royal four-horse mails trotted gallantly to bugle-note at 8 P.M., through the assembled crowd at the wide-flung gates of the General Post Office.

These are days in which we certainly may be said to move fast and live fast, crowding as much variety of phase into ten years, as would have sufficed our forefathers for as many centuries, not that we are necessarily better or happier, or even wiser, individually, but that our social epoch has lately "gone ahead" at a pace that may be called miraculous, and *nolens volens* carries us all with it. Why! we (we love the majesty of the plural number) we now writing with perhaps the hallucination of writing to be read, we who can yet count by years to the completion of our eighth lustrum, we remember the first general introduction of the "new fangled" system of gas-lamps in the city and suburbs of London, the fearful and imminent anticipated dangers of contingent burnings, burstings, and blowings-up, and yet how it flew in flashing radiance from street to street, and square to square, and house to house, when the time had come; and what should we think now of a return to the rows of little yellow dots of dim-ignited post-suspended cotton-wicks, which paled their ineffectual sparks before the magic-gushing blaze of aerial fire that now flashes in dazzling double lines from ten thousand shafts of flame-tipped iron, at the waving wand of this new enchanter?—and yet, even here, in the cause of gas *versus* cotton-wick, the verdict for nocturnal light rather than darkness-visible, is not *nem. con* among us. Much may be said for darkness by those who love it and live by it: "What do I honestly think of gas?" said a poor half-ruined pilferer of pockets, "Why, Sir, I candidly consider it almost as bad as daylight!"

But what do we with our *Sic-Donc* Philosophy gather from all these and more than these physical miracles of human science, or rather, these physical revelations of providential means tending to the peace, progress, union, fellowship, and brotherhood of all the families that constitute the human race? Why we would propound, as preliminary to our conclusion, that the stupid prejudices which in the above examples move our pity or indignation, may be, after all, of great use as conservative social instincts, binding men together into strong compact bundles of fragile separate sticks; bundles known under different names, such as Nation, Sect, Tribe, City, Craft, Clan, or Club, and that such conglomerations, however rude or temporary, are good while they last, and that they ought to last till superseded by combinations pre-eminently better, but by no other, no changing for changing sake; and that against such futile changes

these prejudices are the warrant and guarantee; strong enough to answer their purpose, but no stronger, always giving way when forced to give way by the required force, and at the right time, as we have seen exemplified in the physical changes already mentioned, and as may be recognised also in the succession of the extended social phases of humanity, distinguished by the epithets, Adamite, Patriarchal, Savage, Barbarous, Feudal, and Civilised, the series to be continued, doubtless, by a prolonged Nomenclatura, only not yet in *esse*, because not yet in *posse*. In this sense, then, and to this extent, the spirit of conservative prejudice may be held as essential to and co-ordinate with progressive liberality, the two joined together by banns of marriage, and not to be put asunder; linked by Nature's law, and illustrated thus—*Sic-Donc*.—From all which we gather, or at least grasp at, a conclusion which we trust is neither far-fetched nor little worth; a lesson of cheerful faith and patience to eager and irritable spirits, spurning the past, and straining towards the future, like greyhounds in the slip, fretting, repining, and chafing at the hopeless inveteracy of prejudice, the mulish obstinacy of ignorance, and the unconquerable power of evil,—a lesson, too, of timely instruction, expansion, and elevation to valuable minds of another bias, casting a longing, lingering look of affection to the past, distrusting and disclaiming the future inheritance of their race, “*pavidi futuri*,” inert to move, unapt to change, and, like the “grave and reverend seniors” of the poet—“*laudatores temporis acti, se pueris*.”

This surely is a moral worth deriving from the succession of stupendous physical achievements that have graced the annals of modern history, advancing, it would seem, at a rate of geometrical progression, with the names and deeds transcendently distinguished of our own countrymen and our own kindred beyond the seas, with whom, yet a little while and despite the seas, we may whisper to and fro on lightning-wires the *pros* and *cons* of world-wide questions of mutual welfare, breathed in English words and by English lips of life, flashing with the speed and warmth of English thought, through the slimy deep of the wild wide waste of waters! Nor do we adduce in evidence of social vitality the changes and improvements in *physical* rather than *moral* and ethical science, because we think the former more important or momentous than the latter, but because, being more palpable and tangible, they present themselves as the readiest, most patent, and striking evidence of the conclusion aimed at. Every one of us in these days can judge for himself, on his own experience, of the nature and value of powder, printing, magnetism, steam, gas, and galvanism, and every schoolboy may, if he will, become better versed in the terrestrial and celestial nature of the planet on which he lives and grows, and the system of concentric worlds to which it belongs, and other ineffable siderial systems to which our whole cosmogony is as a grain of sand, better versed we say, as far as the simple truth of the result, than were all the philosophers of the sixteenth

century, armed with the powers of genius, and furnished with the accumulated science of their predecessors. The evidence then of past and the pledge of future progress appears thus far to be irrefragable, and the rest might be left to analogy. But let us look for a moment, and we may perhaps see enough to satisfy the sceptic, taking a sweeping glance of the moral and social horizon of humanity. We have no difficulty in at once bracketting as cast off abominations of former times, a double column of ancient national offences against justice, mercy, and truth, and to expose them the better as condemned handcuffed felons, we shall turn them out of our text and draw them up thus in convict squad:—

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Cannibalism. | 7. Burning of Witches. |
| 2. Slavery. | 8. Question by Torture. |
| 3. Polygamy. | 9. Penal Death by Torture. |
| 4. Exposure of Infants. | 10. Religious Persecution. |
| 5. Gladiatorial Shows. | 11. Penal Death for Theft. |
| 6. Ordeal Trials. | 12. Legalised Monopolies. |

There they stand, a sad set to associate with, but gratifying to behold in array as evidence of good riddance of bad rubbish, and the number might perhaps be increased without injustice to the proscribed, and with considerable advantage to society. However of that the future is judge, and will assuredly sit in judgment. Sufficient for us at present the cheering evidence that we are travelling onward in the right direction, physical and moral, and therefore religious, towards what we may well trust is destined eventually to be a development of the new and promised earth, “when the wolf and the lamb
“ shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall
“ be the serpent’s meat.” “When violence shall no more be heard in the
“ land, wasting nor destruction within its borders; but when we shall call our
“ walls salvation and our gates praise.” But be it as it may, now, till then, and then, let our philosophy be *Sic-Donec*, and our religion *Fiat Voluntas*.

SOCIAL SCIENCE *versus* POLITICAL ECONOMY.

While travelling round about from Amsterdam to Gibraltar during this last *annus mirabilis* of political convulsion, we have been naturally led to speculate upon the causes and the nature of the subterranean force that has been of late shaking, heaving, and upturning, the foundations of all the thrones, powers, and principalities of continental Europe. No sooner has France led the way in changing her newly chosen dynasty, and tearing her newly-acquired charter, than the surface of half the civilised world is strewn with overturned

thrones, wrested sceptres and cast off crowns—expulsions, flights, abdications, and humiliations, Papal, Imperial, Royal, and Ministerial, follow so fast and furious that we want a new monthly edition of the Almanac *pour nous orienter* as to the political and diplomatic whereabouts. And now that the storm has lulled at least for a breathing space, now that the French Republic proves of a peaceful temperament, politely acknowledged and tolerated abroad, strongly gagged and fettered at home, now that his Holiness the Pope has resumed St. Peter's chair, aided by the persuasive bayonets of most Christian allies; now that a new Emperor, without Metternich, sits on the throne of Austrian Cæsars, settling family quarrels with the help of two hundred thousand Cossacks; now that the King of Prussia, once more safe at Berlin, has lent his cousin of Baden the military means of convincing the Baden people and the Baden army, that they had better take him back again as the less of two evils; now that Bavaria is tranquillized and Lola Montes married, Hungary conquered, Lombardy put down, Sicily bombarded, and Venice crushed; now that summary martial law has hanged or shot the noisiest and most troublesome of deputies, doctors, priests, professors, students, soldiers, and peasants, all wonderfully of one accord at Vienna, Berlin, Pesth, Baden, and elsewhere, in the thought and death-cry, "*sterben für die Freiheit*," now that all this and more than this has been done, and we are comparatively quiet, the question occurs—What next? Are things to travel the same road and arrive again at the same goal, only through bitterer tears, deeper blood, and fiercer flames, or is another track to be tried in hope of a better and safer issue for contending parties? and if so which, what, when, and whither? But first let us lay down, as a preliminary and consolatory truth, that the dangerous elements of revolution, rebellion, and insurrection, are by no means safe or pleasant things to meddle with; that the natural inclinations of mankind are by no means in that direction, that it requires nothing less than a course of long-continued and intense suffering, humiliation, and exasperation, to induce deputies, doctors, priests, professors, students, soldiers, and peasants, to leave their homes, families, and interests, their professions, trades, callings, and crafts, to clutch the unaccustomed musket and bayonet, and fight with mercenary disciplined troops trained at sixpence a day, to shoot and stab as their natural and lawful vocation, no pleasant foes to fight with at any time, still less with the contingent reversion of a rebel's halter in the event of escaping the soldier's ball of lead or stab of steel. This condition of affairs is, at any rate, so far satisfactory on our side the question, that we may at least feel tolerably safe on the score of social convulsions lightly incurred in mere animal effervescence or *gaité de cœur*, resting well assured that the hideous and awful conflict of civil war requires causes and reasons of suffering, oppression, and exasperation, at least adequate to balance a sure result of extreme pain, peril, and privation, and the probable consummation of perpetual exile, or a felon's death.

But if these causes of civil strife be so weighty and grievous, surely they ought to be seen and known, and therefore checked, before reaching such fearful and perilous proportions, and by whom so well seen, known, and controlled, as by those with whom resides the delegated vigilance, authority, and administration of the community, to wit—the Statesmen of the day!

It would seem so in theory, but in practice the events of the last year alone would indicate a flaw in the conclusion; let us see what clue can be found to this anomaly of the ignorance of able and influential men on subjects as to which one would think them of all others the most conversant, both from facilities of high position, and in the discharge of paramount duty. As a matter of fact, it is clear the continental statesmen have all within a year been taken grossly and egregiously by surprise, knowing nothing, fearing nothing, and believing nothing of trains, mines, and magazines of popular wrath, discontent, and combination, which were silently and surely preparing under their very feet to blow them into infinite space; so far from looking into hidden causes, they could not even see tangible results, but they were soon fated to feel them. In France, for instance, it is historically certain that up to the morning of the 24th of February, 1848, neither the King Louis Philippe, nor his minister, Guizot, nor the leaders of opposition, Thiers, Barrot, or Mauguin, ever thought of Socialism and Communism as anything but contemptible chimeras floating in the morbid brains of moon-struck dreamers, or raving demagogues. But what was the result, the ignominious and instantaneous downfall and flight of the king, his family, and dynasty for ever; the disguised *sauve-qui-peut* of the ministry, happy to escape with life, the setting aside indignantly and repeatedly of all sections of political or constitutional opposition, and the instalment, ratified by an overwhelming majority of the nation,—of a Provisional Republican Government, of which nearly every member was more or less a known representative of actual rampant hydra-headed million-armed Socialism, whose very existence had hitherto been doubted by those now too happy to sacrifice all else, and find themselves in bodily safety as refugees on a foreign shore. As in France, so in Austria, Prussia, Italy, and the smaller German States, nothing but surprise, dismay, confusion, overthrow, and flight of established authorities, in presence of those new and portentous spirits, summoned suddenly from the vasty deep. Surely this is no common matter of astonishment and inquiry, and no slight ground for misgiving as to the foresight of that political wisdom or experience which holds the state-helm in the great communities of the civilised world. If a railway train runs off the line, with injury and loss of life to a score of passengers, we hold an inquest, strictly investigating the conduct and skill of all the officials concerned, and with good reason; but what is the amount of suffering and loss in this case, compared with that involved in the convulsions of insurrection and social conflict?—the causes, however, are likely to be similar in both catastrophes,

and public opinion at once questions the efficiency, experience, or vigilance, of the established and responsible administration.

But suppose the inquest held, and the verdict given against the Metternichs and Guizots of the day, in what are we, the popular mass, benefited by their condemnation,—can *damages* be awarded for the horrid pell-mell in which our lives, interests, and affections, have been sacrificed? Oh, no! the verdict matters little to us, and might as well be a mealy-mouthed declaration “that not the slightest blame attaches to anybody.”

“ Quidquid delirant duces plectuntur Achivi.”

But it *does* matter to us all, as a question of intense interest, to inquire whether we are to expect a recurrence of these calamities, as natural and inevitable earthquakes; or whether we may regard them in the light of visitations that human science may controul and conjure, as we do agues and fevers, by draining and ventilation, though our ancestors were content to accept them as “the inscrutable Will of God.”

We in England, more it may seem by mercy than by merit, have hitherto escaped the blood-quenched fires of revolution, and scarcely realise in our minds the actual suffering and misery, bodily and mental, caused to myriads of people by the events of which we quietly skim the account in our morning paper. But we may lull ourselves, on the strength of this exemption, into a very dangerous and deceptive sense of security; we should do better to look to our own roof when our neighbour's house is on fire—

“ Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.”

In the body politic, as in the body natural, there are various diseases and various symptoms, the inflammatory are more striking and startling; but the physician watches not less anxiously the slow and insidious approaches of consumption or decline.

On the continent, at the present epoch of crisis and transition, the attention of thinking men is much more engaged on questions of national or social interests, as eminently practical things, than with us; with whom all *abstract* matters, as we oddly call them, merge in the consideration and preparation for fighting two great battles, and if possible achieving two great yearly victories, under the auspices of our Lady and St. Michael, to say nothing of weekly skirmishes on Saturday night; and though they may sometimes sufficiently harass too many of the Queen's lieges, it is well to be thankful that we have as yet no worse conflict to confront than the battle of the bills.

The prevailing and growing impression of reflective men, out of the mere red-tape routine, in France, Germany, and Spain, seems to be, that Political Economy of the old stamp has had its day, and must give way like other old

things to new. While the gigantic advances in physical discovery during late years must not be allowed to outstrip the growth of a system of scientific combination, as the machinery for employing and regulating these means to the result of the general good; the advent of some such system, whencesoever forthcoming, is now looked for under the name of *Social Science*, not only as a desirable but as a probable and even necessary consequence of the position we have now gained, and the age we have now reached in this planetary life. Among all classes of the community, civil, military, educational, and ecclesiastical, this idea prevails and pervades, more or less, in spite of every effort on the part of governmental authorities to talk it down, write it down, and put it down, especially among the rising generation of colleges and advanced schools. In France, large sums of money have been subscribed under the auspices of the highest and richest individuals, for writing, publishing, and distributing, at nominal prices, an immense mass of pamphlets "to counteract the poison of socialism;" but the attempt is an acknowledged failure, they are either not read or produce no effect against the *Association* doctrines, domestic, agricultural, and industrial, of Fourier, or others of a very different, less philosophical, and really dangerous tendency for vested interests. Throughout France, Germany, and even smuggled into Spain, we found this "poison" fermenting without its antidote, and unless causes shall cease to produce effects, we, even of the present generation, may look to reap a large crop from plentifully scattered seed, though it should prove no better harvest than the whirlwind.

A distinguished modern historian, who takes an optimist view of the present condition of *all* classes in our own country, has a passage as follows, while writing of the progress of physical science in the time of Charles the Second:—

"The spirit of Francis Bacon was abroad, a spirit admirably compounded of audacity and sobriety. There was a strong persuasion that the whole world was full of secrets of high moment to the happiness of man, and that man had by his Maker, been intrusted with the key which, rightly used, would give access to them." Now this persuasion, not as touching physical science, which may be said to have already ripened into certainty, but as touching social science, which is as yet wrapped in the obscurity of the unknown, this persuasion we believe to be widely and deeply gaining possession of the popular mind among the tempest-tossed communities of the continent. A growing conviction prevails that the highest and best gifted creature upon earth, is not destined by his Maker to remain in large proportion destitute of or deficient in the first and simplest requirements of animal existence, the feeding, clothing, and lodging of that body which is the casket of an inappreciable gem, an immortal spirit. That though bodily labour be the natural, healthy, and indispensable condition of bodily sustenance, yet that it is in no case intended to be insufficient for the purpose, nor moreover of a kind and

degree so exclusive, exhausting, and incessant, as to leave torpid, stifled, or latent those intellectual and sensitive faculties that mark us as beings of an aspiring, progressive, and divine stamp. They remark that the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, with the innumerable insects of earth, air, and water, are always comfortably, and appropriately, and often even resplendently clothed, that they are never left without a congenial home where to lay their head, whether cavern, lair, nest, shell, or the beautiful combinations of scientific architecture, which seem offered as examples for our instruction by the ingenuity of the inferior social communities; they would maintain, again, that, in the daily labour of finding food for themselves and their families, these small citizens are not only not tasked beyond their strength or resources, but are moreover influenced and supported to all appearance by a kindly and gracious *attraction* for the work, as we see it so beautifully exemplified in the bee humming his song of happiness while lading himself with rich store from the sunny chalice of his lovely and perfumed flower.

Now, certainly, unless we are prepared to sit down in our own easy chairs, with the very unchristian conclusion that clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and taking in the houseless, are matters unworthy of Divine cognizance, or human exertion; unless we do this in the very teeth of the only earthly example of divine and human agency blended into one, we must acknowledge that the complaint of the multitudinous poor of civilised societies is not unfounded, nor their cry for redress unnatural. They have been taught from higher authority than that of human assumption, that their privations and sufferings are deemed worthy of infinite regard and interposition, that the very badge of recognition, as professors of our faith, is this very sympathy and energy, not in mere saying and wishing, but absolutely in furthering and fostering the bodily as well as spiritual interests of those that appear for a time the meanest of the mass, though we know not how soon the last may be first. And let us remember that, if they, the poor, are taught by the same Teacher come from Heaven, to oppose patience and long suffering to misery and oppression, yet *we* who are not poor, or only comparatively and conventionally so, are even more solemnly warned of an imperative and indispensable duty to be fulfilled in their behalf, without which all believing and preaching ever believed and preached, though backed with signs and wonders to boot, are no more germane to the purpose than the tinkle of brass or the sound of a cymbal.

In the midst of these fermenting elements of present disquietude, but doubtless eventual advantage, comes up once more to our notice the name of a potent enchanter in the mystic maze, of which the plan is as yet unseen, the name of *Fourier*, whose spirit is now working as that of Francis Bacon once worked, a spirit it may be safely asserted not less admirably compounded than his in audacity of conception and sobriety of calculation, possessed with the persuasion that animated his predecessors in physical philosophy—"that the

“ world contains secrets of high moment to the happiness of man, and that
“ man is by his Maker intrusted with the key, which, rightly used, will give
“ access to them.”

How far this idea may be founded on any basis more solid than delusion, or how far it is reconcileable with doctrines whose foundation rests, not upon delusion, but the rock of Truth, we are not at present going to inquire, far less going to assert. All we believe is, that those who are entrusted with the welfare of nations, are bound to examine a theory professing elaborate scientific data, proposing to conciliate all interests, and abiding the issue of practical and feasible experiment.

Fourier's leading principle, the key-stone of an arch at least magnificent in plan and elevation, namely—that “ our attractions are proportioned and “ adapted to our destinies,” was at least true once,—true before the happy balance of a creation, pronounced by its Author “ very good,” had been disturbed and destroyed by that influence of evil, which for an inscrutable purpose was active in the Universe long before it pleased the Creator to breathe into the nostrils of the first man the breath of life, and Adam became a living soul. Whether it may be compatible with the will and way of Providence to restore this balance during the present or forthcoming social phases of our planet, we know not; but we know not, either, of any infallible Rabbi who is qualified to pronounce, *ex cathedrâ*, a categorical negative as to any means by which the will of Heaven may be hereafter done on earth, as it has already been done once, and as we are taught to believe and pray, will, in some form and season, be done again.

It would not be here the time or place to enter into any consideration of transcendental Theology; but a *caveat* may fairly be put in as to any summary conclusion against new views and interpretations merely as such, seeing that all such conclusions of unreasoning dogmatism are ill fitted to deal with even erring genius, or to reclaim cloudy enthusiasm. How many zealous and conscientious Christians, from the Apostolic days downwards, have fully expected, from Scriptural interpretation, the approaching conflagration or destruction of the world; yet the event has proved their interpretation erroneous: the Globe on which we live still turns on its axis, and sweeps through its orbit as heretofore, and judging from the aspect and progress of human affairs, it is likely to be yet far from the consummation of its career. Who can look at the vast Steppes of Asia, the Prairies of America, and the Deserts of Africa, scarcely yet trodden by the foot of man, without feeling almost assured that much remains for mankind to accomplish before this terrestrial sphere of ours shall undergo any astral change at the hands of its Maker? Who can consider the gigantic strides of physical discovery in these latter days, the introduction of steam machinery as applicable to manufacture, navigation, and railways, with the almost annihilation of time and space in

reference to the electric intercommunication of our species, without believing that these revelations of heretofore hidden powers are to be the Providential agents for bringing the human race into a condition of homogeneous unity, which would appear even to our short-sighted vision the true and appointed means for the development of the vast *latent* powers of the great family of man, which hitherto seem so mysteriously to be born with multitudes, only to exist, to slumber, and to die, in cold and unblessed obstruction? As we have been, then, so often wrong in our attempts at reading and anticipating the over-ruling decrees of Infinite Wisdom, it may well teach us diffidence in fore-gone conclusions, and the expediency of *trying* the potent spirits of the day whence they come and whither they tend; the issue will alone decide the solidity or fallacy of all theories and speculations as to human improvement and advancement, and a less satanic and sarcastic dæmon than the famulus of Faust might tell their authors and projectors in no unfriendly tone—

“ Ihr durchstudirt die gross' und kleine Welt,
Um es am Ende gehn zu lassen
Wie's Gott gefällt.”

Towards one conclusion then at least men's minds on the continent of Europe are fast verging, which is, that the old routine of political and diplomatic economy is no longer the thing needful and sufficient for the age, but that the panacea needed and imperatively called for, must claim and deserve the name of *social science*, directed to the result of developing and bringing to bear all available means for improving the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of the fast-increasing masses of the People. The simple fact of every organised community in Europe being burthened with a large and increasing proportion of their population, who either offer their labour without finding employment, or receive in exchange a price inadequate to the maintenance of mere bodily health and strength, is a complete and irrefutable condemnation of all existing systems, on the score of patent and contemptible inefficiency in the first elements of that social aid, security and guardianship, in return for which individual men give up their natural indefeasible right to maintain, in defiance of all conventional laws, the sacred and divinely-chartered property of a God-given life.

The assertion, that such a condition of burdensome abasement for any fraction of our brotherhood is unavoidable, deserves no notice, being nothing better than a subterfuge of drivelling or dishonest incapacity. *Labour* is the source, and only source of wealth, and there is no man or woman in existence who might not while in health add to the common stock by daily toil three times as much as they individually require for decent and comfortable bodily maintenance. If means be refused for bringing the productive muscular strength of man into profitable contact with the untilled or half-tilled soil, or with any of the multifarious appliances of skilled industry; or if similar opportunity be

denied to the expert untiring fingers of modest and helpless womanhood, we assert that condemnation rests collectively with the ruling classes and administrative powers of society, and should they continue to plead impracticability and impossibility, it might be well for the common-weal that the creative or inventive resources of the *ins* and *outs* were quickened by some more stringent recipe than the monotonous *ôte toi de là que je m'y mette*.

No profound investigation is needed to discover that even among the most advanced nations of civilised life, millions of acres remain untilled, and millions of men half-clothed, half-fed, and half-lodged; while millions of willing and able hands offer in vain their aid to increase the common stock of food, raiment, and shelter. If the science of political economy cannot solve the problem of bringing *this* and *this* together, in pursuance of God's law, which decrees that industry and increase are not to be put asunder, why then, in the name of Heaven, let political economy and political economists take themselves hence, and give place, before worse happen, to better things and better men, to aid the cause of social progress and human happiness.

Far be it from an Anglo-Saxon to undervalue the political right of being taxed with his own consent, and all the contingent and collateral privileges of suffrage, and so forth, we would willingly give our vote for all the five points of Chartism, if we thought the people in a condition to wield the power to their own profit; but while myriads, alas! are left in a state scarcely to know their right hand from their left, their best friends may naturally have misgivings as to any measure entrusting them with the use or abuse of double-edged weapons. What they need first, and what they would ask first, if it pleased God again to open the mouth of the dumb laborious and long-suffering Ass of Scripture, is not political power or privilege, but education and social improvement; then let the rest follow in due time, and for fit use, each man in his rank, free, fearless, and without favour, before a law like that of God, knowing no distinction of persons.

France, as political Coryphæus of the day has taken the lead in the solemn game of Charters and Constitutions, the people are avowedly in possession of sovereignty, secured too in their own keeping by universal suffrage; but what does it profit them as yet, or what prospect is there of the approaching hour? Have they not gained their political majority before arriving at years of discretion?—would it not have been better to wait awhile, had the old governments shown any will or capacity for promoting their practical interests, instead of running a-muck in a public career of selfishness, extravagance, monopoly, and immorality? (See trial of Ministers.) Is not, for instance, our English exemption from the plague and impertinence of passports and *octroi* duties, with our respect for life, as shewn by coroner's inquests, something more to the present purpose, than the declaration to a suffering, half-starved people, that they are their own sovereigns,—“ lords of themselves, that heritage of woe?”

No ! No ! it is not political power as leading to social improvement, but social improvement as preliminary and preparatory to political power that our people want. The reverse order may be forced on us by necessity, but will always prove a hazardous and doubtful experiment. In the very brightest foci of civilisation, the mother cities of the first nations of the earth, how is the open eye appalled at the apparently overwhelming amount of ignorance, brutality, disease, destitution, and filth ! If we look down from the aspiring cross of some proud Christian Cathedral, the sense wanders restless, dissatisfied, offended, and confounded over a confused irreconcilable jumble of a hundred thousand human habitations, crowded in all shapes, angles, and disproportions, that could be contrived or conceived, as unsightly, inconvenient, prejudicial, and poisonous to their occupants, the only discernible trace of system, looking like systematic defiance of the rules of order, beauty, cleanliness, and health, protected by positive enactments of the state interdicting, under pain of fiscal penalty, a sufficient circulation and supply of Heaven's freely-lavished gifts, the thrice-blessed boons of air, and light, and water, among the dingy, cheerless, and squalid dwellings of the all-supporting sons of toil. Gracious powers ! might exclaim some benevolent visitor from the planet Jupiter, is this the result of their boasted wealth, genius, science, and philanthropy, such a pitiful ill-looking, ill-smelling, conglomeration of brickbats ?—why, if this be their social architecture, let them hide their diminished heads before the weakest and smallest of earth-born creatures endued by their Creator with gregarious instinct, let man go to the beaver, the bee-hive, the ant-hill, or the wasp's nest for lessons of proportion, adaptation, congruity, and comfort. And if the Ouranian visitor were to turn from the man-made city to the glorious sky vault and fresh earth-sward of the God-made country, what would he say or think of our political economy at the sight of ragged and rugged tillers of the soil, standing idle in the midst of undrained, half-reclaimed acres, because no man would hire them to enrich others and sustain themselves with a sweating brow and a bent back !

Let us hasten, however, to a capitular conclusion, as a required breathing place for even the most patient and best-conditioned reader ; and by way of giving our well-bred companions something to do more worthy their capacity than passively accepting our lucubrations, we would beg them to tax their own experience and memory, by setting down in their own mind, such measures as may occur to them as plain, practical, and feasible ameliorations in the condition of their multitudinous and least prosperous neighbours ; such measures, for instance, as they would advise if summoned to morrow to advise her gracious Majesty's advisers. We will begin by dotting down briefly as may be, such measures as on the spur occur to ourselves, any one of which we pledge our modesty to back against a fair average specimen of legislation next Session. Now then for

No. 1.—Repeal of the window and malt taxes, both highly injurious to the health, comfort, and morality of the people, making up revenue, if needed, by equivalent annual demands upon accumulated property.

2.—A tax upon spirits up to smuggling point, as a heavy blow and great discouragement to the devil and his doings.

3.—The appointment of well-paid medical or chemical officers to inspect the quality of bread and other primary articles of food, supplied to the public, and with crushing legislative pains upon wholesale poisoners.

4.—Utter abolition of interments within towns, “carrying out” the dead in consonance with the practice of scriptural and classical antiquity, as also the dictates of humanity and decency.

5.—The establishment of numerous Artesian wells in the Metropolis, and other cities, to supply the inhabitants with pure and plentiful water, instead of the strained gruel of offensive filth, factory poisons and hospital poultices supplied from the Thames and elsewhere.

6.—The establishment of parochial or district receiving houses for the dead, where corpses might be duly, *honourably*, and gratuitously tended, to the relief and consolation of many who now keep the half-fermenting remains for several days in the close, confined, single room which lodges the living family.

Seventhly and lastly, to end with a sacred number, which we leave our enlightened reader to double, let us put down the sacred national duty of teaching all classes, irrespective of sectarian opinions, the elementary means of acquiring knowledge and self-respect, by reading and writing; those means which the Will of God has ratified and sanctified as universal, by making them the medium of his revelations, written alike for our learning, whether high or low, gentle or simple, rich or poor.

But go on, dear reader, we stipulate for *fourteen*, real practical legislative enactments, for the comfort and relief of millions, if simple and on the surface so much the better, for we are out-growing Figaro’s advice to the politician, “*de s’enfermer pour tailler des plumes, et paraître profonds*,”—bargain for metropolitan drainage, Thames purification, and the abolition of pedestrian tolls,—don’t forget, either, to expunge the disgraceful legal commutation of punishment in favour of the rich ruffian who can afford the five-pound luxury of maiming an honest man, or insulting a modest woman. But *halte-là*, we are trenching upon our reader’s province, as well as patience, so we make an abrupt full stop, and close our chapter.

RELIGIOUS ETHICS.

Under this imposing superscription, we shall venture the remainder of our paper to the practical consideration of some popular views in connection there-

with, though a faithful monitor at our elbow suggests caution in the presence of our respected reader, who may, perchance, think differently from ourselves. But, after all, why should different opinions be embittered by hostility?—how can truth be better elicited than by the collision of opposing convictions, and what higher claim to general esteem can be proffered by the pages of ANGLO-SAXON, than that they afford a fair field and no favour, to all and sundry, who may be willing to break a spear, and risk a fall with a bold heart and a good intention. Far be from us the pretension to dogmatize, or the inclination; wherever proved wrong, thrice welcome shall be better instruction; we, moreover, religiously respect even religious scrupulosity, bearing the stamp of sincerity, provided it prove harmless in its practical working; but at the same time, in disclaiming all predilection for the verb *dogmatizo*, in the first person of the active voice, we profess no disposition to submit to the commencement of its conjugation in the passive.

The common misgiving as to the track we enter upon, is founded upon the supposition that it runs through ground that has always proved shaky and unsafe, and not seldom fatal to an adventurous foot,—that the region of religious speculation is a vast mysterious expanse, marked here and there with ominous descriptions, *heretical*, *dogmatical*, *pragmatical*, and the like, equivalent to “moving sands,” “poisonous winds,” “dangerous swamps,” &c., in the Lybian Zahara, “*Leonum arida nutrix*,” which has hitherto, it would seem, been successively braved by enterprising units of civilisation, for little other purpose but to leave their bones bleaching in the wilderness, though we doubt not that the issue will prove their gallant lives to have been expended for a worthy result.

It would certainly tend greatly to the individual safety and comfort of an explorer of the metaphorical wilderness, were he well equipped in a complete suit of those corporate prejudices for which we have already professed our respect, which might entitle him on the eve of setting out to hook on to some goodly caravan of travellers and traders, where the insignificance of his unity might merge in the collective importance of the company; but then, what he would gain in security, he would lose in enterprise,—so, after all, the lack of such livery may be rather desirable, and we shall accordingly sally forth without it.

“Oh, ho! Sir Traveller!” breaks in a lynx-eyed critic, “now we see your drift. We are to play at follow my-leader through this pleasant country you talk of, over hedge and ditch, in chase of soberness and truth, on the promising trail of an unprejudiced guide, and doubtless a modest, in his own opinion. Now, sir, if you are so hopelessly crochety, as to think yourself without prejudice,—so consummately foolish as to suppose yourself without ignorance, so ridiculously vain as to imagine yourself without vanity, so——” “Now, dear sir,” in his turn, interrupts the author, “pray don’t get

“ excited, above all, to so little purpose, in going across country on a false
 “ scent ; let me have my own way for the few pages left ; and then if you will
 “ and must quarrel, do, though it were far better to shake hands after a cuff or
 “ so with the gloves on.”

The prejudices we were speaking of are *corporate* prejudices, not the stray random, self-willed notions of which your humble servant, gentle reader, pleads guilty to his full allowance ; but such as are compact, consistent, and homogeneous, which, as the world yet goes, are of all things the most likely to make a weak man strong, and a poor man rich, for a time ; it is in a well-conditioned suit of such habiliments, lay or ecclesiastical, that your ruminating acquaintance, courteous reader, expects to be found deficient,—he has tried at times, to don official garments that would qualify the wearer to walk in procession with an important guild or fraternity, to cheer to their cheers, and groan to their groans, but has generally found something too tight in one place, too loose in another, wrinkling, or, as the French tailors say, “ *faisant des grimaces*” in a third ; so, to satisfy a native love of elbow-room, he is beginning to contemplate the prospect of walking through life in the private insignificance of plain clothes.

Let thus much of egotism, indulgentissime lector, pass unchallenged as introductory and explanatory to what may otherwise strike thee as too self-maintaining in the following pages, under the head of “ Religious Ethics,” a subject the intrinsic dignity of which demands to be guarded and limited by deference to opinion and authority. For the *guarding*, we trust to our genuine respect for all conscientious convictions, as well as distaste for dogmatic self-inflation, and for the *limiting*, it is easily laid down by our profession of faith, as among the zealous and humble disciples of the Church of Pentecost.

One word more, in reference to valuable readers, whom we have as yet done nothing to propitiate, and who are probably far beyond hearing. “ Why, “ Mr. Ruminator,” may ask some gay young lady, or light-hearted Lothario, “ do you hang out false colours for your tiresome prosy disquisitions, for all “ the world as bad as sermons, which you ought to have called them ? Can’t “ you tell us something of bull fights, mantillas, and banditti, as you say you “ have been in Spain ; which is likely enough, to judge by the *Châteaux en “ Espagne*, of which you seem to be dreaming or ruminating, as you call it ?”

Now this would be very fair, and we should at once plead guilty, simply advancing, by way of excuse, that we could not help it ; at home or abroad, a man remains much the same, old thoughts under new skies.

“ *Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,*”

Which we leave gay Lothario to construe for his fair friend, to whom having tendered our apology, we now promise best amends in the way of moving incidents by field and flood in some future number of the Anglo-Saxon, if we

live and don't change our mind, which latter is unlikely, as on the strength of our resources, amassed between the Texel and Gibraltar, we expect to become popular contributors, beginning with the broad based integuments of those amphibious sons of earth,

“ Where the tall ocean leans against the land,”

and ending, if on such a topic it were possible to end, with the bewitching mantilla and restless *abaneco* of “ Spain's dark glancing daughters.”

But now to graver matters, maintaining always our principle that religious questions are not of an order to be set apart from every other, a notion which usually ends in their being for practical purposes shelved altogether; our belief is, that to a Christian Citizen everything is to be considered under a religious aspect, the actual and the common-place, no less than the mystic and the transcendental, the pleasures and the charms of life, no less than the sins and the sorrows, all times, all thoughts being inalienably sacred to Him whose presence is alike revealed in the beauty of the lily and the melody of the lark, as in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire; though never so deeply to the heart of man, as in the “ still small voice ” that proclaims neither “ lo! here, nor lo! “ there,” but “ behold the kingdom of God is within you.”

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

In reference to this heading, we have little inclination to quarrel with certain terms of dissent called forth by a section entitled the “ Sabbath for “ Man ” in the preceding “ Ruminations of Travel,” No. II. of the Anglo-Saxon. The measure of disapproval has rather given a raciness to sundry expressions of approbation marked more by the hand of generous liberality than stingy justice, so we only, with humility and deference, beg leave to maintain the ground occupied, till driven out of it *vi et armis*. Meanwhile let no courteous adversary demur at a weak garrison trusting in the strength of solid walls.

In reverence for the first day of the week as one of religious rest for the toiling body, and religious exercise for the torpid spirit, we yield to none, and would rather lose Magna Charta than give up the most glorious and beneficent festival that ever, in brief and blessed recurrence, gladdened the hearts of millions; our only debateable matter is, on what foundation the sanctity of the day rests, and in what manner it should be profitably and appropriately commemorated.

Now, as to days and seasons, it scarcely admits of doubt in the mind of a Christian, that all days of the year are recognised by his faith as intrinsically alike, all equally “ Lord's Days,” and to be dedicated to his service, according to the divine axiom “ *laborare est orare*.”

What says the great Apostle of the Gentiles in a tone of reproach to

those that were disposed to hold otherwise? "How turn ye again to beggarly elements—again to be in bondage? ye observe days and months, and times and years, I am afraid for you;" and to another church, "let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of sabbath-days, which are a shadow of things to come;" and still once more, "he that keepeth the day, keepeth it unto the Lord, and he that keepeth not the day, keepeth it not unto the Lord."

Now, it is surely german to the question to remember that this truth is again and again in the strongest language announced to those who were always hankering after a stern gloomy Jewish sabbath, as the means of bringing with it the whole cumbrous, slavish, and class-profitable system of the levitical code, dear to scribes and pharisees, but a yoke grievous to the people, which had been given to their fathers for the hardness of their hearts, but which neither they nor their fathers had been able to bear.

Every reader of sacred writ knows well enough what reception was met with at the hands of the highest and gentlest authority that ever graced the earth, by those who laid special stress upon a morose sabbatical observance, even while its first sanction yet nominally lasted. The only words breathed by the Prince of Peace, less in sorrow than in anger, seem to have been those addressed to zealots of this order with the "*væ vobis*" that still thrills in the ear of Christendom. As to the fact of the original sanction, founded on the first birth of man and the earth's completed creation, it was doubtless of great weight to a small-peculiar people existing by special favour under exceptional conditions as to that alienation from their Maker, entailed upon the rest of the race by the degeneracy of our first parents; but what was it to the rest of the world, what cause had they to celebrate a *birth-day* that had only ushered them into a brief uncertain lease of embittered life, soon lapsing into the awful darkness of inexplicable death? Rather one would think, while left in such doubt and darkness, might they have been tempted like Job to curse the hour, when the first man-child was born into the world. Now let us recollect that we are the descendants and representatives of these same Gentiles or nations, and stand in relation to the Jewish sabbath on just the same ground that they did, except that our position differs in this, that we knew what they did not *viz.*, our new day of a *second* birth, not by the first Adam in whom all died, but by the *second* in whom all are made alive, and thence it is that we celebrate the *first* day of the week as that on which, by the consummated triumph and restoration of the second Adam, we were new born to life and liberty, celebrating it not in obedience to an irksome law, but in voluntary joy of heart; not in severe silence and ascetic privation, but in thankfulness, cheerfulness, sympathy, charity, and brotherly fellowship. If this seem anything strange or new to those who derive their notions in a direct line from the Jews of old, or from authorities nearer home in second-hand adoption, from Oliver Cromwell's

fighting Ironsides, we can only say that it appeared neither new nor strange to the early christians, who carried their idea of *triumphant* observance of the day to such a pitch, that *kneeling* was prohibited in the churches on the great weekly festival, and all devotional exercises were offered to God by man in an exalted posture which raised his head as near to Heaven as his stature permitted. This view of the matter was also strenuously asserted by Luther and the great German and English Reformers of the sixteenth century.

Why the Jewish fourth commandment or indeed the Jewish *ten* at all instead of the Christian *two*, should have been introduced where it is, into our Church Service, we cannot attempt to explain, and we never heard of anybody who could.

As to the other point, "In what religious exercise consists," we still hold, till forced to let go, the belief that it consists not alone in the repetition of oral prayers, and the inculcation of council-compiled creeds, but in everything that tends to raise, purify, gladden, and instruct the mind of man, in reference to the will and way, the mercy and the wisdom, of his Maker ; and on this ground it is that we ventured the wish, that the rising generation might live to see the national museums and galleries thrown open for their instruction on the only days in the year which their body-toiling avocations leave to them available ; and we see, moreover, no Christian cause why church pulpits themselves should not be made instrumental in the diffusion of *naturally* revealed religious knowledge, as co-ordinate with, though subordinate to, that which is special and supernatural. Man consists of intellectual faculties, as well as bodily limbs, and moral or religious sentiments ; the proper balance and development of all these constitute the highest condition of happiness he can reach in this life ; neglect or over-task any one of the three systems, and you injure the whole combination. The body may be enfeebled by too little, or worn out by too much exercise,—and so with the intellectual mind and spiritual soul, the latent powers of either may be stifled in their own smouldering smoke, or burnt out in the fierceness of their own consuming flame ; and surely we in England find examples enough, in our Sunday-and-Monday experience, metropolitan and other, of intellect from lack of exercise drugged in the pot-house, and religion from excess of excitement burnt out in the conventicle.

Thus much in support of our Sunday heresies in Part II., we trust we may not have made matters worse ; we would gladly compound with our respected opponents about museums and so forth : let them be closed by all means during divine service in the morning. We wish to see the Christian festival kept holy and sacred as much as any man ; but we think Christian holiness consists in the healthy development of body, spirit, and understanding, with which we believe King James's Royal Sports, and a walk in the British Museum, to be quite as compatible as the legal imbibing of either beer or bigotry on their respective premises.

FAST DAYS.

Will anybody be obliging enough to lay down an intelligible theory of modern occidental fasting, as illustrated by the presumed voluntary privation of eating, drinking, or sleeping, less than Christian temperance and bodily health may prescribe? We ask this question in real gravity and sobriety, as suggested by large printed placards on the walls, and innumerable "letters" in the *Times*, indicative of the existence of such a theory. Of that unhappy style of fasting, which is not voluntary, but *involuntary*, we need no explanation; it is unluckily a much more common thing than the other, and must be taken as one of the most disagreeable of the million and a half of facts already familiar to the public. But bodily extenuation, as desirable, or beneficial, in our damp Northern climate, is really so adverse to preconceived notions, that it is but fair to seek explanation, before submitting to the experiment. Can there still lurk anywhere, or anyhow, a disposition to establish analogies, and seek parallels, between the "beggarly elements" of ceremonial Judaism and the royal consummation of spiritual Christianity, between Levitical ordinances, "touch not, taste not," and the glorious law of liberty, which teaches us as men putting away childish things, to add to our faith *temperance*, and trouble ourselves with no foolish questions of "meat and drink" for conscience sake!

Strange, that in these days, one should have to deal with an historical anachronism of such inordinate error, and a religious *bathos* of such immeasurable sinking. But stay, it strikes us, even while writing, that we are all wrong, and the very extremity of the dilemma should have warned us at once that it could be only imaginary—yes! yes! there is an explanation and a clue to this our metropolitan fasting, in the year of our Lord 1849, very different in theory from that of expiatory extenuations of the body, or votive shavings of the head. We see it now as a real practical work of manly Christian benevolence and sympathy, which may well speed and prosper. What, indeed, can be better in its way, than that those who have habitual superfluities in this same "meat and drink," should during a season of pressure and pestilence, content themselves with a *little* less than enough in favour and behalf of those who have *much* less; this, no doubt, is the key to the mystery, and nothing could be more satisfactory than a large distribution of good cheer upon the smoking boards of Lambeth, Bermondsey, and Spitalfields, at the expense, for a time, of the tables of Belgravia, Bloomsbury, and Islington. We began by supposing that we had to remonstrate against a deplorable, though perhaps, well-meaning desecration of that "Kingdom of God,"—which is not a matter of "meat and drink," as we are indignantly reminded by an Apostle,—always jealous to watch and vindicate the manliness and

dignity of Christian maturity against any relapse into the *second* childishness of Judaism; the first had been natural and promising, the second could be only drivelling and doting. How glorious the sublime simplicity of the declaration of the once zealous Jew, lately become a divinely enlightened Christian, "when I was a child, I thought as a child, and spake as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Paul of Tarsus, the Apostle and the light of nations! whether preaching to the wise men of Athens, or fighting with the wild beasts of Ephesus; whether pleading before Agrippa, or appealing unto Cæsar; whether withstanding Peter, or at strife with Barnabas; in all things, and all times,

" A combination and a form
Where God himself, did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a Man!"

Some things, indeed, in his transcendent letters, "are hard to be understood;" but how little could he, who wrote them, have anticipated that those few things could have been so "wrested to destruction," as they have been, "by the unlearned," and the uninquiring as to the why and where, and when and how, which could alone render intelligible to any succeeding age, a collection of letters written on particular occasions, to especial persons, with limited application and relative bearing: who ever finds practical difficulties and apparent contradictions, in the *Catholic* or Universe-addressed epistles, written by those holding the same commission, and teaching the same doctrines as Paul; who understood and loved him as they alone, perhaps, could understand and love, a nature at once so lofty and so strong, so tender and so true; one who could be alike himself, and himself alone, whether confronting and baffling Festus, by appealing unto Cæsar, or mingling his own tears with those of his brethren in the house of Philip, to the words of upbraiding pathos—"What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?"

It certainly has been, by some one, somewhere whispered, or carried by birds of the air, that enlightened ministers of Christian England have, in the late cholera epidemic, urged on the authority of Paul, and such as Paul, the religious duty of foregoing the law of Christian Temperance—as a means of disarming, what they in figurative language, call "the Wrath of God." But having had no opportunity of judging personally in the matter, we are not obliged to believe it; but suppose, rather, that they would reply in the indignant tone of the great Prophet—"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? that a man should afflict his soul for a day? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sack-cloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?"

Let us stipulate, however, for recollection of a *proviso* in favour of Church-

imposed fasting for the benefit of the ill-fed at the expense of the well-fed ; we think the old Wednesday and Friday arrangements, might be adopted with advantage, from the regions of Belgravia down to those of the humblest mediocrity, in favour of two good dinners weekly to that large class in London, and elsewhere, who never dine at all.

HUMILIATION.

So, also, with the kindred measure of *humiliation*, which is usually attached with a hook-and-eye to *fasting* ; it would, doubtless, be conducive to much good, that the habitually exalted should occasionally humble themselves for the benefit of the habitually depressed ; we would go so far, as even to applaud our Metropolitan Sumptuosities, were they, in these cholera days, to consult the Parish doctors for a list of convalescents, to whom air and driving exercise might be advantageous, and forthwith send round their coaches, chariots, britskas, and one horse chaises, with orders to take up, according to the medical index, and make the best of the fine weather in the lovely neighbourhood of the Metropolis ; we see objections to this, but they might be all over-ruled in favour of humiliation. The gentlemen in plush, who open Magnates' doors in fashionable squares, are not the meekest of mankind, and might demur at the idea of mixing with the inferior orders, whether lay or clerical ; but humiliation would be more honoured, were the wishes of their masters made imperative ; then, again, there might be risk of infection to silk linings and soft cushions—an objection not so easily obviated ; so it would do as well for lower Superiorities to job their equipage, and go oftener a-foot, and the money saved, should form a fund for this “ airing ” of the sick, which is a favourite notion of ours, and might thus be made subservient to two good purposes,—“ bringing down the lofty from their seats, and exalting the humble “ and meek.”

But it would seem as if the world needed a new dictionary of definitions for its virtues, ethical and theological, and as if we were always going wide of our mark, for want of knowing thoroughly, what the mark is. This virtue of humiliation, for instance, what vague notions seem to be entertained of it as a religious grace ; how many seem to think that it really does consist in bowing down our head like a bulrush, and grovelling before our Maker as an abject slave before a tyrant despot ; as if, as in the case of the poor fool dressed in a little brief authority, the Spirit whom we should worship in spirit and in truth, needed comparative exaltation by our relative abasement. How different the language and lessons of Christian scripture, urging us to stretch onward and upward, to the prize of the mark of a high calling, to be perfect (in our sphere) even as God is perfect, hailing and cheering us as sons of God, to assert

and vindicate the glorious rank into which we are born again ; this, surely, sounds more like a summons to loftiness, than lowliness ; to draw ourselves up to our full height towards Heaven, rather than stoop and crawl downward and earthward with a whining profession, that our best deeds are “ filthy rags,” and ourselves no better than good for nothing.

Yet no doubt there is such a Christian virtue as Humiliation in reference both to our Creator and our fellow creatures,—then what is it? Towards our Maker,—the conviction that He is in Heaven, though the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Him, and that we are upon earth, and in Him, and for Him alone live and move, and have our being. Towards our fellow-creatures.—recognizing the lowest and meanest of mankind as our equals, save in such superiority of mind, body, or estate, as argues but an enhanced tenure of responsibility, for the well-being and well-doing of our neighbours and our selves. Beyond these two measures of Humiliation, we doubt if there be any finding source or warrant in the examples or precepts of Christianity.

The idea of propitiating or disarming the Deity in His wrath or fury by prostration, either of body or mind, can be nothing but Judaism of a very early stamp,—the notion of such wrath to be appeased in the Godhead is as little admissible as that of human humiliation for an appeasing agent. Wrath is sure evidence of weakness and disorder, and can be no attribute of a Nature without change, or shadow of turning. The literal acceptance of such oriental terms in Jewish Scripture and language, becomes highly dangerous when used in these days as a foundation for doctrines incompatible with the more advanced revelation of the Divine Nature as one of infinite benevolence and beneficence, ordaining mysterious, magnificent, and assuredly adequate means, not in Wrath, but in Love to this world, for its ultimate emancipation from evil and regeneration in good. The practical mischief arising from unreasonable, inconsistent, and unworthy notions on this head, is the tendency to alienate from the most important topics minds of a high and bold order, disgusted at the anile or puerile tone with which they are met on the threshold of the Temple.

VISITATIONS AND INTERPOSITIONS.

During the late prevalence of cholera in England, how strangely has sounded in the ears of such men, the ordinary language of Religious Professors as to the Visitation, the Wrath, and so forth, backed by public prayers and supplications to *stay the plague*, as in the days of Moses and Aaron, instead of simply offering and teaching the sublime and enlightened Christian formula, *Fiat Voluntas*, with a national Amen! How do we know that the cholera *is* a plague, or that it would be expedient to stop it at our pleasure?

or rather do we not well know that cholera, like everything else, as far as it is beyond our control, is also beyond our comprehension, and that having first sought and adopted all practical means of alleviation and prevention, we have nothing left but to accept an inscrutable purpose with all faith in its mercy, adapting our own conduct in cheerful conformity thereto. Once allow any other theory, and we might as well shut up our medical schools and hospitals, and put up State prayers against disease, old age, and death.

In this Annus Domini 1849, it is we trust no heresy to propound that the object of heavenward petitions, public or private, is not to change by one hair's-breadth the laws of Providence, but simply to produce a reflective influence on our own mind and conduct, in furtherance of faith and cheerfulness in the one, industry and energy in the other. What confusion arises at the thought of *wrathful Visitations*, attacking indiscriminately the young, the old, the helpless, the suffering, the benevolent and enterprising,—how utterly untenable the supposition in its abstract or practical bearings, and how it all clears up at the clue of Mercy rather than Anger, manifested no less in cholera than in winter's frost or summer's heat, warning us of health, strength, and life, wantonly wasted or neglected in the mad pursuit of despicable delusions,—ostentation, vanity, and childishness, ousting soberness, utility, and manliness,—and, if left unchecked, threatening decay, degeneracy, and the dregs of life, to a race yet unborn.

If the cholera were to be regarded as a peculiar visitation of chastening wrath, how comes it to have fallen with so heavy a hand upon the poor Pariahs of society that seem in relation to ourselves to be so much “more sinned against than sinning,”—outcast dwellers in the mesopotamia of Lambeth and Bermondsey, infected with the reek of fat graveyards, and piled mountains of “green bones?”—if, again, a spiritual dispensation be to be appeased by humbly offering a cheek to the smiter, who shall explain the simultaneous *sauve-qui-peut* of the higher classes in flagrant dereliction to passive obedience?—why did they not rather as leaders of the people seek foremost danger in the hour of darkness, as they court highest honour in the blaze of noon-day,—why not, in the *true* Mosaic spirit, have stood between the avenger and his victims, and said:—“Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold; yet now if Thou wilt forgive their sin ——; and if not blot us, we pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.” Why not have *changed places* with the emaciated masses of Spitalfields?—But we stop, for all this sounds like mockery, yet it only shews “something rotten” in the spiritual state of Denmark, that won't bear probing; let us then beware of fostering the worst enemy that religion has to dread and deal withal,—let us while we live, tell truth and shame the devil.

There are data enough, did we need them, to prove that cholera is amenable, no less than other scourges, to practical measures of amelioration; a

lover of truth would ascribe more potency to the late articles in *The Times* than to all the "Humiliation" bill-stickers between Lambeth and Islington. The gentlemen of the establishment in Printing-house Square, have been, happily for the public, within whiff of Fleet Ditch, and the four quarters of the Globe have rung to the news that Blackfriars is not savoury. *The Times* has written *in earnest*, her broad sheet inscribed with the stirring device—

"Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

Ask *medical* men,—of all others the best informed and the ablest judges in these matters, the class, too, of all others evincing the Christian virtues of self-denial and compassion in such trials,—ask them whether they accept the theory of "wrathful visitations," and you will be indebted to nothing but their courtesy for an uncontentious answer. No! they point to your pestiferous "Rookeries," your city grave-yards, your defective drainage, your reeking shambles, your deficient water, your gloomy window-tax, your fiscal encouragement of gin,—in short, to the *remediable* causes of misery to millions, as yet ignorant, vicious, and brutal; and having thus pointed, they tell you cholera may be, by God's blessing, the means of doing what nothing else can, rousing selfish apathy by the death-knock at its own door, and waking avaricious dotage by a summons to pack up and get hence, "taking nothing away;" they will tell you that this is doing, and will be further done under the influence of *Fear*, and then, fearless themselves, plunge into the thick of the dying and the dead, religiously using the allotted means, with head, and heart, and hand in the cause, to soothe suffering and allay alarm. And surely we too, each in our vocation, and according to our ability, shall be doing well and wisely in the service of God and man, if we go and do likewise.

Respire Finem.

Dear reader, we have rambled thus far, up and down, and round about,

"Herauf herab und quer und krumm,"

till abruptly stopped by peremptory limits of time and space, so with little warning and brief peroration we take our leave, in the hope, however, that we part as friends to meet again,—meanwhile "*Hasta la vista*," fare thee well; or, as the grave and courteous Spaniard more emphatically and nobly words it,

"VAYA USTED CON DIOS."

M.



Fons Parnassi : the Solace of Song.

I.

Ever babbling, ever bubbling,
Bright as light, and calmly clear,
Cure for every trial troubling,
Solace ever new and near,
Fons Parnassi ! free and flowing,
Fons Parnassi ! glad and glowing,
Rarefied creative pleasure !

O they lie who say that Song
Is a merely graceful measure,
Just a luxury of leisure,
Not an anthem sweet and strong
Rich in spiritual treasure,
That to Seraphs might belong,—
Not a tender consolation,
All the cares of life among,
Not the balm of broad creation
In this maze of right and wrong,—
Not the secret soul's distilling,
Every nerve and fibre filling
With intense ecstatic thrilling,—

Evøe ! Fons Parnassi,
Fons ebie Parnassi !

II.

Ah ! thou fairy fount of sweetness,
 Well I wot how dear thou art
 In thy purity and meetness
 To my hot and thirsty heart,
 When, with sympathetic fleetness,
 I have raced from thought to thought,
 And, array'd in maiden neatness,
 By her natural taste well taught,
 Thy young Naiad, thy Pieria,
 My melodious Egeria,
 Winsomely finds out my fancies
 Frank as Sappho, as unsought,—
 And with innocent wife-like glances
 Close beside my spirit dances,
 As a sister Ariel ought,—
 Tripping at her wanton will,
 With unpremeditated skill,
 Like a gushing mountain rill,
 Or a bright Bacchante reeling
 Through the flights of thought and feeling
 Half concealing, half revealing
 Whatsoe'er of Spirit's fire,
 Beauty kindling with desire,
 Can be caught in Word's attire !

Evøe ! Fons Parnassi,
 Fons ebrie Parnassi !

C.

Stilling the Storm.



The night was dark, the weary bark
Was tossing to and fro ;
And round the sail the stormy gale
Howled like an angry foe.

From blacken'd cloud the thunder loud
Boomed o'er the quaking wave,
And lightning flash amid the crash
The heavens asunder clave.

Oh ! such a night of wild affright
Was never known before ;
And justly then those trembling men
Might think of Time no more !

Through all the crew, One only knew
The calmness of repose ;
His breathing deep and peaceful sleep
Nor fear nor trouble shows.

With fright appalled, aloud they called !

They roused Him with their cry—

“ Sleepest Thou still ? the boat will fill !

Lord, help us—or we die !”

Ah wondrous hour, ah voice of power !

“ Ye waters, peace—be still !”

Each wave's high crest sinks down to rest

In homage to His will !

The wondering crew the marvel view

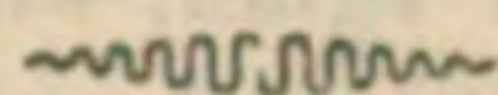
“ What man is this ?” they say,

“ Whose words assuage the tempest's rage,

Whom winds and waves obey ?”



The Nursery.



“ Visions of childhood ! ”



You bid me, my dear C., write of the Nursery—but surely the vision is past.

Nearly thirty years have dimmed its lights and deepened its shadows ; and it is the young mother's pencil which can alone faithfully pourtray its minute tracing, or its bright and glowing colours. Other scenes have unfolded their interests, and the deep tragedies of life have taken the place of the sweet drama in which infancy, childhood, boyhood, and girlhood alike occupied and charmed the heart and the imagination. But give me a little leisure, one hour of still thought, and the balmy influence will steal over me :—

“ I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow ! ”

Yes ; it is all revived and I am young again, and can greet with a kindred sympathy all Anglo-Saxon mothers, whether on our native shores or in our remotest colonies.

Dear young mothers ! If ever a high and holy mission were the lot of humanity, it is yours. That deep, yearning, never-wearied love which overshadows and fills your hearts is not a mere instinct which you share alike with all the animal creation ; though that is a bright beam from the fountain of tenderness, and well described by Herbert :—

“ Mothers are kind, because Thou art ;
Thy tenderness o'erflows their heart.”

But in Christian women it is the breathing of a spiritual life—the glad answer to that appeal, “ Lovest thou me ? Feed my lambs.” Infancy, always lovely in its unfettered graces, and ever commanding respect from its ignorance of evil, has, from the commencement of the Christian dispensation, received a new and an intenser interest. It was the first visible form in which the Redeemer of mankind manifested Himself when He came amongst men and dwelt upon

our earth. "To us a *child* was born;" and it was through the helplessness of infancy and the obedience of childhood that He grew up to His perfect manhood. Thus to every mother, who looks at things which are seen as types of things which are not seen, her infant becomes an emblem of the Babe at Bethlehem. Nor is it in this view only that the Boon becomes so precious. She thinks and thinks again over those scenes so simply and beautifully sketched in the Gospel narrative, where the Saviour, in illustrating to his Disciples "the kingdom of Heaven," called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them; and again, when they brought unto Him little children, He took them into His arms and blessed them! She gazes till she realises, and it is *her* child who is set amongst the inquiring Disciples, and it is *her* infant who is smiling in the arms of its Redeemer. Is it wonderful that with these high and sacred impressions on her mind, her whole Being, her body, soul, and spirit, should be devoted to the office of tending, rearing, and ministering to such a trust? and if her affections remain unsullied, and her efforts be guided by wisdom and carried out with simplicity, who can calculate on the blessedness of the result?

Children thus loved and thus nurtured, as Christ's and for Christ, do flourish and will flourish, and reward the Parent ten-fold into her bosom. Those who have most devotedly tended a young family have acknowledged that the first fifteen years of a mother's life have been the happiest and the brightest of her existence. Whilst instilling Heavenly principles and sentiments into their minds, and cultivating in them the habits of Christianity, her own faith and confidence have gained daily strength; and in the interchange of pious acts and artless devotion, she has forgotten for a time the weariness of the flesh or the flagging of the spirit, and has felt the refreshing breezes of Heaven sustaining her through her work of faith and her labour of love.

But, perhaps the setting sun has been gilding the picture too highly, and my young friends will say—"You have forgotten that we live an every-day life; and that, bewitching as infancy and childhood may be, there is a constant tide of crying and waywardness, fretfulness and quarrelling, sickness and ailings which become a source of weariness to both the body and mind of those who are surrounded by children."

No; I remember it all. More or less these are essential realities in the experience of life—not only of the Nursery, but of its onward stages; but as we would blow away the dust on the canvass of a favourite picture, so let us not make too much of these annoyances, but, as far as possible, remove them with a light hand. Attention to the health of a child will prevent many nursery trials; and though it has always appeared to me of little use to set down rules for general adaptation, which can only be adopted by persons of similar stations in society, yet there are a few maxims which can be carried about and acted upon in every place and by all people. A quick observation

and strict attention will be a sufficient guide to most mothers as to the principal points of diet, clothing, and habits. Simplicity, sufficiency, and regularity will include the monitory system; and if no artificial wants are excited, no false stimulants administered, and Nature be tended without officiousness, there will in most cases be little cause for anxiety on the score of health. Good food suitable to the age, good clothing suitable to the climate, good air, plenty of exercise and play, with regular hours, will generally prove the best assistants to vigorous health; and as to the moral ailments—the “won’ts and don’ts,” the selfish contentions between little brothers and sisters—let them be dissipated as quickly and as gently as possible, removing the occasions and restoring the equilibrium. *Cheerfulness* is the sunbeam of childhood; and those who have the charge of young creatures, whether parents or nurses, cannot too assiduously cultivate a merry heart and a joyful spirit.

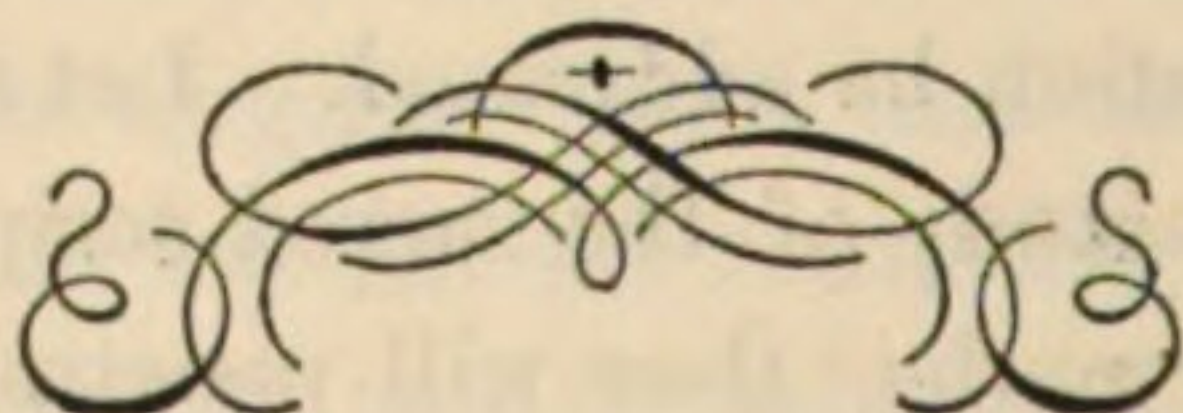
And yet there are mothers, for whose deep and lofty spirits this surface treatment, this superficial picturesque touch, of even nursery trials, will not suffice. To them it may appear a mockery of real and penetrating anxieties. They cannot witness the impatient struggle, the pouting lip, the cry of passion, the angry eye; nor, as infancy advances into childhood, the strong self-will, and self-preference; they cannot listen to the prevaricating excuse, or to the first bold untruth, and satisfy their aching hearts, with the plausible idea, that these indications are mere *annoyances*, the dust on a fair picture, which can be dispersed as easily as it accumulates. To the watchful, jealous apprehension, of such fond and true hearts, other thoughts must be suggested, and words of deeper meaning and consolation be addressed. Let me affectionately urge upon such characters, the simple study of the sacred scriptures. In the light which they will cast around their paths, they will penetrate the intricacies of moral beauty and deformity, which are otherwise so bewildering to their faith, hope, and charity, and from the disappointment and fearfulness, which, like a chilling vapour, have risen around them and the objects of their maternal idolatry, they will emerge into the wholesome and invigorating atmosphere of revealed truth. The experience of every day, will unfold to them the mystery of original, or birth-sin, and whilst they read its commentary in living types, and arm themselves to the daily task, not only of self-conflict and earnest endeavour, but of training and disciplining young soldiers in the Christian warfare, they will recreate their hopes, and renew their strength, by the blessed assurance that “there is no condemnation to them that believe and are baptised.”

To those devoted country-women, who, far from their own land, are acting a true mother’s part, and feeling their solitary position, are thinking with regret, not only of old England’s homes, but of her churches and her helps to education, may I suggest the study of the Church Catechism as a directory. In its doctrines and precepts they will find the essence of Christianity, and full

materials for carrying out, both in creed and practice, the religious education of their children, whilst in the appointed psalms and lessons of each day they will find refreshment and assistance for their own spirits. In this communion of saints they will no longer feel themselves severed from the fold in which they were themselves nurtured, and may be the honoured instruments of training up a band of Crusaders who may hereafter add a fresh stimulus to their fellow Christians, and unfold the Banner of the Cross in lands where England's home-born sons have never trod. If these lines should reach the eye of any such mothers, I would entreat them to be of good cheer, and not to envy those who, surrounded by appliances, are less likely to seek wisdom from the Fountain-Head, or to walk with Faith, Hope, and Charity as their handmaids. And now dear C—— the quiet hour has fled away, and the prattle of grandchildren reminds me that the pen must be laid aside and their little pleasures attended to. Farewell!

Yours ever,

F——.



Regeneration.

By A Curate.

" Thus from the elect regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark passions, and what thirsty cares
Drink up the spirit, and the dim regards
Self-centre.

COLERIDGE.

It is my weekly, almost daily, duty to baptise infants. The rich and the ragged; the healthy and unclean; dressed in lace and fine linen, or tied up in an old torn shawl; attended by wealthy Godparents, meditating costly gifts, or by Workhouse Godparents, sponsors of misery and sureties of wretchedness; they all come to the curate's arms to be sprinkled with the same water, signed with the same sign of the cross, received into the same—no there's some mistake here—not received into the *same* congregation. For if Christ's flock be the society into which the rich and healthy, with the lace and fine linen, and the gift-giving Godparents are to be enrolled for help and comfort, and improvement during their earthly pilgrimage—what hope is there that those other poor little ones will ever partake of its advantages? There may be a "Christ's flock," an Ark for them, but undoubtedly it is an ark of the third class, and they are parliamentary passengers, admitted thanks to legal establishment, and who, though they may arrive at the end of their journey as safely as the others, yet will be exposed to a hundred dangers and trials from which the more fortunate first and second class travellers will be by care and suretyship protected.

Let me not, however, jump too rashly *in medias res*. "Regeneration" is my text, and there are so many diverse opinions and fervid sentiments kindled by the very mention of the name, that I must seek to win attention rather than provoke discussion.

The occurrences and recurrences of a curate's duty, force into practical reality many a speculative doctrine or theory which is eagerly debated at half the dinner and tea tables of England. Whilst others dispute, the Curate is called upon to act. What one man, while carving his melon, denounces as a "damnable heresy," or another, fortifying his argument by wine and walnuts, proves to be the teaching of the church or doctrine of scripture; this, be it true or false, must be inculcated by word, and sign, and deed, every day of the curate's life. He has generally no time to read, though many incitements to think, and he must judge, with the best help of an honest heart and humble spirit, whether creeds and doctrines are, not speculatively, but practically true or false. The sermons that he has week after week to compose, must be to his own mind, by their effect or their failure, a test of the value of his own or his church's opinions. The daily working of the offices of religion must be to him a matter of observation and reflection. And, therefore, though with all due deference, he may venture a few remarks even on high and difficult subjects, in the belief that truth may be discovered and explained without self-important learning on the one hand, or fanatical abnegation of reason, and the common senses of eyes and ears on the other.

If I could but make my lay reader enrobe himself, in imagination, in my surplice and hood and be present with me at the various occasions on which a curate is required to officiate, I am sure he would return to his coloured garments a wiser, perhaps a sadder, perhaps a better man.

He would see life especially in all its more solemn realities, in new lights,—certainly in new shades. Called upon perhaps within the same hour to baptise, to marry, and to bury,—sent for to administer consolation to the dying, even while in the act of teaching the young and healthy; the confidant of misery in its most secret extremities, and thereby made alive to the evils of luxury, and the glaring inconsistencies of wealth,—it would be strange indeed, if he did not learn to read both his Bible and daily life with a freshness of interest, which the regularities of ordinary occupations cannot impart.

But come away, Reader, come away! we'll leave thorny discussions and ever-world-without-end controversies, and go forth with open eyes and ears to see and to listen—let the thinking come in due course. And first and freshest we'll to the country, to the fields and woods and lanes, to the birds and beasts, the flowers and fruits, the clear sky and pure water. For strange to say a country rector has grown weary of his Elysium, and must needs off to the Great Babylon, to rob his blooming daughters of their too natural rusticity, to finish their education under those indispensable mentors of good society—

dancing-masters and singing-mistresses, and milliners *à-la-mode*; and you and I, reader, for we are now one in the mystical bond of fancy, you and I are to take possession during that anxious parent's trimestrial absence of the pleasant rectory, with its shrubbery and garden, and paddock, and piggery, and pony, and pony chair,—treasures inestimable to the emancipated town-curate, however lightly esteemed by their urbanising possessor. Oh! the luxury of that retirement! How we smell the flowers, how we rake the beds, how we trim the shrubs; nay, why not confess it? how we climb the trees and steal the bird's eggs; how we groom the pony; how we mow the lawn; how we romp with the big dog;—happy, happy curate, those simple joys, that pure air have in a day—almost in an hour—banished years of care, sickness, and depression, and made out of that pale, prim, starched reverence, a Man or, rather and better, a Boy.

And now having breakfasted on rural delicacies, we issue forth, even in that unclerical garment a shooting coat, to drink in luxuriously the unsooted air, and bask in the smokeless sunshine, and then and there without forms or formulas, to hymn our own *Te Deum*, and to praise God with the freshness of unprescribed gratitude for “creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this “life.” But it is not only to look upon the beauties and listen to the sounds of glad nature that we have come forth. It is to meditate there, free from the fret and fever of crowded humanity, upon the many things we have been saying and doing during the busy life of our town-curateship. It is to gain or regain, freshly and vividly, as when we first thought upon them unprofessionally, those higher motives for gratitude,—“the redemption of the world,—the means of “grace,—the hope of glory.” It is to recall the great principles which when merged in the successiveness of perpetual routine had lost their true meaning, and withered into lethargic forms and vacant expressions. Vain attempt! subjects such as these are not for reveries and contemplations, but for deed and action,—not for fields and woods, but for houses and streets. In vain we try to penetrate mysteries, and solve perplexities,—the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. In vain we try to compass, and arrange, and systematise a perfect creed, and to harmonise all the relations of God and man,—we are losing ourselves in the depths of the unfathomable, and wearying ourselves by soaring through traverseless eternities. It is a vain attempt! Let us return to man and to life, and there study our duties, and seek to apply our doctrines, being sure that whatever of Divine revelation has been imparted to man, has been given for *his use*, and that whatever is not available to *profit withal*, but would tend only to idle speculation, is of man's dreaming, not of God's teaching. And so, reader, we will return from our rural digression, and changing our purpose of studying the important subject of “Regeneration,” amidst the solitude of leaves, and flowers, and streams, try to approach it from another quarter.

On one Sunday more than a hundred children were baptised out of the comparatively small population of a parish, in a manufacturing town. An examination of the registries had proved that a large number were not only heathens in practice but also in name, so far as any outward symbol of their faith was concerned. And without trenching on any ground of cavil or controversy it may yet be observed that the neglect of external observances had certainly not produced internal godliness—the disuse of the outward visible sign had not been compensated by a greater diffusion of the internal spiritual grace. The humble church, a pretty little building though inheriting the disfigurements of many generations, is crowded with parishioners, an unusual occurrence, and two consecutive services of peculiar interest take place. In the afternoon some forty infants are brought to the font, led by the hand or carried in the arms of their ragged mothers, for they are almost all of a class too low for “respectable” children to be allowed to accompany even to the font. The muster of Godfathers and Godmothers, previously harangued, is large, and the lookers on numerous. The whole scene moves the curate, and he tries to read the service in his most impressive manner, and succeeds first in arresting their attention, and presently tears and audible sighs tell him that even this rough and ragged mob, the scum of the place, is nevertheless composed of men and women moved with like feelings and sympathies, and capable of hopes and fear as solemn as his own. There are evident signs that this wild, almost barbarian assembly, are much moved, and join, at least for once, in the prayers of the clergyman, “that these infants may lead the rest of their life according to this beginning.” In the evening, during the regular service, a somewhat larger number of adults are received into the congregation of Christ’s flock. Such an occurrence, reader, hadst thou been present, as I have wished, would have brought many thoughts, perhaps some perplexities, into that thinking store of thine now so crowded with commodities of more current, but less real value. The thought would have occurred to thee: Is all this service a mummary? an unprofitable ceremony? implying, if it have any meaning, a blasphemous superstition? God is thanked that these children were then and there regenerate. “No,” says Mr. Gorham, “God is only thanked hypothetically, *supposing* those children to be regenerate—we asked, but *perhaps* it was not given to us—we sought, but *perhaps* have not found—we knocked, but *perhaps* the door was never opened.” “Heresy!” cries the bishop of Exeter. “There is no *perhaps* about the matter, the language of the church is as plain as daylight, this child *is* regenerate.” Superstition! Blasphemy! Popery! cry a chorus of listeners.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? or is there not as usual truth on both sides, or rather a higher truth which includes in unconscious union the two disputants. For say to the Bishop,—“My Lord, there is a person living

“ a very careless life, I don't speak of actual sin, but he's not showing any
 “ signs of a Christian's faith or hope, and I'm anxious about him.” Who
 thinks for a moment that the Bishop would answer, “ Oh, never mind, make
 “ yourself easy, he's safe ! the church says he is regenerate—a child of God—
 “ what would ye have more ? ” Or say to Mr. Gorham,—“ Sir, I have a child
 “ whom I wish to bring up as a Christian, but some of my friends tell me that
 “ baptism is of no avail unless there is some ‘ prevenient grace ’ given to the
 “ child, unless he is already accepted by God before he is brought to the
 “ church ; now I want to know if I had not better wait till the child is old
 “ enough to give evidence of having received such grace, for I shouldn't like
 “ him to be received into Christ's church, and to be called a Christian, and to
 “ be no Christian after all.” Would not the reverend gentleman, if no unsea-
 sonable recollection were to remind him that he was the champion of one side in
 a controversy, answer at once,—“ Oh, bring your child now by all means,
 “ If you wait till you think he's good enough, you may wait till he's too bad,
 “ Suffer little children to come unto me, was our Lord's maxim, and his church
 “ has wisely acted upon it. We receive all who come because of the merits of
 “ Christ's sacrifice once for all—we receive them not because they are good,
 “ but because God has told us that He is merciful, and that he wishes all to be
 “ saved, and that the knowledge of his will and faith in his Son are the way
 “ by which men are to be saved—and this knowledge and this faith are only
 “ to be found among christians—unhappily too little among them—still they,
 “ so far as their profession goes, are, compared with other men, new creatures,
 “ with other hopes and other helps ;—would you then wish to deprive your
 “ child of these benefits on the chance of his being some day more fit to
 “ deserve them ? ”

Is not the higher truth, which both the Bishop and Mr. Gorham forget to
 inculcate whilst fighting for their respective Yes and No, that MAN—not
 only the individual I and Thou, but the whole race of Adam's descendants, has
 need to be regenerate—to be ushered by a new birth into a world that shall
 be a kingdom of God in a far more perfect and complete sense than is this in
 which they now live and move ? It is not perhaps a wise or a practicable wish,
 but it is one that will often occur, that new language might be coined or employed
 to express with the reality of freshness to lip and ear hackneyed doctrines of
 Christianity. An outcry would perhaps be raised if we were to speak of those
 doctrines of Christianity as of the “ Teachings of Christianity,” but how
 many a rising argument would be checked in our breasts if instead of
 “ sound doctrine,” we were to hear of “ truthful teaching”—if “ preaching the
 “ gospel” were habitually spoken of and felt to be “ telling happy tidings.”
 How few, even among most anxious controversialists, appear to realize any
 actual idea upon the subject of Baptism, beyond the negative of their antago-
 nists' proposition. I would take such persons to an infant in its cradle ; for the

font would recall preconceived suspicions or predilections, and their attention would be on the look out for particular phrases already predestined to approval or condemnation—but there by the babe's crib they will listen perhaps unbiassed. Look then at that child now born, *generate* into this world, this present existence! Who dressed the little actor in that charming apparel of flesh and blood, with its ornaments of curls, and smiles, and gestures? And if we cannot answer the wonders that perplex us as to the whence and how, at least we may reflect upon the where and what of this new performer? No matter whence he came; where is he now, and what is he? He is in a world, on an earth, among many hundreds, thousands, and millions like himself; there is air for him to breathe, food for him to eat—towards the production of which in due time he is to bear his burden of work. There are pleasant fields cultivated and yielding fruit through the previous work of others his like, there are houses well built and conveniently furnished, whose shelter he may share till he helps to raise better by his own skill and toil; there are great stores of information collected and arranged for his use; there are other creatures like himself ushered by a similar birth into this world to bear him company in his new existence. And what is he himself?—a workman equipped for his work, with a head to plan, hands to execute, and feet to carry him to his appointed place and occupation, with sympathies to bind him to, and antipathies to sever him from, the fellow-creatures who surround him; with hopes to urge him forward to success, and fears to draw him back from danger,—above all, with a power of self-controul and guidance, expansive as the expanding circumstances of his coming career. But is this the complete description of this new-born being and the world that receives him? Are there no darker shadows among the bright spots of the picture? That labour, by which he is to get his share of food or clothing—will it never be greater than his strength will sustain? that beautiful but delicate body, will it be subject to no suffering, no disease? or will it never sink under its own frailty and the too heavy requirements of its lot? That internal guide or ruler—will it not be mastered or at least occasionally disobeyed by the rebellious passions and impulses which it should controul? And how long shall this existence—good or bad—last? is there not an end—one of pain, and doubt, and dismay—the consciousness of which will taint every enjoyment he may hope to taste? Let us think of all this while we gaze on what *has been born*, and so begin to realise the need of that new birth, that *regeneration* which, while it is a word only, we bandy about so recklessly in our jealous controversies; let us begin to hope, and so to pray, for that infant—that this present life may not be *all* that is in store for him; let us try to paint to ourselves what the perfection of a complete creation might be—and so casting about how to do all that man can do, to help to *better* the prospects of that infant, let us remember that there have been promises—nay, something more, assurances given that there is, somewhere or other, a better

world, that there is, somehow or other, a new birth, by the process of which this child may be ushered out of this imperfect into that perfect existence, a regeneration by which, casting off the coil of frail mortality, he shall become a new creature, and partaker of a new existence. And so believing and so hoping, let us bring the child where he may be prepared for that promised future. Let us even bury him to this present life, so far as its poor prospects are alone concerned ; let us, if there be the means or the place, or the institution, let us bring him where he may have some foretaste of the better hereafter, where, being buried, he may also be raised again ; where, though not perfectly or completely, he may yet become *regenerate* ; a creature with new hopes and joys, helps and encouragements. Only let us not be content with so bringing him to a font, and calling him regenerate. Let us hope and pray that one day or other he may be really and truly born again,—a new being in a new world. But, meanwhile, let us do our part to make even the present symbolic birth of baptism a real and effectual change. Let us create a Church,—a kingdom of God, a congregation of Christ's flock,—such as may indeed prove itself to this infant an ark of salvation. Let us not be guilty of the superstition that is satisfied with words and forms, or of the fanaticism that believes God will do all, and we need do nothing.

And surely these are times in which no affectation of indifference, no unnatural, artificial shrinking from subjects which to MAN, such as God has made him, are or ought to be of the highest interest, should hinder us from writing or talking, so that we do it honestly and humbly, about religion and its concerns. It is not cant, if men have got souls given to them, and there are matters of intense importance to those souls, it is not cant to write about those matters and those souls, even in the pages of a periodical. The cant and hypocrisy, the unreality of our modern society lies in ignoring and passing over, or reserving only for Sundays, and fast-days, and sick beds, and prayer meetings, all the subjects most delightful to man's intellect, and most helpful to his daily life. Our national Cant is, that being by name and profession a Christian nation, we never require or expect in our rulers or officials any recognition of Christian principles,—that a Christian Queen addressing her Christian people would not venture to insert in a speech from the throne any nearer allusion to what her people do, or should value most, than a vague reference to the bounties or judgments of " Providence." And thereby is free scope and indulgence given to that bigotry, and intolerance, and Judaistical narrow-mindedness of the religious *classes*, which makes often the name of religion intolerable to the intelligent, and ridiculous to men of the world. Our social Cant is, that attending churches and chapels duly and regularly, and being well instructed in the knowledge of Christ's Gospel, we yet carry on our daily relations of life,—our buying and selling, our marrying and giving in marriage, our intercourse with those *above* us, and those *around* us, and those *below* us,

just as if we had never heard or read that men who really believe in Jesus Christ are regenerate, new creatures, who are to live, not selfishly for their own interests or advancement, but for their brethren,—the highest serving the lowest, the richest helping the poorest, the strongest giving his strength and his life for the weakest. This is the Cant that a curate sees daily going on in social life, whether from the reading desk he surveys the well-painted and cushioned pews, full of their gorgeously apparelled *disciples*, with here and there in the free seats a scant sprinkling of the “meaner sort,” of whom he soon learns to his sorrow and disgust, that even their appearance in those walls is from a hankering for the crumbs to be gathered under the rich men’s tables,—or whether service over, he hurries with the panting clerk to the miserable grave-yard, there to read words of hope, comfort, and anticipated glory over the mortal remains of some victim of vice, filth, and misery, and their climax, cholera. “Dear Brother,” indeed! Little brotherly kindness has he experienced to alleviate his share of the miseries of this sinful world.

While these things go on, we may talk, and argue, and write volumes about “Regeneration,” and every other Christian doctrine, but they will be empty words and barren symbols.

Even while writing these lines, I have had to lay down my pen, and been summoned away to baptise a child. Another soldier enlisted, another child of wrath made a child of grace, another poor perishable son of Adam received into the ark of Christ’s church. Let us think, reader, what are the benefits of which he ought to be partaker thereby. Doubtless, if brought in faith (as we trust he was), and according to the Saviour’s institution, he was not rejected by Him. Doubtless He, for his part, will most surely keep and perform every promise He has given. Doubtless He will not refuse the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, to mortify that child’s natural corrupt affections, to prepare him for the new life he must lead on earth, if he is to be partaker of the life everlasting. Doubtless, being by nature the child of wrath, Christ will have suffered him to come to Him in that sacrament, and will not forbid that he should become a child of grace, a son of God, an inheritor of heaven. This we cannot and will not doubt, for His promise is more sure than man’s unbelief. But is God’s forgiveness and acceptance all the benefit that this child should partake of in his baptism? Surely not. Christ suffers him to come to Him and looks upon him with love and compassion; but he is not yet saved. Christ’s time is not yet come. Meanwhile he has to prove his own faith, to work out his own salvation. At his baptism he was signed with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and to fight manfully under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ’s faithful soldier and servant unto his life’s end. And this token he must himself redeem, this pledge he must fulfil. What his Godfathers and Godmothers promised for him he is bound to

fulfil and to do. And here it is that he ought to receive the great blessing of being regenerate; of being born into a Christian Church; of being made a member of a society wherein all have the same vows upon them, all are looking forward to the same hopes, all are fighting the same fight against the same enemies, and all are or should be fellow helpers of each other, "members one of another."

But is this really the case amongst us? Can we, dare we say that this child has received blessings like these at his baptism? Will he be thereby entitled to the support, and comfort, and encouragement of *all* those who have already been made members of the same society, and by the same baptism? Will he, when this life is over and the conflict ended, look back to his baptism, and thank God that he was then and there admitted into a church which had indeed proved to him an ark of salvation?

Reader! if you and I have any doubts how we ought to answer these questions,—if, looking round upon the present state of things, we feel conscience-smitten, and constrained to own that the Church of Christ amongst us is a mere collection of individuals, who live together as if they had no Christian tie to unite them, no hopes, no fears, in common; no warfare to fight in which they needed each others' aid, and would be responsible for each others' failings,—if it seems almost a mockery to apply to our own state the language of one who knew what the society of new-born-men ought to be, "we being many are one body, and every one members one of another,"—shall we then sit down and leave things as they are?—shall we shrink from observing, or pointing out the real evils that abound?—shall we say that "Regeneration" is a subject to be confined to sermons and controversial pamphlets, and not rather to be adopted as a motto for every new effort to do good or remove evil, and to be placed even before the readers of "the New Quarterly," as a subject of all others deserving their thought and attention?

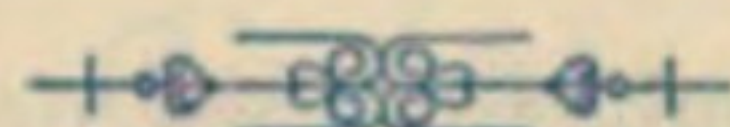
Aye! though preachers be dumb, and prelates be questioning—let the pages of the ANGLO-SAXON go forth to tell the World that it must be born again; nay, that it *is so*, would it but awaken from its torpor, and feel and enjoy and develope that new life which has been bestowed upon it by a Father's love at the cost of a Saviour's sufferings. Children of Adam, men are children of sin, suffering, and of death. Children of Christ, they are heirs of holiness, happiness, and life. Children of Adam,—witness their frailty, their grovelling lusts, their earth-bound spirits! Children of Christ,—witness all their higher hopes, and holier instincts, and germs of love! As whom, then, shall we address them? Shall we add enervating weakness to their frailty, pander to their lusts, and feed only their earthly appetites? Or shall we boldly cheer them to the *highest* hopes; elicit, train, and strengthen every good instinct and impulse, and tenderly cherish the only root of all divine and human perfection—pure, unfeigned, universal Love?

Let the world hear it! Man is regenerate. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall *all* be made alive! Arouse thee, O new born Universe! and hasten to thy destined perfection. The bonds of sin and death are loosed. Assert then thy freedom and taste the liberty wherewith Christ has made thee free. Walk worthy of the vocation to which thou art called. Listen to the tidings, ye far nations of the earth, listen, and forget for ever those earth-born discords that have charmed your ears from the heavenly melody. Listen, thou mammon-serving England; listen, in this thy day, to the things that concern thy peace! Listen, ye rich and powerful, and learn that you are summoned to higher joys and nobler pursuits than the miserable getting and spending of money, and the rival exaltation of your paltry individualities. Listen, ye poor and destitute, and cease to murmur that wealth and comfort is denied you, for ye too, poor sufferers, are regenerate, born anew to joys and hopes, and riches, which gold and silver cannot give, and oppression cannot take away.

L.



Minstrelsy.



MINSTREL SPIRIT ! if again
Heart of man may wake thy strain,
If forgiving though neglected,
Not rejecting tho' rejected,
Thou wilt deign once more to cheer
Drooping hearts, thy wonted sphere—
Scourge of evil, potent spell
Lust to conquer, rage to quell,
Holiest minister of good,
Rouse thee from thy silent mood.

Time hath been when minstrel skill
Healed a nation's deepest ill,
Bade the patriot's ardour flow,
Sooth'd the mourner's frantic woe,
Boldly check'd the tyrant's might,
Boldly claim'd the poor man's right,
Smooth'd the old man's brow of care,
Bade the youthful warrior dare,
Taught to honest hearts and true
Joys that monarchs never knew ;

Treasures by the rich unbought,
Wisdom by the wise untaught,
Hopes to cheer the hardest lot,
Love to bless the humblest cot,
Mirth that leaves no after shame,
Pleasure worthy of the name,—
Friends remembered, foes forgiven,
Earth enjoyed, and forefelt heaven!

Time hath been, and time shall be,
When mankind shall learn of thee,—
Learn to love, and learn to live,
Kindly take and freely give;
Learn to spurn and cast aside
Envious wrath and bigot pride;
All the fears that should not frighten,
All the hopes that should not brighten
All the needless woes that man
Forces into life's brief span,—
Minstrel spirit! thine the spell,
May we learn, and use it well!



Advent.

HE came, but not in conquering pride,
In gilded chariot set on high ;
No cringing courtiers by his side,
With fawning tongue and flattering eye !
No robe of pomp was round him thrown,
Circled his brow no glittering crown ;
Unknown to splendour, wealth, and fame,
Despised, rejected,—Jesus came !

He came ! but when he comes again,
And highest angels round him throng,
Vengeance shall be their seraph-strain,
And Judgment claim their awful song :
Then louder than the thunder's roar,
These words shall sound from shore to shore,
Shall daunt the bravest of the brave,
“ He comes to judge, who came to save ! ”

Oh ! at that second Advent, Lord,
When earth shall vanish, time shall cease,
When all the world's most wealthy hoard
Shall fail to buy the sinner peace,
When earth and ocean's secret bed
Shall yield the long forgotten dead,
When sinners to the hills shall call,
“ Fall down, and hide us in your fall,—”

Saviour ! in that escapeless hour
Of conscience-stricken wild dismay,
May thy first Advent's saving power
Be strong to drive the fear away ;
Thou, who for our poor sakes didst die,
Be with us when that hour is nigh ;
Reap then the fruits thy word has sown,
And let the Reaper save His own !



Peace-making.



“ A false peace is grounded on an implicit ignorance.”——BACON.

“ To seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of the stoics. We have better oracles :
' Be angry and sin not,' ”——IBID.

“ Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.”——SHAKSPEARE.



A GREAT and a true distinction should be drawn between peace-making and peace-mongering. The peace-maker is eminently a rational as well as a religious man. With Christianity at his heart and humility in his mind, he recollects to just conclusions the fall of man and the corruption of his nature. He does not expect that in the present era of things, evil and good can be at peace together, any more than that “ the wolf will lie down with the lamb, or “ the lion eat straw like the ox ;” he qualifies the mandate, “ live peaceably “ with all men,” by the wise additions, “ if it be possible ” and “ as much as “ lieth in you ;” knowing full well that the aggressions of wickedness limit the one and a just indignation the other. He is not, for all his philanthropic efforts (wherein, for duty’s sake, he energises, though often unsuccessfully), to be cajoled into the idea, that any set of men or any code of morals can, just now, regenerate mankind. He is living avowedly under a dispensation wherein goodness and, therefore, peacefulness must be in the minority ; and while, as a peace-maker, he is well pronounced “ blessed,” his blessedness arises rather from the charitable exertion of his own faculties than from the positive success by which they are rewarded. He has peace at his inmost heart, though he may not be able to quell the wars raging at his very hand ; he says to the strivers, “ ye are brethren,” and will not add his weapon to their strife ; but little is he cooled in his charity or disappointed of his expectation, if he takes note that “ nation will still rise up against nation,” and that men are not yet ready to “ change the spear into a pruning-hook.”

A peace-monger is a very different being. His first tenet is the absolute innocence and consequent perfectibility of man ; to this he is likely enough to add some hard-headed doubts as to the existence of God, or, at all events, as to a positive Divine superintendence, and an undeniable human responsibility. He treats man as no creature of passion, impulse, or even affection ; but as the cold calculating mercantile machine, devoting, from cradle to grave, talent, will, and power to a systematic heaping-up of dollars, crowns, or five-franc pieces. He thinks he has done enough, and has won the cause of peace, if he can prove, by figures, that war is an unnecessary and an expensive luxury. He

proposes to establish an universal commonwealth by the wise plan of drawing all the teeth and claws of every beast of prey,—if they are reasonable enough to allow it ; and then, he sets down “ every creature after its kind ” to a vegetarian banquet. He can sympathise and fraternise with all manner of queer characters, seeking only to keep up the game of personal notoriety : and it matters little that by a series of revolutionary speeches or unholy feuilletons, he has heretofore broken down the barriers of society, and corrupted the fountain of morals ; for all this reduction of character and circumstance to one lowest level tends, according to his theory, to the peaceful and equal democracy of men. He speaks “ Peace where there is no peace ” in the very metropolis of war, garnished by military trophies on every side, and in a state of civil siege ; and, protected himself as a better-class member of society by bayonets from popular revenges, is not unlikely to spout out, in the capacity of Peace’s messenger, a very volcano of fire, smoke, and blood against “ tyrants ; ” meaning, thereby, the more order-loving rulers of mankind. He pretends to damp the flames of war with an application of the softest cotton,—but, alas for his consistency, it turns out to be the most explosive and inflammable of all known substances.

Very far are we from denying that the idea of widespread, international, and systematic peacemaking is a bad or a false one ; the thought is both noble and true ; but we do assert that mankind has thus far been attempting its realization on false principles, and is singularly unfortunate in its Peace-Apostles. If the word were War, and not Peace, we might reasonably think the cause happy in such principal promoters as some who might be named as the most prominent in a recent Congress ; more particularly since one among them has ventured upon those unlucky prophecies, European quietude for the past year, and Russian impotency for the current one. After such obstinate condemnations of sagacity, and such absolute contradictions to foreboding, who may not reasonably expect that the sheepskin hides a wolf, and that Peter the hermit urging on his fiery crusade may not psychologically be disguised in Richard the wanderer vaingloriously preaching Peace ?—No, no ; we fear, we much fear that, so far as Manchester principles are concerned, strife is not more certainly (though unintentionally) their errand, than Tyranny was that of the old time revolution, its boasted “ liberty, equality, and fraternity ” notwithstanding. Who can forget that in 1792 the National Assembly of France solemnly proclaimed perpetual and universal peace, and that in the year following they commenced a war with Europe which lasted till the field of Waterloo !

Now, let it not be fancied that, for our parts, we should not rejoice earnestly and heartily, to find the peace of the world secured by any means whatsoever ; to perceive that mankind really will listen to reason ; that enmity and ambition are toppling down into the category of obsolete vanities ; and that all the cannons from every arsenal are henceforth doomed to do duty as half-buried cornerposts at streets and doorways. No doubt Peace is a glorious

end; a peace medal would be a far more noble distinction than a war medal; and it needs no demonstration to prove that plenty and prosperity, art, science, religion, and humanity, are vastly better things than discord, desolation, misery, and pain. However, to ensure peace, we suspect that there must be somewhere or other "the strong man armed:" the arbiter, however just and wise, must be able to enforce his verdict. Additionally, when we consider the modern peace-champions, we are forcibly reminded of the old school-line, *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis!* A mountebank may be very amusing, and certainly is so far a peacemaker; seeing that he helps to keep people in good humour: but he must aim at something higher than a cheer, something deeper than a smile, before he can hope to eradicate hatred from man's hard heart, or wrest from his strong hand the weapons of war.

This mighty object, we had thought, is and has been for ages the errand of the Christian church; meaning, thereby, the organised body of Christ's flock, lay and clerical. We had thought that even so, the conquests of Christianity must be individual, and could scarcely hope to be gregarious in the sense of including all manner of characters, whether converts or not. Religion, in whatever communion, comes always with the message of peace; towards his God and towards himself, the good man is at peace; and especially towards men his brethren. He will practise it in his life, as well as preach it by his lip. All this is an old sermon; but some folks are now in the nineteenth century finding it out for the first time, and taking credit to themselves for the discovery.

How comes it that, in this latter day of the world, Odd Fellowship and Peace Congresses are allowed thus to be usurping the functions of Christianity? Is the church effete? is it obsolete among men? Is that one true and universal communion, the congregation of faithful men under whatever name, and with whatever ecclesiastical or political government, is that one great family as a united and a disciplined array, extinct? Are there none left systematically to energize for Peace upon those true principles of Brotherhood, Duty, Forgiveness, and a Judgment to come? Stand out, ye many good men and true, and let it not be thought that love of money wins the wreath of peace which baffled Christianity has lost. Rise up in thy purity, O Zion, and walk upon these waves of discord, as a dovelike spirit of peace. Haste we all to the "help of the Lord against the mighty," by labouring each of us for peace: let not the scandal go abroad, that demagogues and casual philanthropists, (not seldom misbelieving Christianity while they gain from it secretly what little good there is in them,) that such guerilla bands, and stray adventurers, can do more for human happiness, than the organized Army of Religion; that Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, can rush in and make conquest of a mundane peace, whereof the Church of Christ, despairing, flees the battlefield,—“as when a standard bearer fainteth!” Not that the Church herself can avail to give

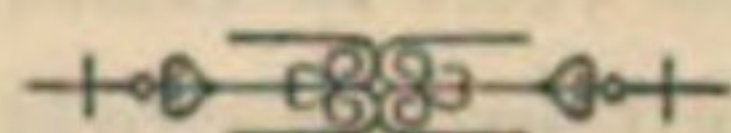
Peace to the world. A Mightier than man is the only Great Pacificator: but the Church is bound to do her best for peace, whatever be the actual results. The Church cannot make evil at peace with good, nor good with evil, any more than others. But it is at all events her bounden duty to do her utmost for this victory, to overcome evil with good. The effort purifies and exalts, even if the contest otherwise be vain. Peace-making is eminently the Christian's work on earth; but he will be a mere amiable enthusiast, ignorant alike of man's nature and of the scriptures of truth, if he hopes for its universal reign until the second advent of the Prince of Peace.

At the last, let us make some amends to the good motives of many who must yet rather be classed among peace-mongers, than peace-makers. Great is the force of kind words and good actions. The benevolence and beneficence of a quietist is a mighty antagonistic power. A quaker sometimes gains his end by dint of a courageous peacefulness: and all men may well rejoice to see the wild waves of this wicked world smoothed a little,—though it be but superficially,—by the oil of those soft speeches, which “turn away wrath.” No doubt, in a state of general disinclination to war, as at present, from national bankruptcies, and a pervading sense of the pleasantness of peace, sentiments such as those will be cheered to the echo, and the flattered speaker will imagine that his eloquence has won the hearts of all men, and knit them to each other. Vain hope,—however well-meant, and for the nonce apparently half-realized; let but some “Jeshurun among the nations wax fat and grow wanton,” let but prosperity provoke pride, and a love of excitement stir up prejudices; and again, even to the end of our era, we shall find nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and we shall perceive that not less terribly in our day than in that of Attila or Charlemagne, there is, as a living power, not Peace on earth, but a Sword. Yet, while, as a matter of conviction, we say thus much discouragingly of the *issue* of any great peacemaking effort, there remains ever to our hand the paramount Christian *duty* of continually exerting it. With evil of all sorts, physical and moral, we are bound to wage perpetual controversy; we fight against Sin and Death,—not because we expect to attain Perfection and Immortality in this world, but because God has laid the effort upon us as an essential characteristic of renovated manhood. And as with individual disease, mental or bodily, so is it with War, the great social distemper: we dutifully, heartily, piously energize against it: our motto is ever, “Peace on earth, good-will towards men;” but so long as we “dwell in Meshech, and have our habitation among the tents of Kedar,” so long as we live in a world that “lieth in the wicked one,” we may reasonably expect to say with the sweet singer of Israel, “I labour for Peace, but when I speak to men thereof, they make them ready for the battle.”

T.



Rich and Poor.



"The liberal mind deviseth liberal things."



GENTLEMEN,—I have been of late much struck and shocked, by reading and listening to the sad accounts of the dwellings of numbers of our fellow-creatures in this magnificent wide-spread city of London, with its spacious streets, and handsome houses. I am daily pained by observing that whilst the higher and richer classes are most evidently exempted by the purer air they breathe, from the pestilential diseases which attack the poor, no voluntary or effectual effort has been entered upon unanimously to communicate to our suffering brethren the same blessings of light and air,—those common gifts of God to all his creatures,—those best remedies or antidotes to cholera, typhus, and other causes of epidemic sickness.

I by no means intend to assume to myself the motto I have chosen for my letter to you, as an exemplification, as it might appear to some, of my own devices, but to keep it in view myself, and humbly to work up to its spirit, as all should endeavour to do. I am not a millionaire, nor a *sœur de charité*, nor a rhapsodist, nor a philanthropist, nor anything out of the way, but a very plain sort of person, heartily wishing, if possible, to lessen the amount of human wretchedness, and to see the enormous sums now almost fruitlessly devoted to charitable institutions and purposes, available to real funds for the poor, instead of enriching, as I fear they do, commissioners and overlookers, and all the tribes of middlemen who make their profits out of the wants of the poor and the benevolence of the rich. We hear a great deal, and read a great deal about model lodging-houses for the poor, but while they are being invented and constructed, as an investment for some one man's capital, the poor are dying by thousands; and, what is still worse, a sickly and half-starved population are growing up and, surviving to perpetuate the misery and wretchedness that is so shocking in a Christian country.

In this *dead* season as it is called familiarly, without meaning to

allude to anything but the cessation of the din of dissipation, and the extravagance of the *fashionable season*, the dying are indeed this year fearfully increased, and all from the over-crowding of their wretched habitations, and the vicious habits learnt in the dark abodes of misery. And yet whole acres of uninhabited houses meet the eye as we walk along the streets, at most tenanted for three or four months in the year by their wealthy proprietors, who even then feel the necessity of resorting for renovated health and strength to purer air, at the sea-side, or in their country houses, leaving their toiling brethren, to prepare for their next visit to London in the best cases, by a daily round of never-ceasing labour, and in the worst, when that labour is either not sought or quite unattainable, to starve, sicken, and die, in the near neighbourhood of plenty health and life among their more fortunate neighbours. Were I of importance enough to take the lead, or rich enough to do more than a very little in my own place, I should trust to example being better than precept, and at once begin the plan I propose, feeling assured that many would imitate what they saw might lead to good results. I have indeed mentioned it to a few, but with one or two exceptions, have met with a discouraging reply, " Hoping to " be excused from adopting it;" that it would lead to being " contaminated by " vice," &c. &c. I have therefore determined to endeavour, through the medium of your impartial journal to explain my views and to induce you to advocate the cause.

It appears to me that the upper story of all our better streets might be converted into good and comfortable dwellings for some among the best of our poor population, and that every family having thus, according to its own limits, one or more industrious families quartered upon it might, without further building or enlarging this already overgrown town, give the required advantages to our poorer neighbours without delay, and secure with Light and Air, the blessings of good Moral and Religious Education to the young and improved habits of life to their elders. These are now, much more laboriously and inefficiently, sought to be communicated by District Visitors, Ladies' Committees, and Scripture Readers, who penetrate into some few abodes in their immediate neighbourhood for the few minutes allotted to their several visits. I have been often answered, when speaking of this plan, by a question put to me :—" What ! would you bring into your own house, or into " mine, vice, and dirt, and vermin ?" It is precisely because I would have no vice, or dirt, or vermin, that I would rather bring the poor to me and to us, than go to them, where, by the nature of their dwellings, and their habits in them, this wretchedness is fostered ; and the shame is more to *us* than to them, that such things should be the supposed necessary accompaniments to Poverty!

I have all my life seen a great deal of the poor, and I hope I have still many a good kind friend among them in the parishes in which I have lived, more in the country than in towns. I can truly say, I have learned from them

many a lesson of Patience in suffering, of Christian Faith, and Confidence, and Truth.

One object I should have in thus dividing them, and bringing them to live more with us, would be more effectually to teach the ignorant, to tend the sick, to school the young, and to make friends and protectors of such as may now be considered as aliens to us, and envious of our better lot in life. Why should they be vicious or dirty in their habits? You do not allow your servants to be so. Is it not because they are kept at a distance, and not sufficiently cared for, and assisted to learn better things? They would make better workmen and better citizens for living in better dwellings and learning better habits; and we might be equally improved, by learning how much we could spare of our superfluities and luxuries, and by becoming attached to those who would be our inmates, and a part of our own families. As none would be so received, but upon a certificate of good general conduct from a clergyman or magistrate of their different parishes, their punishment or reward would depend on their own characters, in the same degree that you insist on a good character before you accept of a new servant: and, although there might be some disappointments, as there are in every human undertaking, yet as they would, of course, lose their situations by misconduct, I cannot see why the plan might not generally succeed, with no great injury to the more refined comforts of the rich.

Let any one who doubts there being in every district an abundance of respectable poor, who would be most worthy of such encouragement, inquire of the working clergy how many of their parishioners are suffering from losses, against which they have contended year after year;—widows who, with their husband's life and labour, have lost every support to body and mind;—children bereft of parents before their own power to work could clothe or feed them, much less pay for healthy lodgings or schooling, or apprenticeships; and although born in comparative ease and comfort, and tenderly watched over as long as their parents could earn their own independence, reduced to herd with their inferiors in station and education, in dark unwholesome cellars. Who that could know such individual cases, would give the answers I have quoted, or refuse shelter to such out-casts, "for fear of dirt or contamination?" To the working clergy, it would in some degree lighten their labours, whilst at the same time it would extend their influence. They would escape some of the unwholesome pestilential air to which their duties now expose them, and they might gain more intimacy and connection with many of their Parishioners, whom they now rarely see but in church.

Look at the hundreds of applications for the aid of the Royal Annuity Society, which are necessarily rejected twice a year, when the elections are made for the vacancies that occur—so few in comparison of the candidates for them! Study their stories of misery, and say if two rooms of your garret floors, where

the sun shines, and the roof is a protection from the weather, will not be well bestowed on the rejected Candidates, without danger to the inhabitants of a palace.

I endeavoured by printing cards and writing a thousand letters last summer, to obtain for one poor widow of a tradesman the relief of this society. She and an exemplary son, both born to better circumstances, and having had a good education and a good character, were reduced by failure in business first, and by entire loss of health subsequently, to lodge in a cellar, and often and often had passed their whole day without a meal. Not a word of discontent have I ever heard from them; but I have witnessed in them a great deal of real gratitude without servility, for the vain endeavours to assist them, and their misery borne more cheerfully than many people's luxury. Who would be the worse, for associating such a couple to their family?

Another case which came under my notice last autumn.—The widow of the foreman to a coach-maker, labouring under a very painful complaint, and who, during the dying illness of her husband had neglected herself to attend upon him, and whose whole maintenance depended upon her needle-work, was compelled to give up even this resource. She had been in an hospital, and had undergone a painful operation. And when I saw her she repeatedly told me, that the medical men were only waiting till she was *stronger* to operate on her again. The confinement in the hospital was so bad for her general health that they would not allow her to stay there, and how was she to *get strength* without the means to get food? In a miserable lodging house, without even a bed or bedstead, much more a fire—for she had pawned everything she had beyond the clothes she wore to *pay rent*,—when the clergyman of her district came to help, and made me acquainted with her, she had nothing left to pawn! I am bound to say she inspired me only with respect and admiration at her patience, her gentleness, and her gratitude. Her example could only have been useful to any family who might have received her.

I have visited, thanks to the same clergyman, a wretchedly untidy, crowded room, where a talented sickly artist resides, who would, with more space and light and air, be a most interesting inmate. Though not *so* ill off as the others, he is lost to the community, whom he might help to instruct and amuse, from the miserable hole he lives in. And I could mention several other families. There are hundreds of such cases, of intelligent and well-informed people sinking in poverty and darkness in every parish.

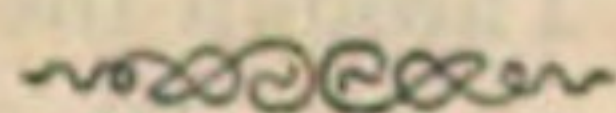
Surely none of these, extricated from their wretched abodes, need be offensive, either on the stairs or in the sky parlours I would appoint for their dwellings. They would not be strangers, after two or three visits to them, and would it not be more easy under our own roofs to administer to their wants or their consolation, than to visit them in their dark courts and streets, and crowded lodging houses?

The children would thus be brought up to cleanly, decent, habits, for I would require that they should keep their apartments, *especially clean*. And this they would take pride in doing, if they were fitted for their wants. They would by thus living rent-free, retain their pay for their living, and so make their earnings go further, without clamouring for increased wages. They would some of them grow up to take their places, as servants in the families where they resided, or be put out after school to good apprenticeships and tradesmen's shops, and never need be a burden to the families who thus sheltered them. I do not wish here to go into all the details that I can think over. The points I am most anxious for are *healthy dwellings, good habits, the mutual intercourse of different classes, and the exclusiveness of none*. If a few influential families would but try the plan, and see if it did not lead to general good effects,—better at least than each class remaining in unhappy ignorance of the good feelings of the other, I feel sure it would very soon take with all. “The sacredness of homes,” would not be violated, but extended; “noise, dirt, diseases, and fires,” would not be necessarily increased more than when any family's increasing wealth adds many servants to their establishment; an influx of *poor* which no one *dreads* under such favourable circumstances.

The *economy* of the plan would be one recommendation; when you could at the same time obtain a great result of happiness and good. How many penitentiaries, prisons, and gaols,—yes, and charitable societies too,—might be reduced, if the poorer population thus became one with the richer. All would thus combine for the mutual benefit of one another, and Christian brotherhood and benevolence would take the place of envy and malignity, and of what I am told must be the end, revolution and socialism. If you think this sketch of a plan for the benefit of London society worth noticing and improving upon, I shall be happy in having merely led the way to its better development, and shall hope that it may be carried out by others more fitted for such purposes.

Yours truly,

J. P. C.



Be it known to the public that the Editorship of the *Anglo-Saxon* is not one and indivisible. The annexed editorial remarks upon the above communication, will, we think, satisfy our readers of the independence and impartiality of a publication, the conductors of which can very cordially “agree to differ.” The Editor to whom the Lady's letter was first sent, ventured to speak thus for himself and his colleagues:—

“The Editors of the *Anglo-Saxon*, with great pleasure, insert this communication, and hail it as a sign that their recent appeal to the Gentle-women of

our Race will meet with many a cordial response. Any bold plan for ameliorating the state of London, and removing the glaring unchristian contrast now existing between the habits and dwellings of the rich and poor, is worthy the most earnest attention, come from where it may ; how much more when it comes recommended by the gentleness, the kindness, and the sincerity of An English Lady ? *T.*"

One of his colleagues, however, protests as follows :—

" With my very best regards to the benevolent authoress, I really cannot sanction the insertion of so utterly Utopian (or rather *Up-atop-ian*) a scheme. Who would consent to have his sacred home overrun by strange men, women, and children, with all their noise, dirt, diseases, accidental fires, and what not ? Where are the servants to go to ? Very few of even the largest London houses but are already well tenanted by night. If the poor lodgers could get in and out like birds, it would be bad enough : but to have them continually swarming up the staircases,—who'd stand it ? would you ? or would the Lady Bountiful herself ? If we wish to make ourselves perfectly ridiculous, we had better insert this proposition. I'm sorry to say so much ; but I must tell the truth. How in the world can *you* lend it your imprimatur ?—A far better idea (if only your fair friend could persuade Belgravia to adopt it) is to let Spitalfields have the run of our West-end palaces, when London's out of town ! A countess's boudoir would be a pleasant change of air and scene to a respectable herring-vendor ; and the contrast between a Berkeley Square drawing-room, and a Monmouth Street cellar, no doubt, very refreshing and delectable ! How far all this sort of interference with the Englishman's castle, would tend to good or happiness in any way ; how far the poor man, (then the undoubted upper class) would accept rent-free lodgings up at the top of a grandee's house, far away from his work, his mates, his sense of freedom, and his penny-market ; liable also to perpetual scolding if he fries an onion, whips a baby, washes a shirt, or toasts a sausage ; and exposed to daily benevolent incursions from all the patronizing family,—Judge thou !

" More seriously though. Through the utterly impossible benevolence of the whole matter I discern a genuine Christian purpose ; and, upon second thoughts, I will not hinder the publication of the letter, seeing we are entirely Catholic, unclassic, and philanthropic ; and as *you* seem to desire it. At any rate, it will serve to demonstrate to our poorer brethren that (however impracticably) our Gentle-Women (witness J. P. C.) are most lovingly disposed towards them,—and our Gentle-Men (witness thyself,) well inclined to further all such unqualified benevolence. *T.*"



The Breakwater.



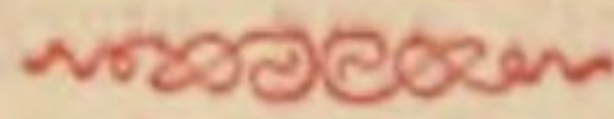
The winds were high on Devon's coast,
And many a gallant vessel lay,
That once had been her country's boast,
All shattered in the Deadman's Bay ;
When Science, generous friend to man,
Arose, and pointing to the deep,
At once revealed a wondrous plan,
To lull the stormy waves to sleep.
Then Labour lent his willing aid,
Whilst Indolence looked on and smiled,
As though the storm could ne'er be stayed,
Nor Genius curb a power so wild.
At first they brought a single stone,
Which flashed and sparkled as it fell,
And seemed, as if at random thrown,
A stranger in the watery dell.
But others came, and found a place,
And as the circling years ran by,
Men soon began design to trace,
And praised the builder's energy.

For now extended, many a rood,
And rising 'midst the water's green,
A walk, where once was solitude,
Above the ocean-depths is seen.
Outside, the fierce south-west may rave,
And fling aloft the crested foam ;
A barrier stands its wrath to brave,
And give the storm-tossed bark a home.
Full many a wearied eye will turn
To catch the heart-inspiring ray ;
From where the watch-fires nightly burn,
To cheer the shipman on his way.
Who then such stately work can view,
A monument of human skill,
But must admit what Man may do
If Energy attend his will ?

A.



The Forerunner.



Child of prophetic Birth,
Thou Heavenly Star !
Whose dawning on the Earth
Chas'd from afar
The gather'd clouds of darkness and despair ;
We hail thy vision bright,
The ray so pure
Was of the Eternal light
The Herald sure,
For thou didst lead to Penitence and Prayer.

By Thee were Sinners won,
With eager gaze
To watch the rising Sun,
Whose matchless rays
Alone could perfect health and life impart.
Thou bid'st them weep
Those fruitful tears,
Which had in fatal sleep
Been dried for years,
But now flow'd freely from each Mourner's heart.

From covetous desire,
From pleasure's thrall,
From passion's wildering fire
Thou rescued'st all:
Still was Thy quick'ning word "Repent and Pray."
But Thou could'st not impart
The vital breath,
Which heals the broken heart,
Gives Life for Death:
Thou hid'st thy beams before the Eternal Day.

F.



Reviewing.



"*Papillon*. Upon coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the — Review.

Wilding. What; were you an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the *belles lettres* fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure, in obedience to the caprice and commands of my master; I have condemned books I never read, and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one word of the original.

Wild. Ah! why I thought acuteness of discernment and depths of knowledge were necessary to accomplish a critic?

Pap. Yes, sir; but not a monthly one. Our method is very concise:—We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go further. If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scattered through as many periods, effectually does the business; as 'laudable design, 'happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument.' If we are to decry, then we have, 'unconnected, flat, false, illiteral, stricture, reprehensible, 'unnatural.' And thus, sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

Wild. A short recipe!

Pap. And yet, sir, you have here all the materials that are necessary. These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal: plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifery, it is just the same thing.

Wild. How came you to resign this easy employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding all we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung on hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a week, and my small-beer."—*The Lyar*, by SAMUEL FOOTE.

"Why, alas! will not men strive to form opinions of their own, rather than submit to be guided by the arbitrary dictates of others? If a work please me, of what importance to me is it, whether the *beau monde* approve of it or not? What information do I receive from you, ye cold and miserable critics? Does your approbation make me feel whatever is truly noble, great, and good, with higher relish, or more refined delight? How can I submit to the judgment of men who always examine hastily, and generally determine wrong?

Who ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
Who reason and conclude by precedent,
And, where they cannot echo lies, invent;
Who judge of author's names,—not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings,—but the men."—ZIMMERMAN.

"Better be condemned by all the periodical publications in Great Britain than by your own conscience. Let the dunce, with diseased spleen, who edits one obscure review, revile and rail at you to his heart's discontent, in hollow league with his black-billed brother, who, sickened by your success, has long laboured in vain to edit another, still more unpublishable,—but do you hold the even tenour of your way, assured that the beauty which Nature, and the Lord of Nature, have revealed to your eyes and to your heart, when sown abroad will not be suffered to perish, but will have everlasting life. * * * * He who knows that he writes in the fear of God and in the love of man, will not arrest the thoughts that flow from his pen, because he knows that they may—will—be insulted and profaned by the name of cant, and himself be held up as a hypocrite. In some hands, ridicule is indeed a terrible weapon. But ridicule in the hands either of cold-blooded or of infuriated malice, is harmless as a birch-rod in the palsied fingers of a superannuated beldame, who, in her blear-eyed dotage, has lost her school."—*Recreations*, by CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ii. 340.

WHO shall worthily extol, and who will dare to emulate, the great Reviewers of our day? Who can speak too highly of their skill, power, patience, and general impartiality? Where, in all the fields of literature,

shall we find a more terse and classical style, more lucid order, more excellent learning, than in the pages of those masterly periodicals, the names whereof will immediately occur to every reader? Grateful indeed should all men be, in this age of many books, to those unwearied condensers of sometimes very wearisome authorship, whose analytical diligence enables us to keep pace with the rapid march of publication; grateful, not only for the trouble saved of reading in a diluted, what they give in a concentrated form, but, in nine cases out of ten, for right direction and good principle superadded to the subject in discussion. Our best reviewers not only give us the cream of everything, but luxuriously convert it, for the wayfarer's heated palate, into a delicious cream ice; delicately flavoured by the vanille of Taste, sweetened by the sugar of Imagery, and cooled into a grateful mass by the unenthusiastic praise of Essayism.

Yet, shall this silly simile of our's prove more apposite and fortunate than some of you are now supposing; for, woe to nascent authorship! how often has not the rich sweet cream of its labours been rather curdled by the rennet of criticism, than glorified and pampered as aforesaid! How often have not poets, novelists, historians, biographers, tourists, translators, and others, men of art, science, and dear-bought experiences (thrown then at length into bookshape before the Cerberus of Zoilization, and submitted for the first time to its awful tender mercy), how often have they not had to complain of a haste that worked injustice, a prejudice that would not hear both sides, a sometimes pettiness in carping, a sometimes vindictiveness in condemning?

Doubtless even hypercriticism works well for the general interests of literature. A severe judge makes obedience epidemic: and so the rules of taste and the canons of composition remain more usually inviolate than under more indulgent Minoses. With fledgling authorship itself, however, and its partial friends, the sense of so much general use is forgotten in the present pain and hardship ill-deserving. But let us comfort such awhile. It must not be a little consolatory for them to remember, that scarcely one of our great modern writers has escaped in his day the castigation of the critics. Without an effort, half a dozen luminous names occur to the mind at once—Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats—all of whom some despotic and anonymous reviewer instantly consigned to perpetual oblivion. These, and similar constellatory minds, in their own early rising, appeared to Literature's presumptuous and self-elected judges as mere marsh-fires, transient and fatuous; while, by way of a makeweight to so strange a mass of critical stolidity, hundreds of authors whom “the world has willingly let die,” thousands of volumes long ago clean forgotten, have been promised immortality by the same keen wits—and attained a taste of it too for the current month or quarter. Unluckily for their own sagacity, the self-same publications which threw cold water upon A, and B, and C (now great names all, and “known

“ quantities ” in the algebra of intellect), valorously got up the steam for such unrecognisable beings as X, and Y, and Z ; and we are still continually being admonished of sundry novel geniuses, whom, after such laudation, no one really ever hears of again ; while sundry famous poets or historians, who (passed over in silence) meet with neither commendation nor abuse, have, nevertheless, taken the world by assault, and live upon the mouths and hearts of men.

The influence of these derelictions in right judgment—to say nothing about cases of personal enmity or favour—(combined with a few other objections, whereof anon), has effected a gradual but abiding change in the public estimate of a reviewer's criticism. It avails very little now for a book if all men praise it ; the genuine puff is spitefulness—everybody reads an author well abused. Without directly asserting that such praise is censure and such censure praise, it amounts to a proverb now, that praise is oblivion and censure notoriety ; and there are not wanting instances of a well-commended author having had no readers at all (saving his injudicious critical friends in their too-indulgent periodicals) until some one of them, shrewder than the rest, has kindly cut him up. This, men argue, places such an one on a level with those other mighty names so sensibly condemned ; and forthwith the world looks sharp after the Marsyas man, whom critical hostility has marked with one at least of the characters of genius.

But it is not merely the fallibility of some of our reviews which has warped men's minds against them ; they like not also their supercilious tone of omniscience, the despotism they affect, their conflicting verdicts, and the bias of party-politics or personal interest perpetually exhibiting itself. When an author's work is reviewed in certain quarters, the question is very much to what party does the man incline, or what publisher owns the volume ; and, as a matter of course, there ensues a regular game of battledore and shuttlecock between the leading organs of the great political parties—our hypothetical author being praised by the one set and abused by the other in the exact ratio of their particular prejudices. The lofty-condescension style also is, to the initiated, truly ridiculous ; a voluminous labour of years—say, the fruit of such a mind as Bünsen's, or Hallam's, or Sismondi's, taken up in a hurry, has to be authoritatively reviewed off hand by some dashing young scribe. He may know nothing whatever about the mighty subject so learnedly handled by its master ; but is he, therefore, humble ? will he meekly sit at the feet of such a Gamaliel ? Nothing of the sort. Armed with indices and dictionaries, hand-books and encyclopædias, he speedily and cleverly “ crams ” his information ; he skims the cream of the work to be reviewed, and cunningly takes notes of opposite opinions in some antagonist writer. Boldness is supplied by the Anonymous, and practice has made him skilful with the pen. Then comes the onslaught ; and triumphantly the mighty We bears down upon

the luckless author. Points, that may have been the studied conclusions of years, are flippantly disposed of as entirely elementary; while some unimportant vagueness, or some venial inaccuracy, is held up to the scorn and pity of the civilised world. In effect—if anybody now-a-days cared about such matters, the ruin or the making of an author would be found to depend not a little upon the party he is supposed to belong to, or the publisher who becomes his patron. There are well-found periodicals which have been established principally with the view of favouring their owner's writers, and (on the principle of keeping down competition) destroying the good fame of those unconscious innocents whose crime is—an opposition publisher. Truth, skill, wisdom, good intent, will help the author little, if only Mr. Rival's name is on the title-page; while every contrary quality cannot sink a book, so far as its publisher's own journal is concerned. After this intelligence made known, let no mother's cheek be blanched if her boy's first essay is proclaimed the publication of a blockhead; let no maiden's eye be dimmed, because her lover's History meets a caustic critic; and, on the other hand, ye lawyers, and poets, and parsons, who severally (at your own expense, or for the consideration of so many hundred copies foisted on your friends) feed up the Cerberus of your cacoëthes with treatise, song, and sermon set up in readable type, flatter not yourselves if sundry prints commend you; their peculiar errand is, to pamper vanity such as yours, and thus to keep a carriage for your publisher.

But, let no one leave off here. Truth though all this be, it is very far from being the whole truth. Undoubtedly the best, aye, and the bulk of our reviews, are admirable and honest; excellent in wisdom, scrupulous in praising or blaming that each be well deserved, proverbial for powerful writing, and astonishing for extensive erudition. Can any one rate too highly some of our Quarterlies, not quite all—some of our monthly, weekly, daily reviewers—some, not all? Can any man fairly estimate the vast amount of high genius, right feeling, and good English purpose, so abundant in the mass of our periodicals? Let the reader fill up for himself his list of favourites, and confess that, for general impartiality, for conscientious intention, and for Eracles' might in using the club or in plying the distaff of criticism, modern reviewers are in most cases excellent and unapproachable.

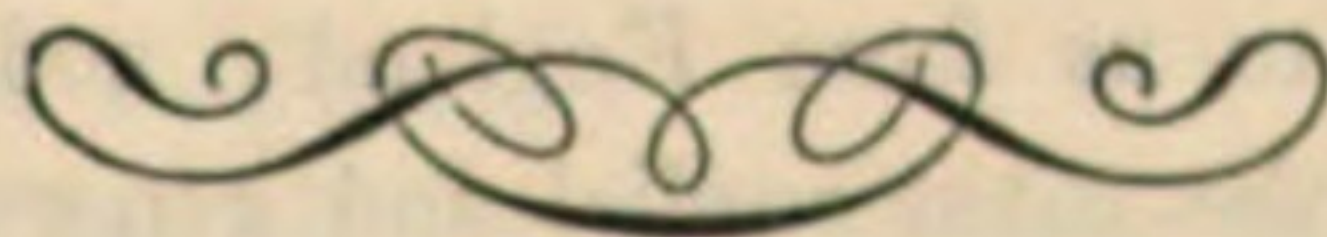
Why then, it may fairly be asked, and with what hope of competing successfully, do the Editors of *The Anglo-Saxon* hereby propose to add an occasional sheet of reviews to their other lucubrations? Their answer, in all humility, is threefold. *First*.—The field of their vocation is, geographically speaking, more extensive than that of any other publication in the world. Though it be but by units as yet, this new-born "Anglo-Saxon" travels to every English-speaking corner of the globe; and authors, whose ambition it may be to be heard of in every colony and throughout the kindred continent of

America, as well as here at home, may naturally seek our world-wide vehicle. For the same reason, it may prove a good medium for the advertisement of new inventions, and so forth.

Secondly.—Without condescending to promise praise, unless it be justly due, and without suffering charity to emasculate our pen from censure well deserved (or even ridicule, if empty folly prompts it), still it is our wish to be fair, and kind, and patient to all men; tolerant of opinions not our own, if held honestly and not in irreligion; making no claim to universal knowledge, and not encouraging the scheme of cramming information for the nonce, but rather professing *to learn* from many an author, even while our review of his labours may possibly in some things be unfavourable. We desire to recollect how many hearts are needlessly made to ache by critical unkindness; how often the poor scholar; the amiable, though far from perfect, poet; the painstaking, but sometimes inaccurate, historian; the well-meaning pastor; or the struggling young aspirant for a livelihood through literature: we wish to take always into our account how easily such authors may be made wretched, may reap contumely in their own circles, may possibly find their budding prospects blighted, through the wide-scattered public print that harshly writes them down ignorant, conceited, or unprincipled. Without professing even to emulate our chief reviewers in their usually admirable forbearance, we will yet promise not to fall into the bad fault of sundry others who are rather cynics than critics, and with whom an inkstand is the proper Fountain of Detraction.

Thirdly.—To obtain variety; and, by way of securing now and then a useful peg whereon to hang our floating fancies for the amelioration, or amusement, or union of our great family; to aid in our useful internationalism; to expedite our own editorial labours; to win to our side the goodly phalanx of those authors whom we can honestly commend—aye, and those too whom, with good cause shown, we can as honestly censure. For all these reasons we desire to add to our other functions that of occasional reviewing; and we take leave to announce for a future number, that those authors who desire our judgment of their labours, may, if they so please, forward their works to be reviewed.

T.



Correspondence.



WE are cheered on our course by many notes of admiration: and, although the very fact of alluding to them must lay us open to the unkindly charge of Egotism, still the voice of encouragement is wont to wake up so many more sweet echoes (which otherwise might modestly be mute), that we cannot help giving, by way of extract, a few samples of the good which we are privileged already to be doing. Private letters, of course, are sacred to ourselves; the public press of our own country, favourable in almost every instance, must not find its numerous eulogies reported here by us; Australia and New Zealand, at the Antipodes, and several of our Settlements elsewhere, are too distant for the kindness of their replies as yet to have reached us: all this, with delays in some of our arrangements, necessarily must circumscribe and bring within somewhat narrow limits the much which otherwise we have to say. But, without further preamble, we will venture to lay before our readers the extracts following.

In "Littell's Living Age," an American periodical of most extensive circulation, a New York correspondent speaks thus warmly of our adventure: his kind personal compliments of course we must omit. "I send for your use," says our unseen friend to his Editor, "the New Quarterly, the 'Anglo-Saxon,' No. III., wherefrom the 'Word to the Yankees' [quoted at length in Mr. Littell's Magazine] will be read with delight by thousands. We have not had many such addresses sent over to us from England; and, in fact, so far as my observation extends, it is the most cordial and generous greeting an English Author has ever penned. It will be as generously responded to. The day has gone by when capital can be made out of the Hall and Trollope style of writing. A better spirit is growing up between the Anglo-Saxons of the old

and new world. * * * I have not yet observed in your invaluable eclectic any extracts from this new and noble journal. As it is possible you have not yet received it I send you also the two first numbers, from which I hope you will transfer some of the best portions. No literary project has ever been started in England in which our nation has been so deeply concerned: none which has ever promised to result in so much good. * * * The object of the 'Anglo-Saxon' is to bring the scattered sons of the great Anglo-Saxon family closer together,—to record what is most worthy of remembrance in the history of this greatest of all races,—to make mankind more familiar with our history and progress. It opens with the kindest spirit towards this country. It is purely international in this sense,—that it is devoted to the interests of Anglo-Saxons throughout the world, without distinction of country, or clime, or government. Certainly we shall be prepared in America to hail the advent of such a Journal with cordiality and gratitude. * * * It has sprung up under the fairest auspices, and will not unlikely soon take its place among the first of those great Journals which constitute the ornaments of British literature."

To this we will add *in extenso* two important letters from the "Living Age" Editor himself. He says:—

"Perhaps the most cordial answer which the Editor of the 'Living Age' (speaking for one Anglo-Saxon) can give, is to print two letters which he wrote several years ago. We are ignorant of the fate of the one sent to the 'Times'; that addressed to the British minister was acknowledged in the most gratifying terms.

" BOSTON, 31st January, 1846.

" *To the Editor of The Times, London.*

"The tone and temper of some of your late articles induce me to hope that you will exert your great power—great in America as well as in Europe—to promote between the English families on both sides of the Atlantic the most hearty friendship.

"I am sure that if you knew how much the English press is really a 'power,' in its influence upon America, you would be careful never to print an idle word about us. Contemptuous or harsh expressions rankle deep in many hearts, and are felt as personal injuries from the people of England to the people here. And, above all, even above the government itself, 'the Times' is supposed to speak with the voice of England.

"And after all that has tried it, how abiding has been our love and respect for the 'old country!' It was some time before we could cease calling it 'home.' We are sensitive to what you say and do to us, for we desire your respect and good will above that of all Europe beside. And even when we set

our face as a flint against encroachments by you, we separate your government from your people in our anger, and think we are animated by the same spirit which made you free and invincible.

“ That this is the feeling of all Americans, I do not say. Many prefer to represent England as an encroaching, domineering nation ; and, instead of finding its type, in good-natured, jolly ‘ John-Bull,’ look for it in your Eighth Harry, ‘ who never spared man in his wrath, or woman in his lust.’ But you may make us all of one mind ; and, just now, in the melting tenderness of reconciliation, and while we are hurt by the attitude of France ‘ our ancient ally,’ is a favourable time to lay a foundation upon which perpetual peace may be builded. And although I rejoice in the ‘ *entente cordiale*,’ and have honoured the King of the French for his successful labours to preserve peace so long ; and although I should think it great glory for America if her influence should be able to prolong it for you after the death of the king, yet it seems to me impossible that with any other nation you can make so strong an alliance, as with one which is bone of your bone.

“ The present governments of the two nations are disposed to promote a more intimate commercial intercourse. I should be glad to go beyond that, and to come as near a union of strength and feeling as could be effected, without our being entangled with your alliances and conquests, or losing any of the simplicity of our government.

“ Would that it were possible for your government to rise above the points in dispute between the nations, and, strong in truth and conscious greatness, to say to ours, that, proud of being the mother of so great a nation, England wishes to lay the foundation of perpetual peace and friendship, by removing all causes of anger and distrust, and so far from quarrelling about a desert on the Pacific, wishes to promote between us and her American possessions as much cordiality of intercourse and freedom of trade, as if they were now, or were to become, parts of the same family. Stipulating for a ‘ drawback’ of all duties which America might impose upon goods intended for British America, and reserving a right of free export through all our territories, (you reciprocating all these privileges), not only might you disregard the question of boundary on the Pacific, but you might suffer and sanction the more intimate union which would grow up on the Atlantic, and thus for ever cut up by the roots the suspicions and jealousies by which only can an anti-English party be unnaturally supported here.

“ By this process you might, for all useful purposes, get back your ancient colonies, and correct not only the blunder of 1783 in retaining Canada as a hostile garrison near us, but the ten or twenty years older follies which made two nations out of one.

“ If you could do this you might make the changes, which probably must

take place at all events, of great profit to you and to all the world; instead of leaving them to be accomplished through a long course of anger and suffering.

“ Upon the removal of all doubt of you, we should be able to indulge our natural sympathy. We should rejoice in your spread in Asia, and in your probable growth in or near Brazil. We should no longer be a house divided against itself, and the Anglo-Saxon race would go on in the fulfilment of what would then plainly appear to be its mission, the settlement, civilisation, and Christianisation of the world.

“ Apart from our desire to get rid of European interference, we have no other interest in extending our empire than the greater enjoyment of the two advantages of our union—Peace and Free Trade. And these are the only advantages which you can reap from your North American possessions. Our trade is better for you than it would have been had we remained colonies.

“ The government of Protestant England may be able to make, gradually and quietly, the organic changes which the ‘movement’ requires. But that will hardly be done upon the continent of Europe. And, perhaps, even so early as the death of the dexterous and sagacious King of the French, the trumpet will call to a desperate battle. When that shall happen, you would be greatly strengthened by having your own descendants in the position of strong neutrality and peace-makers, with undoubted friendship and sympathy for you, rather than have us calculating the chances of that awful time, and arguing that, as we must fight you sooner or later, it would be prudent to do it then.

“ The waters must soon or late break up in Germany and Italy, as well as in France, and whatever triumphs may await England in the strife which will be thrust upon her, it will be prudent for her to prepare *this* continent for her use and support when the waves shall dash over Europe.

“ The people of America, and I hope the people of Great Britain, are now ripe for the constitution of a tribunal for the settlement of all present and future differences between them—whether their statesmen are ready to carry this into effect remains to be seen. Let us ‘bombard them with good measures.’ I suggest the following

“ COURT OF NATIONS.

“ The United States to nominate five of our citizens, to be approved by England, who shall for life hold the sacred office of members of this court, with ample provision for their support. Appoint such men as Chancellor Kent, Bishop White, Justice Story, Horace Binney, John Jay.

“ Let England do the same, and let the court select an umpire, in case of its equal division upon any question.

“ Let the place of holding these courts be alternately in America and England—and all expenses be jointly paid by the two nations.

“ The indirect influence of these ten men would ward off many occasions

of ill will—and purify many ill humours—and thus *prevent* as many disputes as it would pronounce upon. And other nations would from time to time leave their differences to it.

“ AN AMERICAN.”

“ *Near BOSTON, 11th February, 1846.*

“ *To the Honourable RICHARD PACKENHAM, Washington, D. C.*

“ SIR,—The fear of being thought intrusive shall not prevent me from expressing to you the gratification with which I, yesterday, read the offer made by you, of submitting all differences between the United States and Great Britain, to a mixed commission—a *Board*, (implying perhaps permanence).

“ By this mail I send to you some numbers of the *Living Age*, and ask you to look at pp. 248 and 296. When you see that what I had longed for had been actually proposed by you, you may imagine the delight with which my heart was expanded at your proposition, and the sinking of soul which came over me at its rejection. Important as the Oregon harbours are to us, it was not less important to lay hold of such an opportunity to settle the peace of both the English families for ever, and thereby to enable them to maintain the peace of the world. It hardly enters into the thoughts of man to conceive of the strength which our reunion would give to the MEN *who speak English*, and who might then fill up the waste places of the whole world.

“ But although we mourn over the present failure of your offer, let us not have to say, ‘ Oh ! fair occasion, now *for ever* lost !’ If Great Britain will preserve the same temper and tone, it must be yet accomplished. And even already, a hundred thousand hearts, at least, beat more kindly toward England because of your offer. This is of more advantage to you than a year of victories.

“ Valuable to you and to the world as the good understanding with France is, you may by a few years of prudent gentleness and kindness, make a more perfect and more enduring friendship with us. You may knit together the *broken bones*. That you, Sir, may personally be the means, in the hand of Providence, of helping to place the two nations at the head of all Christian people, is my prayer.

“ The President may have resources upon which he relies for a settlement of the dispute. But this is not all that I hoped for. I should have rejoiced that its close had been so brought about, as to let our hearts knit to the ‘ old country.’

“ These feelings are communicated to you, in the hope that you will believe that they are shared by a very large part of the American people, and that you may be encouraged by this belief to persevere in ‘ winning our hearts.’ If so, you will not fail of success. Our government, I truly believe, is desirous of

peace—but even if not, it could not go to war, or give you any reasonable provocation to it, in the face of such correspondence.

“ I am, Sir, with great respect,

“ Your humble servant,

“ E. LITTELL.”

WE cannot sufficiently rejoice to think how cordially this able writer not only can understand, but has positively anticipated us, even in expressions. “ The men who speak English,” “ the Anglo-Saxon race,” the “ house no longer to be divided against itself,” one “ mission in the settlement, civilisation, and christianisation of the world,”—these are our very thoughts, our actual words. Let such a beautiful coincidence speak out, how sympathetic are the cords that bind us ; how ripe is the soil of the world for the good-will-seed that we are sowing !

And now we have to give another friendly echo, in a different key, but still eminently characteristic and valuable.

To the Editor of “ *The Anglo-Saxon* ;” England.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *August 3rd*, 1849.

DEAR SIR,

A short time since I saw your Appeal to the Yankees, extracted from a publication styled the “ *Anglo-Saxon* ;” and being much interested in the objects it is designed to favour, have felt impelled to communicate the train of thought suggested by it : accordingly I forward to you the following Response. The form which the “ *Anglo-Saxon* ” was to take did not appear from the article ; hence I was obliged to write at random ; but if my humble authorship is capable of being made useful in any way, please to consider it at your service.

I write without hesitation, and with little ceremony, as to a very friend ; for, as such I ever regard those with whose spirits my own has held sweet communion through their published thoughts. I prefer that my name should not appear with the article, if it be published ; and at all events I remain,

Sincerely your obedient Servant,

* * *

A Response from Yankeeland.



“ We have heard a voice from our Fatherland ; by the mouth of one whose heart we know, and, knowing, love and honour. It is the voice of fraternal

regard, imploring by the ties of brotherhood for a more closely cherished and more heartfelt friendship ; strengthening that appeal by pointing us to similarity of sentiments, and to a oneness of destiny.

“ After the manner of the Red Man of our forests, we respond. Brother ! we have listened to your talk,—it is good. It comes to us like the whispering of the Great Spirit as he speaks to his children, while we hear him passing through the trees ; and our hearts do burn with love while he tells us to be good, and kind with each other, to be friendly, and sincere. We love you much for this gentle word you have spoken in our ears ; it fills our hearts with gladness, and we take you by the hand, while we sit down under cover of the wigwam made for us by the Great Spirit, and smoke together the calumet of peace. Our friendship shall not be as the chain of iron which, though strong, may be corroded by the rust ; nor like the ring which, though endless, may be broken ; but like the perennial shining of the sun upon the vineyard the Great Spirit has given you to cultivate and improve, and shall only cease when by misdoing the sun is made ashamed to shine upon it, and you forfeit the privilege of covering it with your shadow. We have spoken.

“ But it may be well to consider the reasons founded on the character of its destiny, why this Anglo-Saxon race of both hemispheres should earnestly cement the bonds of brotherhood.

“ Glancing over the political chart of the world, we discover amongst all its governments three, and three only, *progressive* empires ; and these three are Russia, Britain, and America ; representing the three great distinct forms of government,—each with its corresponding mission before it ; and however different the means by which it is to be attained, or diverse the roads which each must travel to it, their ultimate end is the same, *viz.* the improvement and the elevation of man.

“ Their destiny is different from that of any other nations, or, perhaps, it would be more proper to say than the future destiny of any others ; for some of them have had corresponding missions, and have fulfilled them (or neglected to do so), and having ceased to operate beyond their own borders, have chrysalis-like retired within themselves to undergo such political moultings as may possibly prepare them hereafter, to make farther progress. Thus Spain, Portugal, and France, have not only ceased to plant new colonies, but have lost the controul of nearly all they ever did plant ; and why ? Simply because having done all that the genius of their political and religious institutions would permit them to do by way of improving the race ; and, not only so, but having brought themselves directly into contest with the self-improvement of their colonies, their power for evil was set aside by the sure, but indirect working of natural laws, or Providence. Napoleon had a mission, but, neglecting to accomplish the greatest work he might have performed, he was set aside ;—the Moslem power progressed as far as its genius will permit,

and is crumbling now away, retaining just enough of its former greatness to present a barrier to the misdirected ambition of the Czar; while haply he may yet bethink him of his mission, and build to himself an enduring monument of glory by its accomplishment, thus averting the ignominy of failure in the consummation to which he is called.

“ The providential errand of a civilized nation surrounded by savage or barbarous hordes is to bring those elements of discord into harmony, to displace anarchy by establishing the order of law, to substitute knowledge for ignorance; and only where it has done this, has it a mission beyond its own borders; and having done this to the extent of its abilities, its home work is so far at an end.

“ Russia, at this time, presents the spectacle of a Government whose external mission has ceased, by virtue of the equality or superiority of its borderers; but which, by having absolute sway over vast multitudes of barbarian hordes, has within the limits of its legitimate influence a mighty work before it, in the form of raising this great portion of mankind from the degradation of ignorance and serfdom. A grand and noble work this for the Emperor of all the Russias—and one, the accomplishment of which would confer higher and more imperishable honour than all the military conquests that ever have been, or ever will be made. Oh, that Nicholas might be wise! and instead of marshalling his legions to smother the flames of freedom that blaze so brightly in Circassia and Hungary, he would set himself to work in right good earnest to free and educate the serfs already within his domains! The genius of his religion and the idea of absolutism would only permit the progress of such a work to a certain extent; after which the expanding mind must burst its bonds, and find full scope for its powers under the canopy of more liberal politics and wider religious institutions. But by ceasing to lord it over so large a portion of this God's earth and God's men upon it as a tyrant, and by becoming a father to his people, the Czar, and his successors after him, might for a long time avert the doom which his present course of action is tending speedily to consummate. For, let him succeed in subduing the Circassians and extending his sway over them, and in crushing the Republic of Hungary, whatever other results may follow, this, sooner or later, would be inevitable—that these people, with the Poles and all others who should sympathise with them both within and without the Czar's dominions, would unite at the first favourable moment to overwhelm his legions and to scatter his power to the winds that could return them not again. For, the free idea cannot die, and the fate of Louis Philippe should teach the Emperor Nicholas that when the people are once awakened, military batteries are no protection to a throne.

“ But turn we from Russia, whose duty is external to us, to the contem-

plation of our own united mission—that which we, the great Anglo-Saxon family, have to work out with our own hands, and heads, and hearts.

“ And first of the Fatherland, whose lion shakes his mane in every breeze and roars in every clime—colony-planting Britain, whose native energies can be confined to no hemisphere, cramped by no ocean-limits—progressing Britain, who, though with a crowned head and an hereditary aristocracy, has too a charter and elective representatives, trial by jury and the right to think. Yes; “ Britain, with all thy faults we love thee still ” and much; we love thee for thy free-spirited race of men that will think, and then will act their thought; that will not brook tyranny over-much in either Church or State, though often much-enduring. We love thee, because that, while thou darest not let go the wrong, thou wilt yet look Tyranny in the face till thou hast scanned its fearful features; and then wilt give him battle, wherein, though slow thy progress and patient thy hope, yet thine ultimate victory is sure. We love thee, because of thy glorious errand, the nobleness of thy nature—the character of our common race; and we love thee all the more, because thou hast sought out our sympathies, and encourage us, as now, to co-operate with thee in the fulfilment of thy mighty mission.

“ Colony-planting and colony-rearing Britain, thou hast made some mistakes, and peradventure thou wilt yet make more; it was hard for thee to learn that the leading-strings should be cast aside when the children are strong enough to run alone, and that adults should be permitted to tax themselves with the responsibilities of manhood. But thou hast taken some fine lessons of thy truant Jonathan, and he is ever ready to lend thee further counsel. Thou hast fulfilled much of thy true mission, by infusing intellectual and moral energy into regions where intellectual and moral desolation had reigned for centuries, and where existed no inherent life-giving principle of activity or progress. That thy motives are always the purest, or the means of accomplishment the justest and the best, we cannot say; nevertheless thou doest well according to thine own enlightenment; and when we compare the children of thy planting with those of some other nations we wot of, the keenness of our censure dies away within us.

“ We have hinted that the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race gave Britain the pre-eminence in this work of infusing life-breath and the life-creating spirit of progress into the torpor-stricken portions of the world. We discover it both in the individual and in the collective energies of the race; in the free tendencies of her institutions, and more especially in her religion. Not yet as fully free as we Yankees could wish; but still so much so, that when compared with neighbours in the south-west of Europe, we can easily answer the question why it is that the colonies planted by the latter in South America and Mexico have made no progress whatever in self-improvement, either before their sepa-

ration from the parent stock or afterwards. Their religion being purely retrospective admits of no improvement, no progress, no light. Doomed to tread in the steps of their forefathers, the intelligence of the fifteenth century is their intelligence to-day. True, they made an effort to follow the example of Jonathan, by casting off parental restraint and setting up for themselves with a show of republicanism. But, alas for them ! their religion tied them up and swathed them round as with the bands of a mummy ; they could not stir hand nor foot. What could a people do under such circumstances of constraint, even if they had possessed the Anglo-Saxon energy ?

“ Aye, Jonathan ! thank thy stars and Mother Britain that thou art clothed for the most part in the unshackling religion of primitive Christianity ; in that ancient freeman’s creed that was lost in Romanism, and is found again in the Reformation.

“ But however well the political and religious institutions of Britain are adapted to the planting and rearing of colonies, and opening the way for the improvement of nations, they do not enable her to complete the work. Hence when she has broken through the walls by which superstition had excluded the light of heaven from human eyes, and its warmth from human hearts ; when she has scattered to the winds ignorance and stagnation ; when she has planted a sufficiency of Anglo-Saxon seed, to stock a land with the self-living elements of progress, her mission is fulfilled ; and nobly fulfilled too, if fearing not too great an expansion she fosters evermore a larger increase.

“ But what of Jonathan, that uncouth boy who in his turn outgrew controul, and left his mother ? Shall he remain content to settle down in an indolent state of vegetation, and be a cypher in the world unknown and inglorious, occupying a big plot upon the map of the world, and only relieving the tedium of a monotonous existence by sympathy with old world revolutions ? No ; no ! Emulating Father John, he too goes on to plant colonies in the wilderness, and grows apace in might and majesty.

“ And not stopping at mere imitation, he acts according to the proverb that, “ Every generation grows wiser and wiser, and I am a better man than “ father was ;” so then, as soon as his colonies are able to stand alone, he makes them equal brothers ; and thus instead of dependent colonies, like extravagant grown up sons living at home, he raises independent states, rich customers, profitable neighbours, all having a unity of interest ; so that the uncouth stripling, the outlying state, that yesterday contested for a questionable existence, to day astonishes the world by his growth, his majesty, and his might ;—taking rank among the first empires of the old world in power, and far in advance of them in the prosperity, the intelligence, and the happiness of his people. And why ? simply because the genius of his political and religious institutions makes every man responsible both for the administration of the

government and for the character of his religion ; thus continually luring him on to higher excellence. His faculties are continually stimulated to activity,—he can no more stop than the earth in its orbit,—he must progress—never satisfied with what he has attained, his motto is ever “ onward and upward.” No height can satisfy him, no acquirements can satiate him. Seeing himself still imperfect he pants for perfection. Wrongs he may do in wantonness—but these his better nature deprecates. Excrescences there are upon his otherwise fair proportions, but these he will strive to eradicate. One whole side is (we admit it) sorely afflicted with a dark schirrous disease, which has threatened almost to sap the fountains of his health ; a sort of King’s evil, inherited from father John, and which has cost him many a bitter pang. But that same lie to all his protestations of justice—that sorry clog with which his progress has been so long hampered, is doomed to perish soon. Jonathan is awakened to the danger of a false security and makes speed—wholesome speed not heated haste—to overthrow Slavery. Yes, Africa, weeping degraded Africa, so long profaned, so fearfully polluted, thy tears shall yet be stayed ! the sources of thy grief shall be dried up, thou shalt yet rejoice in justice done to thee, and in the elevation of thy degraded people ! Jonathan owes thee much ; and already he has begun to repay. One little republic imbued with the spirit of his *free* institutions, now thrivingly implanted on thy shores, is but the earnest of what shall be done for thee when his own great sore is healed. But Jonathan’s Mission and his destiny—what are they ? Standing out full to the view and blazing as the midday sun, we cannot mistake them. His earnestness—his energy—his untiring perseverance—his continually upward and onward aspirations—and his steadily increasing strides up the great ascent of human progress, clearly point to him as the beacon of the world to reveal what the race may become, and beckon the nations to its realization. Indebted to Britannia for his character and many of his institutions, and forgetting family skirmishes, Jonathan rejoices in the growing friendship of the Fatherland ; and the more that, though a little way behind, John Bull is marching nobly on to share in the glory of that mission also ; so that the father and the son may walk hand in hand in the excellent way of a world’s religious, political, and social progress.

“ For the fulfilment of her destined errand, Britain’s power is now at its acme, equal or superior to any other in the world. Not so America ; our thirty young empires are still in their youth, and grow apace ; powerful now in arms, soon their colossal strength will enable them to smile with complacency at any supposition of the need of using them.

“ With a continent before us, then, to cover with inhabitants, and a world to magnetize into new life, we may well be content with our mission of charity, and our destiny of greatness ; we may heartily welcome dear old Britain to our

embrace, and all Anglo-Saxons to our brotherly sympathies; glad if we can mutually hold fast the olive branch of peace between us, and labour together faithfully and thankfully, for the better development of human happiness."



Among miscellaneous matters of correspondence, it will, we think, be interesting to our readers, not less than it has been instructive to ourselves, to give a hint of the strange variety of opinions, wherewith, among sundry friends, our movement has been met. This we can do, by proper precautions, without any violation of confidence, and it may serve as our reply to numerous objections and suggestions; to frigid indifference as well as to zealous co-operation.

Hear, then, a few sentences from our correspondence, not always *ipsissimis verbis* for delicacy's sake, but still honestly preserving each its spirit. One friend writes to us in this tone:—"My good fellow, I strongly recommend you not to bore us with another Quarterly: nobody cares a button about all those heavy coaches now, except a few bookworms and the quidnuncs: they're fast falling off the road, I tell you: in fact I know that at every club I go to, if it wasn't for flunkey cutting the leaves, there'd be the best of all possible proofs that nothing's read in them at all, except what's spicy or sporting. An article that slaughters a poor devil author without mitigation or remorse, or something dashing about the moors and dogfancying may pay; but save us from those longwinded affairs of hard literature. Don't think it's the guinea; but I must look to my digestion in these cholera times: a Quarterly is too dyspeptic. I'm sorry to say No, but you mustn't break with me for it."

Well: without going the length of our friend, we do think that mere book-reviewing and imperious essayism has been somewhat overdone. The great want of the day (and we are far from thinking we have yet given even a good sample of our recipe), the great social prescription is, union by moderation; unpartisan literature; philanthropy and not sarcasm; a definite christian purpose in every page, and not the mere glitter and sparkle of rhetorical flourishes.

Another unknown wellwisher, evidently a most profound archæological pundit, mistakes our name and aim much as follows:—"If my co-operation can be of service, I have to propose for periodical insertion in your pages an unpublished Anglo-Saxon Grammar, (!) which I request you to peruse, and to inform me what terms you are disposed to offer for the use of it, in the first thousand copies of your learned journal. I say 'the first thousand' because I should require a progressive ratio of emolument in the proportion in which my lucubrations tended to your financial advantage." Poor Enthusiast! strongly reminding us of that "blushing author of a volume on the Greek participle," in Bulwer's *Pelham*: as if, first, anybody could read

his terrible MS.; as if, secondly, one creature in ten millions cared the snuff of a candle for an Anglo-Saxon Grammar; as if, thirdly, we wanted to purchase his leaden mediocrity, when so many brightest minds are glad to start us with their friendly contributions; and, to conclude, as if Anglo-Saxonism meant a mere molegrubbing back again into the long dark tunnel of a thousand years ago, and were not now a living, growing universality, a name for union and sympathy, for Christianity and progress.

Very similar to the hood-winked mortal above, is the false fancy of another who facetely considers us “hys auntyente ffreynde,” and who supposes that Hengist and Horsa are as much heroes in our eyes as Alfred, seeing that they all come of one old stock. Knoweth he not that Alfred’s spirit is still quick and strong in every one of our English institutions?—that, if gratefully we look back through many ages to the commencement of our excellence, it is that we may hopefully look forward to a higher state of excellence, possibly, in God’s good providence, reserved for our Future.

And this word, Future, reminds us of another potent objection, to which we desire to give serious heed, while we remonstrate with its spirit. Sundry of our disputants have answered much as thus:—“Is this a time for indulging
“in any worldly pursuits, commencing a new quarterly, or celebrating an
“ancient monarch, when ‘the Lord is at hand?’ Is it a mark of Christian
“knowledge or religious illumination to be trying to unite and to ameliorate
“mankind, when the sure word of prophecy forewarns us that before the
“coming of Christ (and His chariot wheels are waiting) all will be blood,
“and fire, and vapour of smoke; wars and rumours of wars, famine and
“pestilence,—every man’s hand against his neighbour, &c. &c.? Do ye not
“know that the attempt to regenerate this disjointed world is presumptuous
“and unholy? &c. &c. Verily, Antichrist is to come as an angel of light;
“and none but those who *sigh* for their Lord’s appearing, and who *wait* for
“his coming with a continued ‘how long,’ will meet anything at that hour but
“condemnation and dismay!”

Excellent sir, we answer, is it not our duty to be up and doing? Not to distort such a good and patient word as “wait” into monkish indolence,—but to quicken our Christian watchfulness into action, and to “come to the help
“of the Lord against the mighty?” If our state of life ordained us to such Evelyn-like patriotism as that of planting acorns, we should fear no rebuke from our Redeemer, if He found us planting acorns even till his coming! Hear how Sir Matthew Hale once acted:—it was in 1688, when all Europe’s best and wisest were looking for the Advent: the good judge was seated at his desk of duty, trying a prisoner; a most fearful storm raged at the time, and the affrighted multitude in court began to endanger the solemnity of the proceedings through the excitement caused by a fanatic who rushed wildly into court,

and shouted out "Christ is come!" Hale believed the man. He knew the prophetic probability of the fact; and that overwhelming crashing of the elements seemed indeed the day of doom. But how did he act?—even as, on true Christian principles, every brave and good man ought: "Sheriff! take that person away, and keep order in the court; if my Judge is come, he shall find me doing my duty. Let the case proceed." And so, friend, without disputing possibilities, and not only well aware that the end *may be* to-day, but heartily desiring and watching for it, if the Master will,—nevertheless, it is our duty to occupy till He come; to hide no talent in a napkin, but to do our best for the good of man and for the honour of God in every way that is possible. The acknowledgment of good seed in His servant Alfred, whose fruit is ripe this day, and the effort to amalgamate brothers, and ameliorate the suffering condition of humanity, these are wise and noble ends; and while we take and hold fast by the good word "wait," we will yet do so not in the idle attitude of slumbering and sleeping, but as those who have talents to use and work to do, and who must give account of their stewardship.

But we must have done, and can scarcely hint at such little matters as, "How glad I am to see Poetry rescued from its usual little print, and legibly set out in readable characters;" and the opposite opinion, "What could you mean by making verses so prominent in your book?" Again: "For my own part, I hate those Yankees, and think them a vulgar set of rebels:" and per contrà—"Perhaps one of the most valuable features in your plan is that of encouraging a friendly feeling towards America. I congratulate you exceedingly upon your efforts in this respect, and am sure that that cordial race of people will accept them, as a precious proof that we desire above all things to be friends with our brethren."

One person exclaims against us for "not being party-men, having no flag, no motto, no fixed principles;" his neighbour unconsciously answering the imputation as thus:—"Your end, if I understand you, seems to be to find points of similarity, rather than points of difference; to take the broad banner of a Race, and the wide watchword of a language, and so long as Christianity is professed, to endeavour to amalgamate prejudices and parties."

An antiquarian friend, famous all over the world for his minute knowledge of our ancient forefathers, threatens us with literary prosecution in these terms:—"If it was not that *you* had a personal interest in this precious Anglo-Saxon, I should have been down upon it long ago: why, the outside cover is enough, oak-leaves and St. Gregory, and the absurd black letter! what has all this to do with your proprieties? I'll give you the correct lettering from coins, and a genuine archaic lattice pattern from manuscripts; and if you don't reform the whole appearance of the thing, inside and out (I must in mercy forwarn you), I shall be down upon you!" There: they

will thus resolutely mistake us. Let us have the murder out at once: we are not antiquaries:—to please the few, and our irate friend among them, we will indeed now and then condescend to some such exciting subject as “The Saxon Period,” for instance (see III. p. 200); or enshrine in Mr. Brettell’s superb typography a stray morsel from Bede, Alcuin, Ethelwerd, or Regnar Lodbrog; but all this is a mere supererogatory indulgence; we are Anglo-Saxons, only as we are universal Englishmen; we care nothing comparatively for the queer spelling of Asser, or the Russian-looking letters of the Saxon Chronicle: let the antiquaries leave us alone; (unless indeed they will kindly contribute a gem or two, bright or dull, as hinted above); we are modern Anglo-Saxons, creatures spoken of by this constant appellation in *Times*’-leaders, and July-American-orations. “Anglo-Saxon” is simply a term to include the great English family everywhere: “Leave us, leave us to repose.”

Yet another deliberate objector; hear him and his answer:—“I am exceedingly concerned to find a man of your good sense,” such is our friend’s lefthanded compliment, “engaged in so hopeless an undertaking. Why? It is positively a mundane matter, a most comprehensive business; involving enormous cost and toil, and demanding energies, talents, and resources of the very highest order. You propose a literary point of union for a Race wide as the world; and seem to me to be aiming in the general, at what all manner of Home and Colonial and American Magazines, besides Freemasons, Foresters, Druids, Odd Fellows, and all other English guilds, are attempting to do in particular. My dear young friend, do let a man old enough to be your grandfather exhort you to have nothing to do with so perilous and extensive a concern. Every man’s hand will be against you!” Answer. If it is, we must fight; but, as a matter of fact, not one enemy has yet revealed himself in print, and more than a hundred disinterested literary judges (all thanks to them!) have liberally paved our way with praises. Further, for the matter of extent, if extensive, “*perseverantiâ et amicis*,” it will bear its own charges; and as to toil, with all respect to our venerable friend, we are of the sort that likes trouble, and is content to be stirring these world-wide waters. No fear for us; if only *you*, excellent Mentor, will help Telemachus with a little crock of gold in addition to your kind advice. Bring us a score of subscribers: and so, a hundred weight of these fair volumes will find free freight to New Zealand or New Orleans.

A West Indian gentleman sends us a long [illegible, by-the-bye,] rigmarole against certain government officials. We really cannot undertake to settle his affairs; an *ex parte* quarrel is not to our taste: if he will have the goodness to give us his views on the slave trade and abolition, or on free trade and its consequences, we will put his MS. into the printers’ hands, that it may be decyphered; and if up to the mark, it shall stand.

A zealous Anglo-Saxon addresses us in manner following:—" Gentlemen, and Brother Anglo-Saxons, I greet you well! May the same Spirit that sheds its lustre over the wide-spread Saxon Race, guide your newly-launched venture clear of the hidden and treacherous rocks and shoals which Envy and Prejudice have laid for the destruction of all that is high, and ennobling, and good-intentioned, and virtuous. It is difficult to propagate, successfully, such sentiments as you hold, inasmuch as they are above the capacity, and contrary to the principles of the many. And why?—Because based on Truth, and truth has nothing in common with those whose vulgar interest it is to retard the intellectual and spiritual advancement of Man. Do not understand me that I would impute ignorance and prejudice to the Readers of your able Quarterly.—No! My object is to guard them from its venom; and they will not find a more efficient shield against its influence, than by perusing and pondering well on the sentiments contained therein: if they do so, they will have to combat with ideas that speak home to the hearts of men, and will bless the hour that introduced them to your principles of Truth and Virtue. * * * * *

" Then, Brothers, proceed you on your course, and, by God's help, the public heart will expand, and, when appreciated and understood, *all* will hail you as of the few who advocate and really desire the amelioration of evils under which so many of us barely *exist*,—I cannot say *live*;—for, now-a-days, there are many bright spirits doomed even to Pauperism. * * *

" I wish, with you, a ' better state of things.' Let us work for this. I would have Society earn for itself a higher tone:—Man estimated for the good he does, rather than for his account at the bankers. We must shame Envy into nothingness with the mirror of Truth. We must go hand-in-hand,—high and low, rich and poor, without regard to conventional degree,—for the ' general good: ' like the Roman of old, setting honour in one eye, and death in the other, looking on both indifferently:—and let him be esteemed most who deserves most."

Several anonymous communications must remain unnoticed: we have a right to know the name and standing of every correspondent.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that (without being aware of any thousandth anniversary) the Religious Tract Society have published in due course " A Life of Alfred for the people," this very summer: likewise, that similarly without a chronological intention, Mr. Thornycroft, the eminent sculptor, has produced this year the life-size classical group of " Alfred and his Mother," an engraving from which adorns our present number. Equally opportune, though not similarly fortuitous, has been the able Lecture on Alfred the Great, recently delivered at Crosby Hall, as one of a course of Lectures to Young Men; and the fine medal of our hero Monarch, described in our opening article, is another well-timed incident.

With respect to the Jubilee, now at length zealously and earnestly taken up by Berkshire (not "Bæotian," O thou false poet, but genuinely Attic, the tip-top County after all, and worthy of its native Alfred), we are overflowing with letters; and, without breaking private confidences, as well as devoting more space to the matter than we now have to spare, we can only specifically allude to one or two of our most liberal and enthusiastic friends. Foremost among them we are glad to hint at the Veteran Father of Architectural Archæology: and at another, equally a veteran and a patriot, seeing that forty years ago he got up that spirited National Commemoration, King George's Jubilee: and at others, all earnest in the cause, and still resolved, "once in a thousand years, to celebrate the Father of England."

But enough: if friends will help, and will rally round our standard, nothing shall be wanting in our perseverance,—nor therefore to success. At any rate, be our future what it may, we trust that there are many things present well meant and well deserving in this our first volume. Happily, for coincidence, its four quarterly numbers fulfil the four seasons of King Alfred's thousandth birth year; and, in itself a sort of literary jubilee, it may stand to show that he, his principles, and his character, are still spiritually vigorous in the world-wide Anglo-Saxon.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

L'Envoi.

HERE endeth the first Fytte of *Y^r Anglo-Saxon*.

And now, Gentles all, while the curtain is falling, and the scene shifting, and all due preparation going on for Act the Second; while critics are whispering, politicians speculating, fools yawning, and ladies smiling, as they turn over the pages of our goodly volume,—in the name of all the gallant recruits who, from East and West, North and South, have flocked to the Banner of the Anglo-Saxons—WE SALUTE YOU!

We will not cry “*Largesse! Largesse!*” nor send round the cap for Contributions. We will not entreat your indulgence, nor crave your mercy; of course every one may guess the dangers, difficulties, and disappointments that await an adventure like ours; there must be numerous shortcomings and frequent rebuffs. But as A TROOP we have done our Duty, we have redeemed our pledge, and—we mean to do it again.

Most courteously, therefore, we present ourselves, cap in hand, to salute, but not to supplicate.

Neither few, nor fearful, nor *fainéants* are the Cavaliers who have gallantly taken service in the Cause, and have sworn to uphold the Banner of our Race against all Challengers. And there are some among them, worthy descendants of those adventurous Crusaders, the slayers of the Dragon and the Giant,—Men who will not fear to take Mammon by his beard, and Cant and Prejudice by the ears, and defy them to the Battle.

And, by the help of God, they shall gain the day. There is the stalwarth Knight-errant, who has been wandering in many lands, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter

“fancy.” Truly some of his words are bitter, and his spirit seems to be disquieted within him ; but he has run his course well, for sharp and relentless is the spur of Indignation. And there is the stout and sturdy Champion of Old England, who has found his adversary, not in foreign lands, but in his own country and among his own people. Down-right and trenchant his stroke, laborious and earnest his assault—may he live to see the grim Workhouse and the dreary Gaol swept away from the face of his Fatherland, and the old times restored, “When the Great Man helped the “Poor, and the Poor Man loved the Great.” And the Minstrel Herald, the first to rally to the Standard, the foremost to bear it forth to the ends of the earth—

“Wafting his message of Peace and Goodwill,
Brotherhood, Godliness, Science, and Skill :”

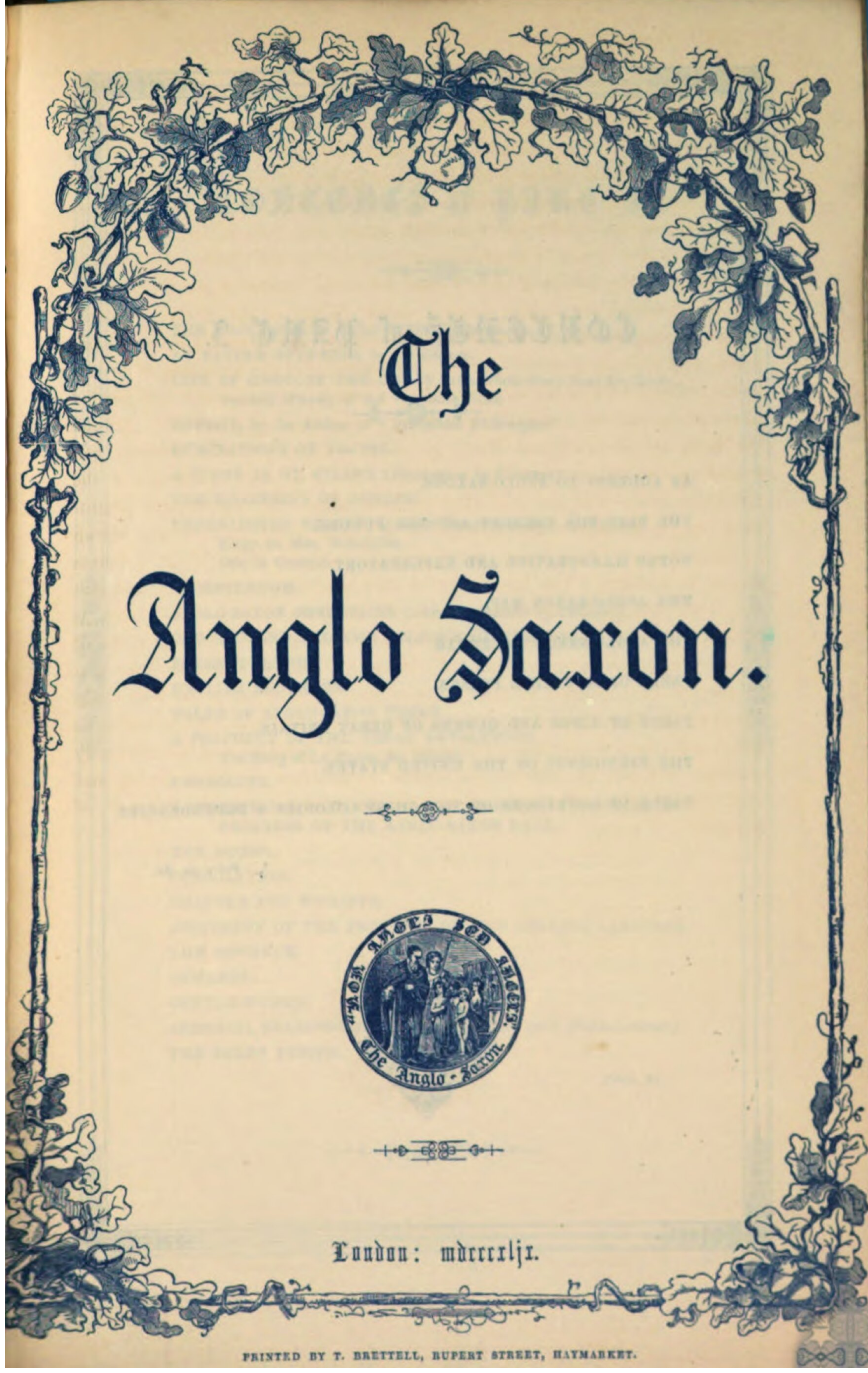
Many are “the stout Anglo-Saxons, the resolute ones,” whom he has won to the cause by the voice of his charming.

Nor must we forget the earnest Pioneer who has ventured into the living deserts of the mighty city, the lairs and lurking places of the Famine and the Pestilence. Time, however, would fail us to enumerate, one by one, each individual knight of “our Round Table ;” the Learned and the Gentle ; the Daring and the Brave ; Champions of the Cross, in honour and in courtesy ; suffice it to declare that from the first who raised the Standard, to the Recruit of the last hour, all are of good heart and of stout mind ; not ashamed of the Past, and full of hope for the Future ; determined to do well what they have undertaken to do, and each looking forward to a Niche in the future Walhalla, and a Name in the grateful Annals of

The Mighty Anglo-Saxon Race.

A.

October, 1849.



The Anglo Saxon.



London: mdcccxlj.

CONTENTS of PART 3.



AN ADDRESS TO ANGLO-SAXONS.

THE PAST THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

NOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MAP.

THE ANGLO-SAXON KALENDAR.

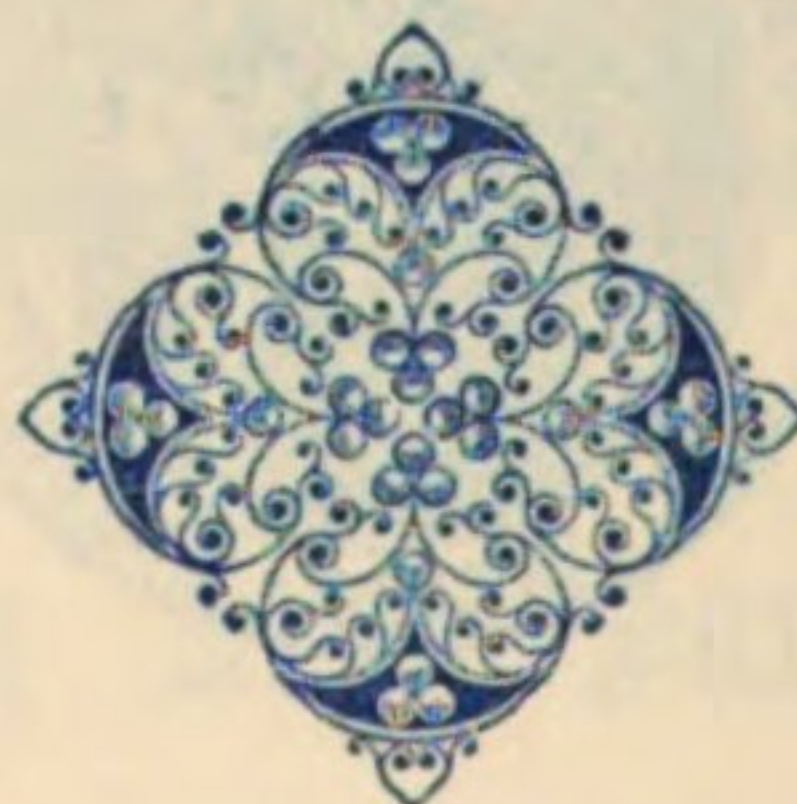
TABLE OF MOVEABLE FEASTS.

TABLE OF KINGS AND QUEENS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

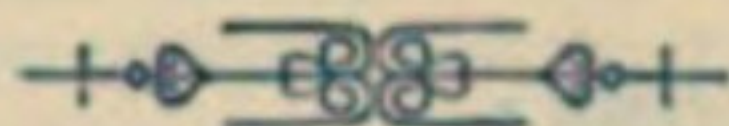
THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

TABLE OF GOVERNORS OF THE CHIEF COLONIES & DEPENDENCIES.

Price 2s. 6d.



CONTENTS of PART III.



THE ANGLO-SAXON STANDARD (*Illustration*).

AN EASTER OFFERING, by the Editors.

LIFE OF GREGORY THE GREAT (*with Illustration*), from the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede.

ENERGY, by the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

RUMINATIONS OF TRAVEL.

A SCENE IN ST. GILES'S (*Illustration by GAVARNI*).

THE ROOKERIES OF LONDON.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES, by JOHN EVELYN, Author of "Sylva."

Elegy on Mrs. Godolphin.

Ode to Content.

CHRISTENDOM.

ANGLO-SAXON CHIEFTAINS (*with Illustrations by GAVARNI*).

OLD ENGLAND AND THE POLITICS OF THE DAY.

PRESENTIMENTS.

ENGLISH BROTHERS.

TALES OF ANGLO-SAXON TIMES.

A PROPHECY OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION.

The Story of La Harpe, the Atheist.

EMIGRANTS.

A STATISTICAL OUTLINE OF THE PRESENT CONDITION &
PROGRESS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

THE HORSE.

CONSOLATION.

CHAUCER AND WICLIFFE.

SPECIMENS OF THE PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE MOURNER.

ONWARDS!

GENTLE-WOMEN.

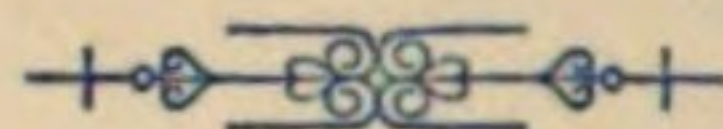
ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE HEPTARCHY (*with Emblazonments*).

THE SAXON PERIOD.

Price 6s.



CONTENTS of PART III.



WHO ARE ANGLO-SAXONS?

A JUBILEE!

ALFRED THE GOOD (*Illustration by LEECH*).

ALFRED THE WISE (*Illustration by LEECH*).

ALFRED THE GREAT,

A WORD TO THE YANKEES,

"NON ANGLI SED ANGELI,"

} by the Author of
"PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

THE ROOKERIES OF LONDON.

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

A SONNET TO ANGLO-SAXONS (by H. G. A.).

OLD ENGLAND AND DOMESTIC POLITICS (*with Illustration*).

THAT DAY.

DAILY LIFE.

THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

CHRISTENDOM.

MY OWN FAULT.

THE ARK.

A STATISTICAL SKETCH OF THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES
OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

I'M ALONE.

THE QUEEN.

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF EAST ANGLIA, by the Author of
an "Essay on Offa."

THE GRAVE.

PRIDE OF RACE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

CORRESPONDENCE—

Our Language.—Gentlemen.—Odd Fellowship.—Borneo.

Price 6s.



PART IV. will be Published in October, and will complete the First Volume of
the "ANGLO-SAXON." Price, complete (to Subscribers), 20s.

Opinions of the Press.

"The *Anglo-Saxon* more than realises the expectations raised by its announcement at the beginning of the year. The Second Part is now lying before us, and for beauty of typographical execution and richness and tastefulness of illustration, it stands wholly unrivalled among Periodicals. The contents present a not unharmonious mixture of antiquarian lore with modern topics; essays on the great questions of the day alternating with disquisitions on the ancient history and language of the Anglo-Saxon race. These are relieved by poetic contributions of more than ordinary merit. As a specimen of the tone which is taken by this new Quarterly, we extract the concluding lines of the article headed 'Christendom.' After a review of the contending systems of the day, the writer adds:— 'Meanwhile, though not unmindful of the labours and benefits of one and all the systems of our day, we are yet disposed to follow the guidance of reason and reflection in that direction towards which our natural sympathies and affections are surely leading us—to dear old England, her homes and parishes, her Christian Queen and Constitution. We look not only to preachers, or to priests, or to political economists, to guide us in the right way, but also to our natural leaders—our noblemen and gentlemen, judges and magistrates—the chieftains of our Christian commonwealth. Theirs it is, in their several vocations, to labour and strive *pro ecclesiâ Dei*—for the congregation of Christ's flock. Then shall the Gospel of Faith become a reality, when all the operations of life are conducted according to its principles; then shall the Church be no longer an abstract idea, or a barren institution, but an actual living working body; then shall England be indeed leading the nations of the world, leading them to their glorious destiny—to the faith, the hope, the love of Christendom.'"—*John Bull*, April 7, 1849.

"We cannot refuse a place among the Quarterlies, to the announcement of a new one, under the name of the *Anglo-Saxon*. The design of this Publication, though savouring somewhat of the rage for 'Nationalities' which has grown up during the past year, is, nevertheless, interesting and promising."—*John Bull*, January 6.

"The *Anglo-Saxon* is an original and very cleverly conducted (quarterly) Periodical, which is beautifully printed, and very tastefully as well as attractively illustrated. Part II. is peculiarly good, showing well the scope and objects of the work, which is styled 'The Standard of the Race.' 'The standard was raised in London (say the Editors), the centre of the race, and an Anglo-Saxon messenger was forwarded by rail and steam to every corner of the globe recognised as an Anglo-Saxon settlement.' The full intent and design of the Publication are skilfully described in the opening article, which richly merits perusal. It professes 'to promote progress and improvement,' and we are sanguine that it will achieve its object. The contribution on 'The Rookeries of London' affords curious details, and will excite much serious thought. The Table of Contents is very varied, and a great amount of talent is evidently enlisted in the cause which the Periodical is founded to support. We cannot avoid again praising the appearance and aspect of the work. It is ably conducted and written, while the typographical and illustrative labours bestowed on its pages have been most successful and effective."—*Morning Advertiser*, April 6, 1849.

"This opening Number speaks well for the project. The plan is admirable, exceedingly comprehensive, intelligent, and patriotic (in the widest sense of the word). It promises to effect much good; and it will, therefore, be interesting to watch its progress."—*Morning Advertiser*, January 12.

"This is a new, bold, and heart-stirring conception. It strikes new chords in the Anglo-Saxon heart. '*We Anglo-Saxons*,' is a new fraternal expression to which we have not often listened; and, to which we confess that we listen, in the noble aspirations of this new Periodical, with some pride, and much heart-felt pleasure."—*Cambridge Advertiser*, January 17.

"The plan of this new Periodical is admirable. It embraces all that can interest the mighty nations which, in all quarters of the world, are germinating from the Anglo-Saxon stock—that ancient original root of the race which flourished, centuries ago, in the very Isthmus which the Teutons of Germany are now devastating with a causeless war. All the Past and all the Future of these great kindreds of mankind are laid open for discussion by the plan of such a Work, which, without borrowing from the antiquities of Greece and Rome, is content with those of our own genuine native land; and unconcerned about the progress of unallied nations, only speculates on the advance of England and of the descendants of Englishmen. The scope of history which it embraces is ample for the most insatiable curiosity, extending from the occupation of Kent by Hengist and Horsa, to the annexation of the Punjab. The territorial limits which it claims are nearly co-extensive with the geography of the world. The fairest and most fertile regions of the earth, the widest continents, the most remote climates, are all studded or overspread by colonies, of this indomitable and indefatigable race. The literature which their language has enshrined is (the sacred Scriptures excepted) the most precious possessed by Man. From Chaucer to Walter Scott—what a series of original observers and thinkers! What records of sagacity, wit, and eloquence! The Grecian language has, indeed, its Parthenon of literature, supported by a hundred columns of matchless perfection and finish, upholding entablatures where art has done its uttermost, and where taste can find no fault. But what is the effect of such a shrine on the beholder compared with the Minster of Anglo-Saxon minstrelsy, of which the vastness and solemnity rise superior to the rules of mere art, and appeal to the instincts of nature; in which every workman—from 'Alfred King' to Macaulay—have empanelled their labours in imitations of the external world, occasionally fanciful, often rude, but always original, and all combining to produce one great result of astonishment and admiration!

"To say that the noble plan of the present undertaking has been fully worked out would be to imagine that one of the greatest achievements ever proposed to be effected by the pen had been mastered at the first attempt. The very undertaking is itself a great distinction; to make the work-

The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

manship worthy of the end there should be a complete discarding of everything not Anglo-Saxon, in the essential qualities of solidity, strength, and disdain of words for words' sake. It will be a pleasure to us to notice the continual progress towards perfection of so noble an enterprise.—*Dorset County Chronicle*, June 7, 1849.

"A noble and heart-cheering lyric is 'The Past, the Present, and the Future.'"—*Hastings News*, January 11.

"These pages are replete with interesting matter—matter that is alike valuable to the merchant, to the Englishman, as a member of the 'vast family' of Anglo-Saxons, and to the antiquarian."—*Somerset County Herald*, January 20.

"The object of this neatly got-up and ably-written Publication, as we learn from the opening article of this, the Second Part, is 'to establish unity and brotherly good-will among all Anglo-Saxons, in spite of time and distance, in spite of varieties of creeds, or differences of institutions,' and we have no doubt that there is sufficient Anglo-Saxon spirit yet alive, both in this country and America, to welcome and encourage the undertaking. The birthright of the race is energy and success; and the aim of this Periodical, the onward progress of society and the temporal and spiritual advancement of man, is a truly noble one to undertake, and worthy of all praise.

"The prospectus, which forms Part I., contains an Anglo-Saxon Map and Kalendar, on both of which considerable pains appear to have been bestowed. From the well-written article explanatory of the former, we take the following brief extract, to show the meaning and design of it:—

" 'This map teaches us,' &c.

"The contents of the Second Part, which may be taken as a fair sample of what this new and interesting Periodical is to consist of, are able, varied, and most readable. Some of the best writers of the day, learned in Anglo-Saxon antiquities, have been enlisted in its service; and the illustrations with which its pages are decorated, are not only novel and attractive of their kind, but are finished in the highest style of art. The Anglo-Saxon standard, with which the Part justly opens, is a well-executed sketch of a young knight on horseback, giving the Anglo-Saxon banner to the breeze. The other illustrations are—Gregory the Great and the English captives at Rome, when he uttered the memorable saying, which forms the motto of the work—'Non Angli sed Angeli;' a Scene in St. Giles's; and Anglo-Saxon Chieftains, being one of the year 449, with shield and helmet, contrasted on the opposite page with one of 1849, viz. Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, in his careless modern costume, when he went in his yacht to obtain possession of a large portion of the Island of Borneo. Besides these, there are the splendid emblazonments of the armorial bearings of the Heptarchy, which, of themselves, are worth the price of the Publication. The articles generally are full of information on Anglo-Saxon subjects, or of Anglo-Saxon interest. Those which please us most are, 'Ruminations of Travel,' 'The Rookeries of London,' 'Old England, and the Politics of the Day,' 'A Statistical Outline of the Present Condition and Progress of the Anglo-Saxon Race,' and 'Christendom,' which are all written in a high and chivalrous tone. 'The Widow's Son,' a tale of the early Saxon times, is a touching and well-told story; and the paper on Chaucer and Wicliffe is a very suitable one, the period at which they lived being the starting-point of English literature, Chaucer being the Father of English Poetry, and Wicliffe 'the Morning Star of the Reformation.' The poetry is excellent. A characteristic and truly noble piece, by Mr. Martin F. Tupper, on 'Energy,' as the

'Indomitable merit
Of the Anglo-Saxon mind,
That makes a man inherit
The glories of his kind,'

to quote the first four lines, appropriately begins the list.

"On the whole, we are much pleased with this Periodical, which will supply a gap in English literature that we marvel has not been filled up sooner. It is an interesting and important Publication, and deserves to be successful."—*Daily Mail*, June 1849.

"This is the first Quarterly issue of a new and exceedingly novel Publication intended as a rallying point for Anglo-Saxons all over the world. Its design is so peculiar, that we are induced to make our readers fully acquainted with it, by quoting the whole of the opening article."—*Nottinghamshire Guardian*, January 11.

"We invite the attention of our readers to this new quarterly Publication; the object of which is to promote good feeling, and revive the family sentiments of kith and kin amongst the different members of the widely spreading Anglo-Saxon race. The recollections of the past, the anticipations of the future, are blended with subjects of present interest; and the meeting-point, or bond of union, proposed for all the children of the family in every quarter of the globe, is their *mother language*, the '*kindly English tongue*,' which is common to so many millions, of different climates, different sects, and institutions.

"The Table of Contents is very varied and attractive, and the illustrations, emblazonments, and beautiful typography render the *Anglo-Saxon* a striking exception to the usual slovenly appearance of periodical publications. The first Part contains a valuable Map of the World, coloured so as to distinguish the various settlements of the Anglo-Saxon race; and showing us that nearly a fourth part of the dry land, and a fourth part of the inhabitants of the globe, are under their governance.

"The Second Part opens with an Easter Offering, by the Editors, setting forth in good set terms the object and aim of the promoters of this new Publication. It contains, amongst a list of twenty-four or twenty-five different subjects, a first-rate article on 'Ruminations of Travel,' written from Paris, giving a graphic description of men and manners there, and contrasting them not unfavourably with English customs and ideas. 'Christendom,' a well-written and valuable analysis of the different parties now claiming attention in the Church; and, although written in a kind spirit,

The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

evidently rejecting high church, low church, and no church parties, as having none of them brought forth fruits worthy of Christendom. 'Old England, and the Politics of the Day,' enters into an elaborate and powerful exposition of the evil tendencies of a growing disposition for *centralised* in opposition to *local* government; on the vexed questions of National Rate, Rate in Aid, and Poor-Law Commissions, it is well worthy the attentive perusal of farmers, manufacturers, guardians, and magistrates. Then follow 'Tales of the Anglo-Saxon Times;' an elaborate statistical article on the 'Present Condition and Progress of the Race;' a lively history of 'Chaucer and Wicliffe,' the great fathers of our language; a spirit-stirring address to the 'Gentlewomen of England;' and a learned article on the heraldic ensigns and other interesting subjects connected with 'The Saxon Period;' illustrated by three pages of richly coloured emblazonments. The Second Part is varied by a number of pieces of uncommonly good poetry, of which we may mention as particularly good, lines on the 'Energy of the Race,' by the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy;' some unpublished 'Verses,' by Evelyn, the well known author of 'Sylva;' some appropriate verses on 'Emigration;' and a quaint contrast between the 'Anglo-Saxon Chieftain of A.D. 449, (the year in which they landed in Britain), and that of A.D. 1849, illustrated by a picturesque portrait of the Rajah, or Chieftain, Sir James Brooke, at Sarawak. In conclusion, we may remark that this new Publication appears happily at a time when men are beginning to be sick of party names and party quarrels,—when people no longer read 'The Quarterly,' merely because it is the Tory, or 'The Edinburgh,' as the Whig, or 'The Westminster Review,' as the Radical exponent of political doctrines. The Anglo-Saxons are, we hope, beginning to put away childish things, and to look on men and manners with more enlarged and expansive views. The small Part now on our table does credit to the talent of the Editors, and also to the taste of the Printer (Brettell). We look forward with pleasure to the issue of the next Parts, and can well recommend our readers to order the first."—*Bucks Chronicle, Aylesbury*, April 28, 1849.

"The Second Number of the *Anglo-Saxon* has burst upon us like a brilliant meteor in the darkness of the night, its sparkling corruscations astonishing, but enlivening, all within the circle of its traverse, excepting only those whose grovelling ideas prevent them from looking upwards and onwards in the great march of improvement; but, unlike the meteor, its light, uncontrolled by space, will shine wherever the Anglo-Saxon has found a standing-place amongst nations. Its matter is as varied as its information is sound, and betrays the deep research, the high taste, and the copious intelligence of its correspondents. It treats of Education, Colonisation, Law, War, and Peace; English, American, Australian, and other Anglo-Saxon manners, customs, and institutions; Daily Politics, Anecdotes, Poetry, Homes and Houses, Food and Raiment, Commerce and Agriculture,—'subjects not the less interesting because belonging to daily life, and the hopes, the fears, the smiles, and the groans of millions.' The highest subject of all, the spiritual destiny of our race and of mankind, has not been omitted, and it endeavours to 'wipe away from men's recollections the blots and stains of acrimony and contention which have almost made the name of religion to stink in the nose of a no-longer barbarous world—to sound loud and clear in the ears of straggling, wandering, nations, the one recalling note to which, when truly struck, man's inmost spirit ever yearns to respond—Love!' The illustrations are novel, and present a combination of talent of the very first order; but if we are delighted with the *matter*, justice requires we should say something of the *manner* of its 'getting up.' Truly Mr. Brettell, who has long evinced an ambitious and an honourable endeavour to eclipse the profession, has succeeded to the utmost extent of his wishes. The specimens of printing in the work before us, are, indeed, superb, and will reflect a credit on Rupert-street as long as the locality shall exist."—*Hants Independent*, April 14, 1849.

"The Work is neatly got up, the object is good, and the matter, if well selected, must prove highly interesting to all who reflect on the wonderful destiny, the indomitable energy, and the glorious mission of the Anglo-Saxon race."—*Hampshire Independent*, January 16.

"The Number before us contains a considerable variety of matter. The 'Easter Offering,' is an editorial article, containing some very judicious remarks, intermingled with others of a questionable character. The 'Life of Gregory the Great,' from Bede's 'Ecclesiastical History,' occupies a few pages. 'Energy,' a poetical contribution from the Author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' is terse and vigorous. The 'Ruminations of Travel' is a smart article. We strongly dissent from the Author's observations on the Sabbath, and very much question whether 'they manage these things better abroad.' 'The Rookeries of London' displays ability and erudition. Some 'Unpublished Verses,' by John Evelyn, author of *Sylva*, consisting of an elegy and an ode, are gems for the lover of poetry. 'Christendom' is a valuable and interesting article, worth a cart-load of legends, despite some drawbacks. 'Anglo-Saxon Chieftains' is a quaint poetical effusion. 'Old England, and the Politics of the Day,' contains some interesting passages, and is written by an able hand. 'Presentiments,' and 'English Brothers,' are pleasing effusions of the poetic genius. 'Tales of the Anglo-Saxon Times,' commencing with 'The Widow's Son,' displays a fair allowance of historic lore, illustrated by a graphic pen. The 'Prophecy of the French Revolution,' and the 'Emigrants,' are two poetical pieces of some merit. 'A Statistical Outline of the Present Condition and Progress of the Anglo-Saxon Race' comes in as ballast to keep the literary craft steady under her sails of speculation and poetry. 'The Horse' is a light Rory O'More sort of contribution from some poetical lover of the chase. 'Chaucer and Wicliffe' is an erudite article, worthy of an attentive perusal. 'Mourner, weep!' is a poetical piece not without beauty, as also 'Onwards.' 'Gentle-women' is rather fantastical, but a well-written piece on the whole. An historical article on the 'Anglo-Saxon Period' closes the present Number, which, in addition to its contributions from the pen, is adorned with the trophies of the engraver and, we may add, the type-founder."—*Hastings and St. Leonard's News*, April 8, 1849.

"This is a new Quarterly Periodical, intended to act as a bond of union between the widely-scattered brethren of the Anglo-Saxon race. The idea is a very good one, and hitherto it appears to be well worked out. Talent of the highest order, both in prose and poetry, combined with great

The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

beauty of type and cleverness of illustration, places this attractive serial at once in the very highest position, and we shall watch its progress with no small interest. Meanwhile, to give our readers a taste of this old family-feast, we may as well produce the pleasant bill of fare exhibited by the Table of Contents in the Second Number; the First Number, barely more than a prospectus, being chiefly noticeable for its very able preliminary Address, and its useful Anglo-Saxon Map. When we add, that some splendidly coloured emblazonments, and wood-cuts after Gavarni, decorate this intellectual feast with appropriate pictorial flowers, we have done enough to whet the appetite of our readers, and we leave them to satisfy it at their earliest opportunity."—*Brighton Gazette*, April 19, 1849.

"We have been rather taken by surprise at the elegant and costly typography of this new candidate for public approbation, not having seen the announcements or prospectuses which usually herald the first appearance of a new quarterly publication. The leading idea of the Editors appears to be what is called 'social progress' and human improvement; and in treating of the past history, the present condition, or future prospects of the Anglo-Saxon race—in our own island and in the other parts of the globe—a very wide range of subject is necessarily included. There is much novelty both in the general plan and in the execution of the work, the Editors having struck out a new path in the thickly-traversed field of periodic literature. We are more particularly pleased with the healthy catholic spirit pervading the several articles, as opposed to the narrow-minded bigotry and prejudice of party. It is enough to say that the principles enunciated are advocated in a manner that leads us to expect that the *Anglo-Saxon* will rank amongst the enduring periodicals of the time."—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, April 18, 1849.

"This is a new Quarterly, the object of which is to promote the union and brotherhood of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The intention is most praiseworthy, and the contents of the First Number (which is the only one that we have received) promise that the Publication will be one of the most talented and best written of the day. We wish it success."—*Nottingham Journal*, April 13, 1849.

"A new quarterly Periodical, devoted to the discussion and illustration of whatever relates to the history and progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, whether considered in connection with the events of antiquity, or as exhibiting the influence and power exerted in the larger developments of modern times; the conquests of mind over matter, and of that indomitable energy which 'wills and works a clearance' of whatever opposes itself thereto; and of which the events of modern times have furnished so many brilliant examples.

"An ampler field whereon to exercise the energies of thought and intellect could not well have been selected; but we fear the conventional idea which has become associated in most minds with the term Anglo-Saxon, will operate against the success of our new Quarterly. To relieve and vary the weight of prose, there are several very pretty poems introduced—one especially, by the Author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' which has pleased us much, and from which we must find room for a portion, that our readers may, at least, have some sample of the *Anglo Saxon*. The poem is entitled 'Energy.'

'Indomitable merit

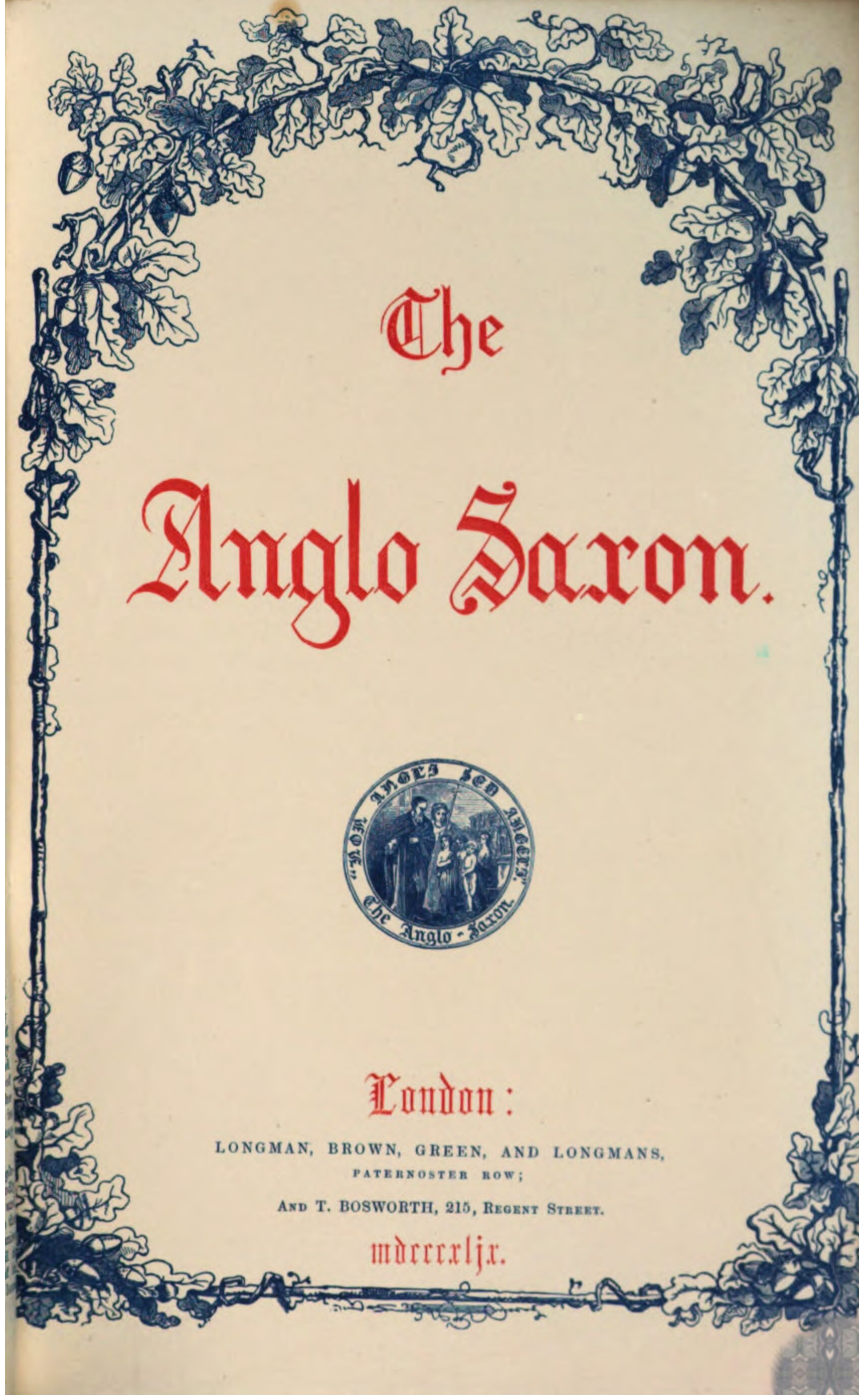
Of the Anglo-Saxon mind!"

"The *Anglo-Saxon*, besides its more fanciful articles, contains much valuable information, according to our present standard of value, and the information is generally well condensed."—*Cheltenham Parish Register*, May 17, 1849.

"We noticed, three months ago, the first issue of this Work, which partook, in fact, rather of the nature of a Prospectus than a specimen. The idea is a good one—to cherish and encourage all the nobler tendencies of the age, to establish unity and brotherly good-will among all Anglo-Saxons, in spite of time and creed, or differences of institutions,—is certainly a praiseworthy object, and one to which we must most heartily wish success. The Work is, in fact, a *mélange* of History, Biography, Theology, Political Economy, Poetry, and Romance; and considerable talent is shown in the various articles. The good predominates; and we quote, as a specimen of the style and manner, an extract, in every word of which we heartily concur, on some of 'The Characteristics of the Anglo-Saxons,' &c."—*Norfolk Chronicle*, April 28, 1849.

"If we are to judge from this, the first Number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, it will be a sterling work—a work which must become valuable, acceptable, and interesting to the Anglo-Saxon in every quarter of the globe. If we augur correctly from what we perceive, this work will eventually supersede many of the publications extant, as it will combine advantages which are scattered through the pages of general literature. The style of composition is excellent, and its contents, which are methodically arranged, show that its course will be guided by a master-hand. We see nothing but what will tend to great usefulness in the circulation of the *Anglo-Saxon*; it will prove an inestimable source of intelligence to the reader: and, as time rolls on, it will become a beacon of reference to mark the onward progress of society throughout the habitable globe. As to the style of 'getting-up,' it is excellent—we have seen nothing to surpass it in typographical art. Our best wishes are, that it may prove successful."—*The Lynn Advertiser and West Norfolk Herald*, January 13.

"The literature of the spring dawns smilingly and sweetly in the Second Part of the *Anglo-Saxon*—not like the First Number, a mere specimen, a brief promise of something good, but a goodly royal octavo, rich and rare in its literary gems, tasteful and varied in its typography, truthful and talented in its chirographical illustrations. Such a Number of a work which addresses itself to the warmest and manliest sympathies of our nature, claims and must have many notices. We promise ourselves and our readers frequent references to its stirring subjects—we can at present only hail its advent and bid it thrice welcome. We transplanted to our 'usual corner,' last week, some of its 'gentle' stanzas, and this week prepared to follow them with a lengthened notice, but press of local matter forbids."—*Derbyshire Courier*, April 14, 1849.



The Anglo Saxon.



London:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND T. BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET.

mdccclx.

The Anglo Saxon.

Contents of Part I.

AN ADDRESS TO ANGLO-SAXONS.

THE PAST THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

NOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MAP.

THE ANGLO-SAXON KALENDAR.

TABLE OF MOVEABLE FEASTS.

TABLE OF KINGS AND QUEENS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

TABLE OF GOVERNORS OF THE CHIEF COLONIES & DEPENDENCIES.

Price 2s. 6d.

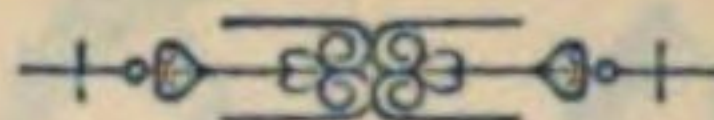
London:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND T. BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET.

mdcccxlj.

Contents of Part III.



THE ANGLO-SAXON STANDARD (*Illustration*).

AN EASTER OFFERING, by the Editors.

LIFE OF GREGORY THE GREAT (*with Illustration*), from the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede.

ENERGY.

RUMINATIONS OF TRAVEL.

A SCENE IN ST. GILES'S (*Illustration by GAVARNI*).

THE ROOKERIES OF LONDON.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES, by JOHN EVELYN, Author of "Sylva."

Elegy on Mrs. Godolphin.

Ode to Content.

CHRISTENDOM.

ANGLO-SAXON CHIEFTAINS (*with Illustrations by GAVARNI*).

OLD ENGLAND AND THE POLITICS OF THE DAY.

PRESENTIMENTS.

ENGLISH BROTHERS.

TALES OF ANGLO-SAXON TIMES.

A PROPHECY OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION.

The Story of La Harpe, the Atheist.

EMIGRANTS.

A STATISTICAL OUTLINE OF THE PRESENT CONDITION &
PROGRESS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

THE HORSE.

CONSOLATION.

CHAUCER AND WICLIFFE.

SPECIMENS OF THE PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE MOURNER.

ONWARDS!

GENTLE-WOMEN.

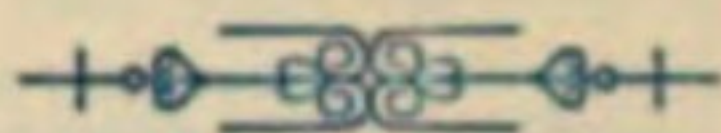
ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE HEPTARCHY (*with Emblazonments*).

THE SAXON PERIOD.

Price 6s.



Contents of Part III.



WHO ARE ANGLO-SAXONS?

A JUBILEE!

ALFRED THE GOOD (*Illustration by LEECH*).

ALFRED THE WISE (*Illustration by LEECH*).

ALFRED THE GREAT.

A WORD TO THE YANKEES.

"NON ANGLI SED ANGELI."

THE ROOKERIES OF LONDON.

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

A SONNET TO ANGLO-SAXONS.

OLD ENGLAND AND DOMESTIC POLITICS (*with Illustration*).

THAT DAY.

DAILY LIFE.

THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

CHRISTENDOM.

MY OWN FAULT.

THE ARK.

A STATISTICAL SKETCH OF THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES
OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

I'M ALONE.

THE QUEEN.

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF EAST ANGLIA, by the Author of
an "Essay on Offa."

THE GRAVE.

PRIDE OF RACE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

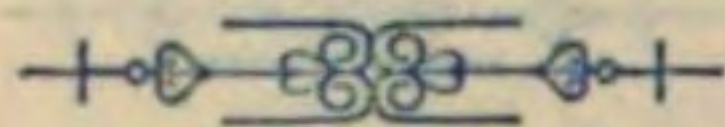
CORRESPONDENCE—

Our Language.—Gentlemen.—Odd Fellowship.—Borneo.

Price 6s.



Contents of Part III.



THE ALFRED JUBILEE (*with Illustration*).
THE DAY OF A THOUSAND YEARS (*with Music*).
OUR SAXON SIRE.
HOME.
THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.
CHRISTIANS OF ENGLAND.
INCARCERATION.
THE DOUGHTY MAN (*with Music*).
MONEY.
THE GREAT ALFRED (*with Illustration*).
THE CHOLERA.
SOHO!
FOREIGN LUCUBRATIONS AND HOME REFLECTIONS.
FONS PARNASSI.
STILLING THE STORM.
THE NURSERY.
REGENERATION.
MINSTRELSY.
ADVENT.
PEACE MAKING.
RICH AND POOR.
THE BREAKWATER.
THE FORERUNNER.
REVIEWING.
CORRESPONDENCE, A RESPONSE FROM YANKEELAND, &c. &c.

Price 6s.



Opinions of the Press.

"The *Anglo-Saxon* more than realises the expectations raised by its announcement at the beginning of the year. For beauty of typographical execution and richness and tastefulness of illustration, it stands wholly unrivalled among Periodicals. The contents present a not inharmonious mixture of antiquarian lore with modern topics; essays on the great questions of the day alternating with disquisitions on the ancient history and language of the Anglo-Saxon race. These are relieved by poetic contributions of more than ordinary merit."—*John Bull*.

"The *Anglo-Saxon* is an original and very cleverly conducted (quarterly) Periodical, which is beautifully printed, and very tastefully as well as attractively illustrated. Part II. is peculiarly good, showing well the scope and objects of the work, which is styled 'The Standard of the Race.' 'The standard was raised in London (say the Editors), the centre of the race, and an Anglo-Saxon messenger was forwarded by rail and steam to every corner of the globe recognised as an Anglo-Saxon settlement.' The full intent and design of the Publication are skilfully described in the opening article, which richly merits perusal. It professes 'to promote progress and improvement,' and we are sanguine that it will achieve its object. The contribution on 'The Rookeries of London' affords curious details, and will excite much serious thought. The Table of Contents is very varied, and a great amount of talent is evidently enlisted in the cause which the Periodical is founded to support. We cannot avoid again praising the appearance and aspect of the work. It is ably conducted and written, while the typographical and illustrative labours bestowed on its pages have been most successful and effective."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"A new, bold, and heart-stirring conception. It strikes new chords in the Anglo-Saxon heart. '*We Anglo Saxons*,' is a new fraternal expression to which we have not often listened; and, to which we confess that we do listen, in the noble aspirations of this new Quarterly, with some pride, and much heart-felt pleasure."—*Cambridge Advertiser*.

"The plan of this new Periodical is admirable. It embraces all that can interest the mighty nations which, in all quarters of the world, are germinating from the Anglo-Saxon stock—that ancient original root of the race which flourished, centuries ago, in the very Isthmus which the Teutons of Germany are now devastating with a causeless war. All the Past and all the Future of these great kindreds of mankind are laid open for discussion by the plan of such a Work. * * * To say that the noble plan of the present undertaking has been fully worked out would be to imagine that one of the greatest achievements ever proposed to be effected by the pen had been mastered at the first attempt. The very undertaking is itself a great distinction."—*Dorset County Chronicle*.

"These pages are replete with interesting matter—matter that is alike valuable to the merchant, to the Englishman, as a member of the 'vast family' of Anglo-Saxons, and to the antiquarian."—*Somerset County Herald*.

"The object of this neatly got-up and ably-written Publication, as we learn from the opening article of this, the Second Part, is 'to establish unity and brotherly good-will among all Anglo-Saxons, in spite of time and distance, in spite of varieties of creeds, or differences of institutions,' and we have no doubt that there is sufficient Anglo-Saxon spirit yet alive, both in this country and America, to welcome and encourage the undertaking. The birthright of the race is energy and success; and the aim of this Periodical, the onward progress of society and the temporal and spiritual advancement of man, is a truly noble one to undertake, and worthy of all praise.

"The prospectus, which forms Part I., contains an Anglo-Saxon Map and Kalendar, on both of which considerable pains appear to have been bestowed. From the well-written article explanatory of the former, we take the following brief extract, to show the meaning and design of it:—

"'This map teaches us,' &c.

"The contents of the Second Part, which may be taken as a fair sample of what this new and interesting Periodical is to consist of, are able, varied, and most readable. Some of the best writers of the day, learned in Anglo-Saxon antiquities, have been enlisted in its service; and the illustrations with which its pages are decorated, are not only novel and attractive of their kind, but are finished in the highest style of art. The Anglo-Saxon standard, with which the Part justly opens, is a well-executed sketch of a young knight on horseback, giving the Anglo-Saxon banner to the breeze. The other illustrations are—Gregory the Great and the English captives at Rome, when he uttered the memorable saying, which forms the motto of the work—'*Non Angli sed Angeli*;' a Scene in St. Giles's; and Anglo-Saxon Chieftains, being one of the year 449, with shield and helmet, contrasted on the opposite page with one of 1849, viz. Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, in his careless modern costume, when he went in his yacht to obtain possession of a large portion of the Island of Borneo. Besides these, there are the splendid emblazonments of the armorial bearings of the Heptarchy, which, of themselves, are worth the price of the Publication. The articles generally are full of information on Anglo-Saxon subjects, or of Anglo-Saxon interest. Those which please us most are, '*Ruminations of Travel*,' '*The Rookeries of London*,' '*Old England, and the Politics of the Day*,' '*A Statistical Outline of the Present Condition and Progress of the Anglo-Saxon Race*,' and '*Christendom*,' which are all written in a high and chivalrous tone. '*The Widow's Son*,' a tale of the early Saxon times, is a touching and well-told story; and the paper on Chaucer and Wicliffe is a very suitable one, the period at which they lived being the starting-point of English literature, Chaucer being the Father of English Poetry, and Wicliffe 'the Morning Star of the Reformation.' The poetry is excellent. A characteristic and truly noble piece, by Mr. Martin F. Tupper, on '*Energy*,' appropriately begins the list.

"On the whole, we are much pleased with this Periodical, which will supply a gap in English literature that we marvel has not been filled up sooner. It is an interesting and important Publication, and deserves to be successful."—*Daily Mail*.

The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

"A new and exceedingly novel Publication intended as a rallying point for Anglo-Saxons all over the world. Its design is so peculiar, that we are induced to make our readers fully acquainted with it, by quoting the whole of the opening article."—*Nottinghamshire Guardian*.

"We invite the attention of our readers to this new quarterly Publication; the object of which is to promote good feeling, and revive the family sentiments of kith and kin amongst the different members of the widely spreading Anglo-Saxon race. The recollections of the past, the anticipations of the future, are blended with subjects of present interest; and the meeting-point, or bond of union, proposed for all the children of the family in every quarter of the globe, is their *mother language*, the '*kindly English tongue*,' which is common to so many millions, of different climates, different sects, and institutions.

"The Table of Contents is very varied and attractive, and the illustrations, emblazonments, and beautiful typography render the *Anglo-Saxon* a striking exception to the usual slovenly appearance of periodical publications. The first Part contains a valuable Map of the World, coloured so as to distinguish the various settlements of the Anglo-Saxon race; and showing us that nearly a fourth part of the dry land, and a fourth part of the inhabitants of the globe, are under their governance.

"The Second Part opens with an Easter Offering, by the Editors, setting forth in good set terms the object and aim of the promoters of this new Publication. It contains, amongst a list of twenty-four or twenty-five different subjects, a first-rate article on 'Ruminations of Travel,' written from Paris, giving a graphic description of men and manners there, and contrasting them not unfavourably with English customs and ideas. 'Christendom,' a well-written and valuable analysis of the different parties now claiming attention in the Church; and, although written in a kind spirit, evidently rejecting high church, low church, and no church parties, as having none of them brought forth fruits worthy of Christendom. 'Old England, and the Politics of the Day,' enters into an elaborate and powerful exposition of the evil tendencies of a growing disposition for *centralised* in opposition to *local* government; on the vexed questions of National Rate, Rate in Aid, and Poor-Law Commissions, it is well worthy the attentive perusal of farmers, manufacturers, guardians, and magistrates. Then follow 'Tales of the Anglo-Saxon Times'; an elaborate statistical article on the 'Present Condition and Progress of the Race'; a lively history of 'Chaucer and Wicliffe,' the great fathers of our language; a spirit-stirring address to the 'Gentlewomen of England'; and a learned article on the heraldic ensigns and other interesting subjects connected with 'The Saxon Period'; illustrated by three pages of richly coloured emblazonments. The Second Part is varied by a number of pieces of uncommonly good poetry, of which we may mention as particularly good, lines on the 'Energy of the Race,' by the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy'; some unpublished 'Verses, by Evelyn,' the well known author of 'Sylva'; some appropriate verses on 'Emigration'; and a quaint contrast between the 'Anglo-Saxon Chieftain of A.D. 449, (the year in which they landed in Britain), and that of A.D. 1849, illustrated by a picturesque portrait of the Rajah, or Chieftain, Sir James Brooke, at Sarawak. In conclusion, we may remark that this new Publication appears happily at a time when men are beginning to be sick of party names and party quarrels,—when people no longer read 'The Quarterly,' merely because it is the Tory, or 'The Edinburgh,' as the Whig, or 'The Westminster Review,' as the Radical exponent of political doctrines. The Anglo-Saxons are, we hope, beginning to put away childish things, and to look on men and manners with more enlarged and expansive views. The small Part now on our table does credit to the talent of the Editors, and also to the taste of the Printer (Brettell). We look forward with pleasure to the issue of the next Parts, and can well recommend our readers to order the first."—*Bucks Chronicle*.

"The *Anglo-Saxon* has burst upon us like a brilliant meteor in the darkness of the night, its sparkling coruscations astonishing, but enlivening, all within the circle of its traverse, excepting only those whose grovelling ideas prevent them from looking upwards and onwards in the great march of improvement; but, unlike the meteor, its light, uncontrolled by space, will shine wherever the Anglo-Saxon has found a standing-place amongst nations. Its matter is as varied as its information is sound, and betrays the deep research, the high taste, and the copious intelligence of its correspondents. It treats of Education, Colonisation, Law, War, and Peace; English, American, Australian, and other Anglo-Saxon manners, customs, and institutions; Daily Politics, Anecdotes, Poetry, Homes and Houses, Food and Raiment, Commerce and Agriculture,—subjects not the less interesting because belonging to daily life, and the hopes, the fears, the smiles, and the groans of millions.' The highest subject of all, the spiritual destiny of our race and of mankind, has not been omitted, and it endeavours to 'wipe away from men's recollections the blots and stains of acrimony and contention which have almost made the name of religion to stink in the nose of a no-longer barbarous world—to sound loud and clear in the ears of straggling, wandering, nations, the one recalling note to which, when truly struck, man's inmost spirit ever yearns to respond—Love!' The illustrations are novel, and present a combination of talent of the very first order; but if we are delighted with the *matter*, justice requires we should say something of the *manner* of its 'getting up.' Truly Mr. Brettell, who has long evinced an ambitious and an honourable endeavour to eclipse the profession, has succeeded to the utmost extent of his wishes. The specimens of printing in the work before us, are, indeed, superb, and will reflect a credit on Rupert-street as long as the locality shall exist."—*Hants Independent*.

"This remarkable Work is intended to act as a bond of union between the widely-scattered brethren of the Anglo-Saxon race. The idea is a very good one, and hitherto it appears to be well worked out. Talent of the highest order, both in prose and poetry, combined with great beauty of type and cleverness of illustration, places this attractive serial at once in the very highest position, and we shall watch its progress with no small interest. Meanwhile, to give our readers a taste of this old family-feast, we may as well produce the pleasant bill of fare exhibited by the Table of Contents in the Second Number; the First Number, barely more than a prospectus, being chiefly noticeable for its very able preliminary Address, and its useful Anglo Saxon Map. When

The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

we add, that some splendidly coloured emblazonments, and wood-cuts after Gavarni, decorate this intellectual feast with appropriate pictorial flowers, we have done enough to whet the appetite of our readers, and we leave them to satisfy it at their earliest opportunity."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"We have been rather taken by surprise at the elegant and costly typography of this new candidate for public approbation, not having seen the announcements or prospectuses which usually herald the first appearance of a new quarterly publication. The leading idea of the Editors appears to be what is called 'social progress' and human improvement; and in treating of the past history, the present condition, or future prospects of the Anglo-Saxon race—in our own island and in the other parts of the globe—a very wide range of subject is necessarily included. There is much novelty both in the general plan and in the execution of the work, the Editors having struck out a new path in the thickly-traversed field of periodic literature. We are more particularly pleased with the healthy catholic spirit pervading the several articles, as opposed to the narrow-minded bigotry and prejudice of party. It is enough to say that the principles enunciated are advocated in a manner that leads us to expect that the *Anglo-Saxon* will rank amongst the enduring periodicals of the time."—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

"This is a new Quarterly, the object of which is to promote the union and brotherhood of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The intention is most praiseworthy, and the contents of the First Number (which is the only one that we have received) promise that the Publication will be one of the most talented and best written of the day. We wish it success."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"Devoted to the discussion and illustration of whatever relates to the history and progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, whether considered in connection with the events of antiquity, or as exhibiting the influence and power exerted in the larger developments of modern times; the conquests of mind over matter, and of that indomitable energy which 'wills and works a clearance' of whatever opposes itself thereto; and of which the events of modern times have furnished so many brilliant examples.

"An ampler field whereon to exercise the energies of thought and intellect could not well have been selected; but we fear the conventional idea which has become associated in most minds with the term Anglo-Saxon, will operate against the success of our new Quarterly. To relieve and vary the weight of prose, there are several very pretty poems introduced—one especially, by the Author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' which has pleased us much, and from which we must find room for a portion, that our readers may, at least, have some sample of the *Anglo Saxon*. The poem is entitled 'Energy.'

'Indomitable merit

Of the Anglo-Saxon mind!"

"The *Anglo-Saxon*, besides its more fanciful articles, contains much valuable information, according to our present standard of value, and the information is generally well condensed."—*Cheltenham Parish Register*.

"We noticed, three months ago, the first issue of this Work, which partook, in fact, rather of the nature of a Prospectus than a specimen. The idea is a good one—to cherish and encourage all the nobler tendencies of the age, to establish unity and brotherly good-will among all Anglo-Saxons, in spite of time and creed, or differences of institutions,—is certainly a praiseworthy object, and one to which we must most heartily wish success. The Work is, in fact, a *mélange* of History, Biography, Theology, Political Economy, Poetry, and Romance; and considerable talent is shown in the various articles. The good predominates; and we quote, as a specimen of the style and manner, an extract, in every word of which we heartily concur, on some of 'The Characteristics of the Anglo-Saxons,' &c."—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

"If we are to judge from this, the first Number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, it will be a sterling work—a work which must become valuable, acceptable, and interesting to the Anglo-Saxon in every quarter of the globe. If we augur correctly from what we perceive, this work will eventually supersede many of the publications extant, as it will combine advantages which are scattered through the pages of general literature. The style of composition is excellent, and its contents, which are methodically arranged, show that its course will be guided by a master-hand. We see nothing but what will tend to great usefulness in the circulation of the *Anglo-Saxon*; it will prove an inestimable source of intelligence to the reader: and, as time rolls on, it will become a beacon of reference to mark the onward progress of society throughout the habitable globe. As to the style of 'getting-up,' it is excellent—we have seen nothing to surpass it in typographical art. Our best wishes are, that it may prove successful."—*The Lynn Advertiser and West Norfolk Herald*.

"The literature of the spring dawns smilingly and sweetly in the Second Part of the *Anglo-Saxon*—not like the First Number, a mere specimen, a brief promise of something good, but a goodly royal octavo, rich and rare in its literary gems, tasteful and varied in its typography, truthful and talented in its chirographical illustrations. Such a Number of a work which addresses itself to the warmest and manliest sympathies of our nature, claims and must have many notices. We promise ourselves and our readers frequent references to its stirring subjects—we can at present only hail its advent and bid it thrice welcome. We transplanted to our 'usual corner,' last week, some of its 'gentle' stanzas, and this week prepared to follow them with a lengthened notice, but press of local matter forbids."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"In a Quarterly Journal termed the *Anglo-Saxon*, we lately observed a proposition for the foundation of a civil order of merit in this year, the decentenary anniversary of the birth of our Great King, Alfred, who first saw the light in 849. * * The recognition of the claims of the medical profession to this order, does honour to the head that imagined and the heart that dictated the proposition."—*Lancet*.

"As a beautiful specimen of typography alone, this new Quarterly ought to command attention;

The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

but much more so for the lofty and patriotic aims and objects which its conductors have in view."——*Maidstone Journal*.

"We have been taken by surprise at the extreme beauty of this Part [III.] It is seldom, in these days of mere utility, that so handsome a work is offered to the public."——*Cambridge Advertiser*.

"The authors of this elegant work are actuated by the most Catholic spirit."——*Cheltenham Examiner*.

"This new Quarterly rises in value and excellence with every new number. * * We gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity of recommending the *Anglo-Saxon* for general circulation, with the assurance that it will be found one of the most interesting, no less than one of the most useful literary works of modern times."——*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"This Quarterly Journal is avowedly devoted to the promotion of 'good fellowship and brotherly feeling amongst all sections of the great English family everywhere.' Several earnest minds are engaged in the task, and the result is, a periodical possessing more interest than one would have expected where so loose an object is desired. The opening article 'Who are the *Anglo-Saxons*?' is worthy a perusal, if only for the vast number of subjects criticised, or, we should rather say, touched upon in so short a space. There is much laudation of the time of Alfred, and adoration of Alfred, and his mode of rule, and Mr. Tupper has written some stirring verses on the subject of the 'Good King of Old.' The articles and poetical pieces are so numerous, that we cannot afford space even to scan them. The work is a perfect specimen of beautiful typography."——*Critic*.

"The *Anglo-Saxon*, Part III.—has just made its appearance, with claims for the public support fully equal to the promises made on the entry of its predecessors. No. 3 combines prose with poetry, interspersed with a pleasing variety of topics, but all of a superior order. 'A Word to the Yankees,' from the pen of Martin F. Tupper, in which we recognise an extract from the poetry of our old friend the Rev. James Richmond, will be perused with the interest it merits. We are pleased to find that the exertions of the printer have kept pace with the desire of the editor to produce a work worthy of the age, and both have succeeded to admiration."——*Hants Independent*.

"One of the most exquisite productions that has for a long time been issued to the public."——*Weekly Dispatch*.

"In a work so noble, so praiseworthy, and so desirable, we willingly bid the labourers God speed!"——*Norfolk News*.

"A new and ably conducted Quarterly. * * There is a healthy English feeling in this (Alfred, by M. F. Tupper), which cannot be too warmly cherished, or too widely diffused; but we think still more highly of the tone and sentiment of the following (Gentle-men), which has a double interest, from being the production of one of the fairer and better half of our race."——*Oxford Herald*.

"Talent of the highest order both in prose and poetry, combined with great beauty of type and cleverness of illustration, places this attractive new Quarterly at once in the very highest position."——*Brighton Paper*.

"There is much good, and true, and powerful writing in this excellent periodical, both in prose and in poetry. The publication, as our readers are aware, has been established for the purpose of treating of such topics as are calculated to interest and instruct all who belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, so widely spread over both hemispheres. The Editors are men of standing and influence in literature and in society, and their writings are motivated by the desire of doing good."——*North British Mail*.

"Having such large sympathies, we view of course with entire approval a proposition to celebrate the memories of our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It is strange indeed that a people among whom the Anglo-Saxon element predominates should so long have tolerated the airs of exclusive importance given to themselves by Norman *parvenus*, and by the Celts whom their ancestors drove on all hands to seek shelter in the recesses of their bogs and mountains. In these days of universal tolerance and assertion of the rights of man, we have sympathy for the enthusiasm with which Celt and Norman cherish the memories of their ancestors; but we have ancestors as good and (in confidence let us say it) better than theirs. Let us, too, assert our nationality.

"This is the aim and object of the works which have suggested this train of thought." [After condemnation of another book,] "but there is genius in some of the contributions to the *Anglo-Saxon*, and generally a very true, healthy, and sincere spirit—to say nothing of very pleasant assistance rendered, by the pencil of Mr. Leech, to the hearty and thoughtful purpose which animates them. As to the practicability or eligibility of some of their plans for Anglo-Saxonising society, we must be allowed to remain sceptical; but we would fain see success to their proposal to celebrate by a festival at Wantage, the birth-place of our Alfred, the lapse of the thousandth year since the birth-time of that real patron saint of Old England—that mythological incarnation of the Anglo-Saxon spirit."——*The Examiner*.

"No literary project has ever been started in England in which our nation has been so deeply concerned: none which has ever promised to result in so much good. 'The *Anglo-Saxon*' opens with the kindest spirit towards our country. It is purely international in this sense, that it is devoted to the interests of Anglo-Saxons throughout the world, without distinction of country, or clime, or government. Certainly we shall be prepared in America to hail the advent of such a journal with cordiality and gratitude. It has sprung up under the fairest auspices, and will not unlikely soon take its place among the first of those great journals which now constitute the ornament of British Literature."——*The New York Living Age*.

JUST PUBLISHED,
By WILLIAM J. TAYLOR,
Medallist,

33, LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON,

A MEDAL

Commemorative of King Alfred the Great,

ON THIS THE THOUSANDTH YEAR SINCE HIS NATIVITY.

Prices :

Gold, £.5 5s. Silver, 10s. 6d. Bronze, 4s. White Metal, 1s. 6d.

Description.

It is believed that this is the first and only Medal ever struck in honour of our Great King, ALFRED ; the hero-monarch of England, whose children have now spread over both hemispheres of the globe. America has equal part with Britain and her colonies, in the glory and the memory of our common Anglo-Saxon Founder : and the design has, therefore, been arranged so as to include and to interest all who speak the kindly English tongue.

The portrait on the obverse has been collected from a comparison and a combination of the best authorities, including the rude and widely-varying effigies on coins, the bust at Oxford, and the engraving of Vertue : it will be found, upon inspection, to exhibit the physiognomy of a character at once wise, dignified, gentle, and courageous ; equal to the conquest of adversity, but not liable to be elated by success ; a royal, philosophic, and philanthropic countenance, deeply imbued with Christian virtues, and bearing the marks of premature age, and personal suffering so appropriate to one who is recorded by his biographers to have never lived an hour without pain. An internal cancer is supposed to have been "the thorn in his flesh," which the piety of Asser declares to have been God's messenger of humility to Alfred's greatness. The diadem on the bust is copied from a manuscript-illumination of the period, in the British Museum : and the lettering of the name is a fac-simile of that on the Ashmolean jewel.

The reverse, bearing a continued legend, "and his children," (according both to many ancient instances, and our own modern money) shows how, after exactly a thousand years, "The British Empire, United States, and Anglo-Saxons everywhere," within the olive-wreath of Peace, and under the hallowing influence of Religion, can now all glory in the memory of Alfred, and feel a common brotherhood in commemorating their Father.

W. J. TAYLOR is preparing a second reverse to the Alfred Medal, especially designed to promote International Amity with our Transatlantic kindred.

October 1849.

A MEDAL

PRESENTED TO THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICAL AND NATURAL SCIENCE

IN RECOGNITION OF THE SERVICES OF

THE SOCIETY TO THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE

AND NATURAL SCIENCE

IN THE YEAR 1891

DESCRIPTION

It is believed that the first and only Medal was struck at London in

the year 1891, the presentment of the Medal, which children have now

received, is the first of the kind. A number of medals have been

presented to the Society, and the number of the medals is now 1891.

The number of the medals has been collected from a comparison of the

number of the medals with the number of the medals which have been

presented to the Society, and the number of the medals is now 1891.

The number of the medals has been collected from a comparison of the

number of the medals with the number of the medals which have been

presented to the Society, and the number of the medals is now 1891.

The number of the medals has been collected from a comparison of the

number of the medals with the number of the medals which have been

presented to the Society, and the number of the medals is now 1891.

The number of the medals has been collected from a comparison of the

number of the medals with the number of the medals which have been

presented to the Society, and the number of the medals is now 1891.

The number of the medals has been collected from a comparison of the

number of the medals with the number of the medals which have been

The Anglo-Saxon

Bd.: 4

London 1849

Brit. 16 f-4

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10278422-5